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MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER
1915



IN THIS ISSUE

Is the End of the War in Sight?

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited
143-153 University Ave.

Toronto, Canada

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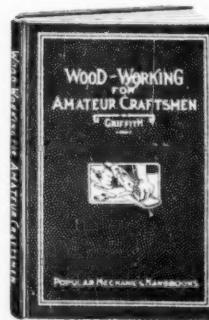
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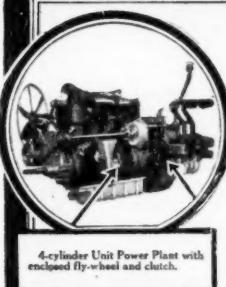
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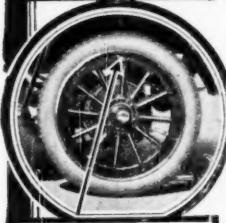
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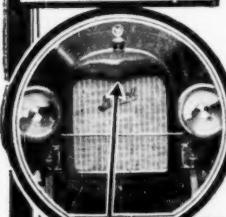
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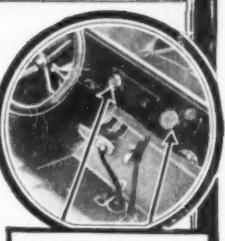


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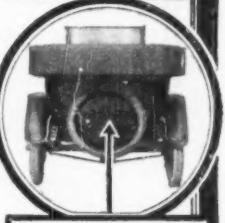


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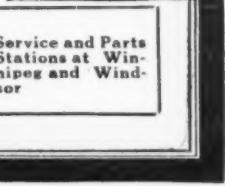
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Townships Bank Building
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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE TORONTO, CANADA
London, Eng., The Maclean Company of Great Britain Limited, 88 Fleet St.
JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President
J. McGOEY, Manager T. B. COSTAIN, Editor

Subscription Price: Canada, Great
Britain, South Africa, West
Indies, \$2.00.
Other Countries, \$2.50.
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The Publisher's Page

By J.M.C.G.

*All Canada's Best Writers will be
Found in MacLean's*

We take much pleasure in introducing with this number two new contributors to MACLEAN readers — Agnes C. Laut and Stephen Leacock. In a sense they need no introduction. Both are writers with international reputations. In their respective fields they rank as the greatest that Canada has produced. Agnes C. Laut is one of the most powerful writers of special articles in the magazine field to-day. Stephen Leacock is the world's greatest humorist since Mark Twain. This, however, is the first appearance of these two writers in MACLEAN'S Magazine.

The addition of Agnes C. Laut and Stephen Leacock to the list of MACLEAN contributors is the first result of a campaign launched by the editors to get all the best Canadian writers into one Canadian publication. Canada has produced many brilliant writers—novelists, poets and business writers—but much of the best work that they have done has been placed abroad. To get them all into a home publication is the grand objective behind the editorial policy of MACLEAN'S.

It is hoped to be able to announce in the near future that other important acquisitions have been made to the list of MACLEAN contributors.

To judge from the letters of appreciation that are received from subscribers, the steady improvement in MACLEAN'S has won the approval of our readers. But . . .

The efforts toward improvement that have been made in the past will seem small compared with what we are preparing to do in the future.

With the present issue, MACLEAN'S starts on a new era. Each number will show new writers, new features, a higher grade of literary excellence. The Review of Reviews department will be strengthened until it gives each month the very cream of all the articles from the best magazines of the world. It is aimed to make MACLEAN'S the best value on the market in magazine reading.

MACLEAN'S is aiming high. Let future numbers tell whether we are falling short of our mark.

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MACLEAN'S

MAGAZINE

Volume XXVIII

SEPTEMBER, 1915

Number 11

Is the End of the War in Sight?

By AGNES C. LAUT

FIRST of all, get the decks of your mind clear, so to speak, of the idea that *all* war orders from the United States are for the Allies. Up to the end of May, just as great war orders in proportion went to Germany and Austria and Turkey from the United States. During the month of February, 148 ships loaded with munitions and provisions blocked the harbor of Genoa *en route* from the United States to Germany and Austria. Even as late as June, cargoes of cotton and copper and chlorine and explosives left Atlantic ports for Malmö, Sweden, to be transshipped across the Baltic to Germany. When the British blockade tightened round Sweden and Denmark, a dozen tramp steamship lines and countless old tub sailing hulks loaded American cargoes for Greece and Rumania.

One of the things that puzzled the financial districts in New York last fall was what became of the gold realized from the enormous selling of American securities held by Berlin investors for a month preceding the open declaration of war. Berlin held great quantities of American securities and they were sold—"dumped" before the war. The gold was never transmitted to Europe. Yet it is not on record with the banks in New York acting as agents for Berlin. What became of it? Long before the Allies had awakened to the fact they would need war supplies from the United States, early as mid-August, these German funds were used buying great quantities of supplies all through the United States for Germany—supplies from as far West as St. Louis and Omaha and Kansas City and the Texas Panhandle.

This explains why Mr. Bryan used his influence in Washington to have the ships' manifests outbound from American ports kept secret. These ship manifests were



The war has gone on for a year and it has resulted in the bloodiest and most bootless deadlock known to history. The slaughter sways impotently back and forward, losing to-day what was gained yesterday; gaining to-morrow what was lost to-day.

suppressed till February, when Sir Edward Grey's protest about contraband to neutral countries induced President Wilson to overrule his Secretary of State and make public all outbound manifests.

Even to-day, when the British blockade has drawn a wall of steel round Germany's ports, certain commodities on the American market—such as picric acid, spelter, etc.—have been cornered by German buyers. How the purchases are smuggled out of the United States without falsifying ship manifests, which is criminal, or running openly into the arms

of British cruisers—is one of the great secrets of the war that will never be told; but shipments for Germany are going out of the United States to-day. It is, of course, just as lawful for Germany to buy munitions as for the Allies; but because the Allies control the seas, the difficulty for Germany is to put her purchases across. At time of writing—mid-July—one of the largest powder concerns in the United States is manufacturing an explosive according to a formula used only in Germany. The firm and the firm's bankers declare publicly they are *not* shipping to Germany. Of course not! If they are, they are doing it secretly; and to falsify ship manifests is a criminal offence in U.S. law. All the same, if you happen to know personally the chemists of this great firm, they tell you they have just as much right to manufacture for one side as the other; and that they are doing it. Dummies make the purchases. Dummies make payment. It is none of the manufacturer's business *who* gets *what*. He knows nothing of the shipment from the time it leaves his factory.

So first of all, get clear in your mind that in spite of the Allies' effort to stop shipments to Germany, and in spite of Germany's efforts to stop shipments to the Allies, war supplies are going from the United States to both sides.

As early as January, 1914, a curious underclutch suddenly tightened almost to the breaking point financial affairs in the United States. Berlin began calling in American loans. Paris began calling in American loans. London began calling in American loans. It is a fact that literally nobody in financial America knew why. We know why now. We didn't then; but the effect was that American debtors were suddenly forced to sell securities to pay their loans; and the slump that became a landslide clear to the bottom of the pit

by July 29 began in January. I know a firm that called in \$4,000,000 of loans on bonds, put the proceeds in their strong box and sat tight; and they didn't know why they did it. They only felt danger in the air and got under cover. A dozen futile explanations were given—"the Balkans," "the New Haven," "the Clafin failure," "over-production," "slowing up," "house-cleaning financially." Every one was afraid and no one knew why.

The why, we know now. Those on the inside, who knew, were preparing for the explosion they felt in the air.

AN undercurrent exactly the reverse is now at work in the world. Nobody knows why. Nobody knows where it came from or where it is leading. It is simply here—a great wave of optimism.

Business reflects it. America is literally—as the *Statist* puts it—"swimming in gold." The banks are bulging with money to loan. Industry from the depths of mid-winter depression has bounded to the very top peak of humming speed. In spite of cotton tied by the blockade and more railroads in receiver's hands than since '93, Wall Street has gone on a drunk of wild speculation from which it may presently awaken with a bad financial headache.

It doesn't necessarily spell peace. In fact, the country is sitting on a volcano; and the country knows it is sitting on a volcano. Before these words are in print, diplomatic relations may be broken off between the United States and Germany; and Uncle Sam's ship of state may be headed straight for the vortex. But the point is—in spite of an atmosphere so combustible that it needs only a fool with a bomb to blow up international relations—the wave of optimism is here.

Why?

Because finance may give Uncle Sam the whip-handle to compel peace.

At the drop of the hat, or the firing of the first gun, he may jump into the arena and force peace, though *force* and *peace* are contradictory terms to use together. This does not mean there certainly will be early peace. It is in no sense a prophecy. It is only a chronicling of the facts that have played the cards of Destiny into Uncle Sam's hands. Wilson knows these facts and has his personal observers on the ground to signal the exact psychological moment for Uncle Sam to act; and it is because that psychological moment is rising over the blood-red, smoking slaughter grounds of Europe like a Star of Hope that a wave of unexplained and

unexplainable optimism has run through the financial world.

It does not necessarily mean peace.

The nations of Europe may fight on for five, for ten, for twenty years till the furrows of war plow the plains of the Old World into blood-soaked trenches. Some one may blunder tragically, as some one blundered when the war broke loose. But, the chance is coming to stop war. Wilson knows this. He is watching. For the first time since July 29, 1914, Destiny shows one ray of hope above the carnage.

Let us analyze the situation.

This is in no sense a prophecy. It is in no sense a statement of opinions. It is simply a chronicling of facts marshaled on the chess boards of Destiny by a Power



Wilson knows these facts and has his personal observers on the ground to signal the exact psychological moment for Uncle Sam to act.

beyond the control of Emperors or Presidents.

TWO other false ideas should be cleared from the mind.

Wilson has been implored by the Germans, masking behind peace societies financed by German-American bankers, to stop the shipments of munitions from the United States to the Allies. War orders for the allies amounted to almost \$200,000,000 in January. *Germany's submarine attacks have been directed, not against England's blockade as she professes, but against these war supplies in transit.* Well, since Germany began her

submarine attacks against munition shipments, war orders to the United States had increased to \$500,000,000 by June. If the war continues, war orders for the Allies will total a billion dollars by Christmas. This has been described by the peace societies as "blood money" and Wilson has been implored to stop the manufacture and shipment of munitions.

Now get it clear in your head; Wilson can't! That is—he can't without the authority of Congress, which does not convene again till December. Suppose he prepared a special law for Congress to enact giving him authority to stop the war orders! It would be received with frantic huzzas by the members representing ten million Germans and Austrians living in the United States and the ten million more Americans born of German and Austrian parents; but how about the members representing the people, who sympathize with the Allies? By them, such a law would be received with hoots and maledictions. Such a proposal would split the United States into an armed camp. Wilson backed by the shades of Lincoln could not put such a law over in Congress.

On the other hand, the Allies and especially my own compatriots—Canadians—have felt a secret reproach that Uncle Sam has not joined them in this war. How could he stand back and see the Declaration of the Hague torn to tatters and the rights of little Belgium stamped into a gutter of obscene outrage? What Uncle Sam thought of Belgium, he has testified in the hundreds of millions of relief funds sent to the woe-stricken people. Uncle Sam's real opinions on German violation of international law could be better appreciated by walking along the streets of New York after the sinking of the *Lusitania* than by reading the official American letters of protest.

An immense throng had gathered round the bulletin boards of a great newspaper. Some fool in the crowd had shouted, "Hurrah for Germany." Nobody answered. There was not even that slight manifestation of a mob's mood—a growl. Instantaneously and simultaneously the fool was hit six times in six different spots by six different fists. Not a word was said. The President had asked the people to remain neutral. The public remained neutral. The fool was picked up insensible and bundled into an ambulance; and the silence was more ominous than the wild shouts of the rabble when a half-witted

youth assassinated a grand duke in Austria.

Americans have been the most long-suffering and patient people on earth in this war. If Pierpont Morgan had been a German and had been shot by an American fanatic in Berlin, the assassin would have been torn to pieces and diplomatic relations would have snapped between the two countries. The affair hardly made a ripple in Wall Street. Morgan's butler knocked the murderer on the head with a piece of coal, and the country gaoler was so careless where the prisoner was lodged that the State was saved the expense of a trial by letting the culprit suicide.

All the same, in the back of Canada's head is the thought—"How about your old Monroe Doctrine protecting Canada from attack? And here we are protecting Uncle Sam from attack—fighting the battle for freedom against tyranny, for democracy against militarism! How about that, Uncle Sam? Why don't you come in?"

HERE are a lot of reasons why Uncle Sam can't come in. To fight, a great nation has to have an army. It has to have a navy. It has to have a merchant fleet. Uncle Sam has not one of the three. His army is a farce with battalions where there are more officers than rank and file. If you want to know details of that, read Homer Lea's "Valor of Ignorance," or Maxim's recent work on "Unpreparedness." As to the navy, he has big ships enough; but they are 18,000 short in men. Also the advent of the submarine with its torpedoes has discounted the strength of all big ships. Of submarines, at the time the war broke out, Uncle Sam had only a baker's dozen, and they so faulty in construction that one dived in Hawaii never to come up again, and two more succeeded in colliding under water in Atlantic coast practice. All this will presently be remedied; and Uncle Sam will have hundreds of submarines; but the point is when the war broke out, he had neither army nor navy. As to his merchant fleet, before the war, it consisted exactly of six ships on the Atlantic and about eight on the Pacific. Since the foolish Seaman's Bill was passed, the eight on the Pacific have begun going out of commission. Six are to be sold to China.



Depending on cotton are twenty million people in the South. It is practically the only crop.

So no matter how much Uncle Sam wanted to strike a blow for democracy, he had no usable navy, next to no army, and almost no merchant fleet.

To take sides would mean civil war in the United States.

Besides, if Uncle Sam were to take sides, who would arbitrate when the conflict works to the final terrible catastrophe? Can't he do most for humanity by keeping out of the fight in order to jump in and stop it when the time comes?

We Canadians sometimes speak as though Uncle Sam were keeping out of

the fight in order to reap a harvest of profits in "the blood money" of war orders. That is what the peace people say. Let us see what is in that! Granted that with war orders, flour, wheat and meat supplies, and cash loans to the allies, Uncle Sam's war account totals one billion by January. Who gets those profits?

As to finance, the big banks—Morgans, the National City Bank, the First National Bank, the Guaranty Trust, the Chase National, the Mechanics—in other words, an inner group of the big fellows.

As to manufacturers—another inner group of big fellows—U.S. Steel, Bethlehem Steel, Crucible Steel, Carnegie Steel, two boat companies, the big Powder Trust, rifle manufacturers, the big car and foundry companies, the shoe and leather men of the Middle West, the textile manufacturers of the East, two or three of the big motor companies, two big electric combines. I don't need to explain—do I?—that an underground financial understanding holds these big fellows together. It has been the howl of the little fellow that he could not get a "look in" on the orders.

As to commissariat—three big packing companies and two big grain companies have handled the most of the orders; and the packing companies have lost as much in delayed delivery on what they shipped to Germany as they have gained on what they shipped to England. Remember, two or three of these big companies are German; and for seven months \$14,000,000 of packed meats consigned to Germany has been held up by the British cruisers. Haven't heard much about it either, have you? It has been dead loss to Uncle Sam. Likewise of copper, of spelter, of zinc, of

wire cargoes sent out for Germany. The detention of copper shipments from July to February reduced some of the big smelter people almost to ruin. Germany buys \$75,000,000 of copper a year from Uncle Sam. This was cut off. Since war orders have come in, stocks and dividends in metal concerns have jumped; but of the loss for six months, you have heard very little.

WEAT exports totaled almost 300,000,000 bushels; and on this the war gave Uncle Sam clear going of almost 40 cents a bushel or \$120,000,000. Against this, set the losses to Uncle Sam in cotton.



The blockade is costing the South 5 cents a pound on cotton, or \$25 a bale . . . a \$400,000,000 loss in 1914 and a prospect of \$350,000,000 in 1915.

Depending on cotton are twenty million people in the South. It is practically the only crop; and there is no use telling them, as kid glove theorists do, to go in for other crops. The climate of half the cotton belt does not raise nutritious grasses for stock and does not produce and cannot produce six bushels of grain to the acre. There are many sections in the South where it costs the cotton planter more to raise oats than to buy them. Nature designed certain sections of the South for cotton; and on cotton twenty million people depend for existence. Now when cotton goes below 8 and 9 cents a pound, it does not pay the farmer profits that will feed his mule, let alone feed his children. Cotton brings 30 cents a pound in Germany. Because the British blockade hedges off exports to Germany, American cotton can't reach German buyers. When there is no war and the lanes of the sea are clear cotton fluctuates in price from 11 cents to 14 cents. Since the blockade, cotton has fallen back to 9 cents in New York, 8 to 6 cents in the South. That is—the blockade is costing the South 5 cents a pound on cotton or \$25 a bale. Now in 1914 the South had one of the largest cotton crops in its history—over 16,000,000 bales, almost 17,000,000 bales. The chances are for a 14,000,000-bale crop in 1915. Before the war, cotton was selling at eleven and three-quarter cents in July with prospects of a rise as exports began to move out. By October, it was down to 6 cents in the South—a sheer loss of at least 5 cents a pound or \$25 a bale, or \$400,000,000 loss to the South in 1914 and a prospect of \$350,000,000 for 1915. Now wheat had dropped when war was declared; but wheat jumped up again. Why didn't cotton? *Because England could buy all American wheat; but England could not buy all American cotton.* Germany and Austria are two of Uncle Sam's best customers for cotton; and the English blockade cut off those markets for Uncle Sam. To be sure, England has paid \$3,500,000 on cargoes of cotton that have been seized; but that does not compensate the knock-out blow to the market by cutting off Austria and Germany as buyers. The loss of three-quarters of a billion on cotton spread over twenty million people hardly compensates the gain of a billion in war orders concentrated in the hands of a few big bankers and big industrial concerns; but if Uncle Sam broke with the allies over the cotton blockade, he would strike his market a still heavier blow; for Russia, France and England buy more cotton than Germany and Austria.

Yet you hear very little of angry protest from Uncle Sam about the Brit-

ish blockade costing him these widespread losses. That is his neutral contribution to the fight for freedom. It is also a cardinal motive for him to seize the opportunity when it comes to force peace.

HOW is the opportunity coming? Through finance, or what the bankers call "automatic exhaustion." Exactly what does that mean in terms of people, who think in dollars and cents, not millions and billions?

There is a lot of crafty and disingenuous and highly misleading secrecy about the financing of the war. There is also a lot of inspired publicity fed out to see how the public investors will swallow a fool's bait. It would require a good-sized encyclopædia to state and rebut these lies; but a few facts may be picked out and stated. These are facts, not predictions as to the future.

Russia undoubtedly has almost a billion of gold in her cellars as a war chest. Fact one; but fact two discounts it.

Fact two—when Russia offered a \$150,000,000 munitions contract to a big electric company, the company, which has special secret agents all over the world and in close connection with Russian officialdom, refused to accept the contract till Russia's note or bond or whatever it was had been endorsed and guaranteed by the British Government.

Inference—the billion in Russia's war chest must be already pledged. Danger signal—possible financial exhaustion.

As to France—to be sure loans to France are safe as long as they are secured by the deposit of American securities as collateral with American bankers; but at the rate the war is costing, the American securities held by French investors will soon all be pledged to American bankers.

Next as to France—a fact! When some French notes were floated on the American money market without the endorsement of the big banks and without the collateral security of U.S. stocks, more than half that French loan failed "to go." It had to be taken up by the underwriters.

Inference—the American investor is afraid to load up too heavily with "the paper" of the warring nations, when it is unendorsed.

As to England, the richest nation on earth—take facts again—

While the cash loans, "credits" and "acceptances" to the Allies through American bankers total only \$125,000,000, a mere "flea bite"—as one of the bankers making the loan described it to me—the fact remains that plans are under way for another hundred millions; and if the war continues, loans of many such hundred millions must be made. Now the amount of American securities held abroad, which can be pledged as collateral against these loans, has been very carefully estimated not to exceed three billion dollars. It is closer to two billions than to three billions.

Do you glimpse what the banker means when he says "stoppage of war by automatic exhaustion?" However, generous Uncle Sam may be, however keen for the high rate of interest bound to come all over the world, however anxious he is to become "the hub of finance" in the world, to make the dollar the standard of exchange, Uncle Sam when it comes to finance is the keenest, sharpest money-lender in the world. When he can obtain no more collateral security, he will stop lending. An English financier has declared openly in the House of Lords that a few years of such war will reduce the world to bankruptcy.

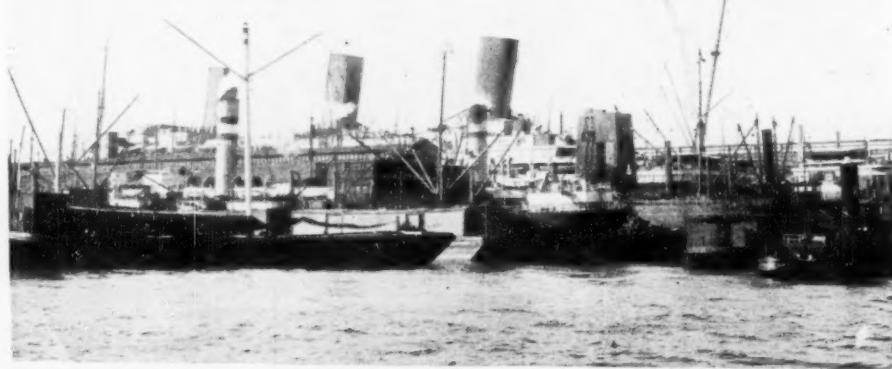
Take Germany next—Germany is in a different position in that she could not float loans abroad. Only \$10,000,000 of German paper has been floated in the United States since the war began; and that had to run the gauntlet of subterranean opposition. A German banker described the proceedings attending that loan as a case of "crafty crucifixion." If England the richest nation on earth, is strained to carry the financial burden of the war, what must Germany's position be? When the collapse comes, the blight will not react on other nations; for she has borrowed little from other nations. She must bear the burden unaided. She cannot repudiate her debts; for her debts are on her own shoulders. When the German Emperor asked for his last war loan, he had to assure the banks that the war would be over by October.

What if it isn't?

The war has gone on for a year and it has resulted in the bloodiest and most bootless deadlock known to history. Four million men lie dead in the trenches, and the slaughter sways impotently back and forward, losing to-day what was gained yesterday; gaining to-morrow what was lost to-day.

That is what the bankers mean by "automatic exhaustion."

Continued on Page 100.



German shipping at the wharves at Hoboken, tied up for the duration of the war.



Stephen Leacock's idea of how the staff of a first-class school should look.

The Lot of the Schoolmaster

TEACHERS," said the Minister of Education, swinging round in his chair, "are very cheap just now."

He looked at us fixedly. My colleague and I hung our heads. We realized that we had done a most impudent thing in asking for a rise in salary. We felt like a couple of dock laborers who had been asking the boss for an extra five cents an hour—only less manly. We didn't exactly shuffle our boots and twirl our rough caps in our hands, while a tear did not, unbidden, course down our grimy cheeks. But we gave whatever symptoms of mute distress correspond to these things in people who have been expensively educated for ten years and have sunk all their available money in it.

We hadn't understood properly about the market for teachers. Somebody ought to have told us about it ten years before.

"Come, come," said the Minister of Education, for he was a kindly man at heart in spite of the rough duties of his office, "We can't give you a hundred and ten dollars a month just now. But what of that? You're young men yet. Keep right on. You're doing good work, both of you. You'll get it in time. Stick at it, my boys, and we'll see that you get your hundred and ten dollars, both of you, before you die."

Very likely we should have. But neither of us remained as schoolmasters long enough to know.

THE incident happened more than twenty years ago and I can write of it now without bitterness; or at any rate with only the chastened regret of one who has spent the best years of his life doing task-work at a salary that began at fifty-eight dollars and thirty-three cents a month and after ten years of toil, expired from exhaustion at a hundred dollars.

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

That salary is dead and gone now and it is not for me to speak ill of it. I was glad enough to get it at the time. Each month I used to take it from the bank, look at it and then divide it up as fairly as possible, among those who were entitled to receive a share of it.

But I am not here attempting to write a personal biography. I only mention these facts in order to show that on the present subject I am entitled to write with the authority of one who knows.

Nor am I proposing in this article to write on any such simple theme as that the salary of schoolmasters ought to be raised. I don't think they should. I think that a great many of them ought to be lowered and that others ought to be taken away altogether. What I propose to show is that the whole position of the schoolmaster is on a wrong basis and should be altered from top to bottom.

Let me explain at the outset that throughout this article I am talking of what are called technically "secondary" teachers—those who teach in high schools, collegiate institutes and the large private and endowed schools. I am not undertaking any discussion of the status and outlook of the elementary teacher. He is in fact very generally a woman and perhaps deserves to be. At any rate he is not here in question. Still less, am I speaking of University professors. They form a class by themselves. There is nothing else in the world similar to them. It is the secondary school teacher whom I am calling, for lack of a more exact term, the "schoolmaster."

Now in my opinion (which is a very valuable one, so valuable that I am being well paid by this magazine merely to state it) the whole status of the schoolmaster

in this country is wrong. His position is unsatisfactory. His salary is too low and should be raised.

It is also too high and ought to be lowered. His place in the community should be dignified and elevated. He also ought to be given three months' notice and dismissed. The work that the schoolmaster is doing is inestimable in its consequences. He is laying the foundation of the careers of the men who are to lead the next generation. He is also knocking all the best stuff out of a great number of them.

ALL of this is intended as a way of saying that, as at present organized or grown, the whole profession is chaotic. It is made up of young men and old men, good men and bad men, enthusiasts and time workers, martyrs and drones. They are in it, men of all types and ages. Here is a young man fresh out of college with clothes made by a city tailor and with hope still written upon his face; and beside him in the next class room is a poor ancient thing in a linen duster fumbling a piece of chalk in his hand, with the resigned pathos of intellectual failure stamped all over him.

But there is a certain broad and general statement that may be made covering the lot of them. The pay of all the younger ones is far too high. The pay of all the older ones is far too low. Nearly all of them are teachers not because they want to be but because they can't help it. Very few of them—hardly any of them—understand their job or can do it properly. Most of them—in the opinion of those who employ them—could be replaced without loss at a week's notice. None of them retire full of wealth and honor; but when they die, as most of them do, in harness, the school bell jangles out a harsh *requiem* over the departed teacher and the trustees fill his place at a five-minutes' meeting.

Meanwhile the public voice and the public press is filled with the laudation of the captains of industry, of the kings of fin-



There would be plenty of applicants for the position of Brother Ambrose.

ance, of boy wizards who steal a fortune before they are twenty-five and of grand old men who carry it away grinning with them after death—to wherever grand old men go. These and such are shining marks from which the public approbation glints as from a heliograph from hill to hill. The poor teacher in his whole life earns no greater publicity than his obituary notice at twenty-five cents for one insertion. And one is enough.

Now why should all this be? Why is it that there are no such things as wizards of the blackboard, boy wonders of the classroom, and alchemists of the chalk stick?

LET us look into the matter. Consider just who the teachers are and why they are teachers. In the province of Ontario there are, let us say, about two thousand schoolmasters in the secondary schools. Why are they there and why did they take up teaching?

First of all there is the small, the very small minority, who with a full choice before them went into teaching because they wanted to; because they thought it a noble honorable work at which to spend a life-time—not to be used merely as a stepping-stone to something else; because through their love of the profession they gave no thought to such drawbacks as the low pay, the slighted status of the teacher,



Close and easy of access is a stubby tree, mean grown thing.

the impossibility of marriage with a home equivalent to those of other men of equal industry and endowment—a home such as

lawyers and doctors live in, such as kings of finance perpetually find too small for them, or such as those in which the senior clergy, in the pauses of their ghostly duties, take their lettered ease. To all of this the teacher—the enthusiast of whom I speak—has said good-by at the threshold of his profession. He knew that he could never hope, as a successful schoolmaster, to dress as well as a successful lumberman or dog fancier, or join a club like a banker or play golf and drink whisky and soda as a broker does. Yet some few men here and there make this deliberate choice. All honor to them for it—or at least all honor that ink and print can give them. They will get no other.

A few such men, and only a few, have I known. "Why did you go into teaching?" I asked long ago of one of my colleagues. "Because I think it a fine thing," he said. At the time I thought him an abandoned liar. Later I realized that he spoke the truth. It took some five years of experience of things as they are to crush the enthusiasm out of him. He left the profession without illusions and without regret. His place was filled by the trustees without a pang: teachers were cheap that year.

THE truth is that, as things now are, it is not possible, or hardly possible, for a man to go into teaching for the love of it and at a conscious sacrifice, and to stay in it for the rest of his working life. It can't be done. Human nature is too weak. To make such a thing possible there would have to be no salary at all and the position marked out for the eyes of the multitude as one of conscious martyrdom. If a mathematical master at a collegiate institute were allowed to wear a long brown gown, with sandals and bare feet, if instead of being called Mr. Podge, he were called Father Aloysius or Brother Ambrose, if instead of feeding at a three-dollar boarding house, he carried a bowl at his girdle into which people of their free will put lentils and peas and sweet herbs—then the job would be all right. Human nature is such that on those terms men would give forth a life of strenuous devotion, asking no higher honor. There would be plenty of applicants for the position of Father Aloysius. Indeed, I might take a shot at it myself. But the unrecognized half-sacrifice of the teacher-enthusiast is not good enough.

Yet after all the enthusiasts of this sort are only a small minority. The same elements enter, no doubt, in part into the cases of many other teachers—but only in part and not as the leading motive. The chief cause of most of the schoolmasters being so is because of the peculiar ease of access to the job. It is like a fly-trap, or fish-net: All may walk in; few can get out. What happens is this. There are a great number of youths who begin life with the idea that the way to success lies through a college education. This proposition may or may not be true. It is very likely that the best chance of pecuniary success lies in going into a linoleum factory or a hardware store at fifteen and learning while there is yet time how many cents make a dollar. But at any rate a college education is the recognized and only gateway to the professions of law,

medicine and engineering. These appear to offer the best chances of success and the most attractive form of career. They are trees with plenty of branches at the top. The young birds fly straight towards them.

BUT a college education is a costly thing. To make a college graduate you have to sink in him a thousand dollars in cash, and I know not how much in other things. Funds run low, the young man's savings or his parents' spare money is exhausted. He graduates as it were on the brink of bankruptcy. The tall trees look infinitely far and the flight to their branches long and perilous. But standing beside them, close and easy of access, is a stubby tree, a mean grown thing but carrying all its branches stuck out side-



Perhaps the young man has become aware that one of the female teachers in the kindergarten has eyes like a startled fawn.

ways and very low. This is the teaching profession and into it the flock of young men, "shoo'd" over the precipice of graduation, are precipitated in a flock.

Not one in twenty—not one in a hundred—of these young men means to stay "in teaching." The idea of the average beginner is that he will stay in it long enough to save enough money to get out of it. It is to some as a stepping stone to law or medicine, or something real.

Let the reader imagine the effect on the profession at the outset of this distorted point of view. Who would wish to be treated by a doctor who was saving up money to become a ship captain? Who would put money in a railroad if it were known that the president and the traffic manager and the rest of them were merely doing their work to get enough money to qualify to be opera singers? Is a judge saving money to be a poet, or a lawyer waiting to run a hotel? Never. But this bad streak runs all through the teaching profession like a rotten streak in a board. The thing is used as a mere stepping stone. The young men, those who can and who are not caught, do struggle out of it. Just as they are beginning to know something about the job they leave it and a new set of young men who know nothing about it take their places. Meantime a lot of them—I should say, at a guess, fifty per cent. of them—get caught in it and can't get out. The net has closed. Perhaps the young man becomes aware that one of the female teachers in the kindergarten department has eyes like a startled fawn and a soul like a running brook. The dis-

covery is too much for him. By the time he recovers it is too late. He is a married teacher in a black lustre coat, saving money to put his eldest boy to college.

Or another fate may overtake the young man. He becomes, to put it very simply, lazy. All men do after the age of about thirty; though the successful ones are able to hide it by a great hustle of mimic activity. For the man on the make there is a whole apparatus of secretaries and subordinates, clubs, rendezvous, appointments, business trips to New York and so forth to cover up the fact that he has ceased to do any real work. Even from himself he hides it. He creates the fiction that he is working with his brain—an inner and mystic process which no one can dispute.

So the teacher, like all other men gets lazy. It seems harder and harder to take the plunge, to face the loss of his salary, to re-enter a student's boarding house and open a text book to start the study of law. Something, too, of the mock dignity of his teacher's office has got hold of him and eats into the sillier side of his mind. He has learned to set examinations; he hates to have to pass them. In his class-room he rules; when he says, "Jones, stand up," then "up Jones stands." It is hard to give this up and to have a professor say to him, "Mr. Smith, sit down." No it can't be done. He means to give up teaching. He still talks of law or medicine, or hints that he may go West. But he will go nowhere till he goes underground.

A great part of this trouble springs from the teacher's salary. It is too high. There it is, a hundred dollars a month, let us say, dead certain—no doubt and no delay about it. A lawyer makes (on the average and apart from exceptional



A victrola that may be removed from the house at any moment . . . these are the true luxuries of life.

cases) a few hundred dollars in his first year: perhaps not that; a young doctor makes on the average, something more than nothing; he walks hospitals, wears a white linen coat and says that his chief interest is in pathology; but what he really wants is a practice and after waiting a few years he gets it. These, and their like, the young engineer, lead a struggling life, subsisting on little, lying much and hoping very greatly. Meantime, the bovine teacher in his stall is as well paid at twenty-three as he will be at forty.

For there it is! The insane idea is

abroad that a young teacher, a mere beginner, is as good or practically so as a man of experience. No difference is made; or none that corresponds at all with the vast gulf that lies in every other profession between the tried and successful man and the youth who is only beginning. Compare the salary of a bank junior (you will need a slide rule to measure it) with that of a general manager of a bank. And do the shareholders object to the difference? Not for a moment; the dullest of them will explain you the reason of it in five minutes. And does the bank junior object to the general manager's high pay? Not for a minute; he means to have that job himself later on and he wants it to be as highly paid as possible: in fact that is why he is a bank junior just at present.

LET us reflect for a moment on what qualifications the real schoolmaster ought to have. First, he must possess the knowledge of the things he teaches in the school-room. This is a mere nothing. Any jackass can clean up enough algebra or geometry to teach it to a class of boys: in fact plenty of them do, but apart from the trivial qualification of knowing a few facts, the ideal schoolmaster has got to be the kind of man who can instinctively lead his fellow men (men are only grown-up boys, and boys are only undamaged men); who can inspire them to do what he says, because they want to be like him, who can kindle and keep alight in a boy's heart a determination to make something that counts, to build up in himself every ounce of bodily strength and mental power and moral worth for which he has the capacity. The ideal schoolmaster should be a man filled with the gospel of strenuous purpose.

Theodore Roosevelt (though he would shoot me for saying so) ought to be a schoolmaster. So ought Lord Kitchener and the Grand Duke Nicholas. Indeed, there are any number of unclaimed schoolmasters masquerading in the world today as kings and captains merely because the profession is not made such as to call them in. But even strenuousness itself, intensity of purpose, is not all. Strenuousness without the capacity to do things degenerates into mere vague desire of accomplishment, a vapid fulness of intention, which is a sort of mental equivalent for wind on the stomach. Such is the attitude of the man who is perpetually talking of the "full life" and of "developing himself," who goes out into the woods to draw deep breaths and falls asleep after lunch while waiting to begin his life work. Mr. Schoolmaster must be other than that. He must be the type of man superior not only to the boys he teaches, but superior to the parents who send their sons to him; able to have been, had he so wished it, a better banker than the average bank manager, a better railroad man than the average one, with brains enough to give points to a lawyer and breath enough to make even a doctor feel thin. This is the kind of man to be a schoolmaster. He is to be found perhaps in the ratio of one in ten thousand ordinary citizens. Things being as they are with the trade, such a man is seldom if ever actually engaged as a school teacher. He is more probably a general, or a bishop, or

the head of a great industry or the manager of an international trust, or a four-ringed circus, or anything else that knows

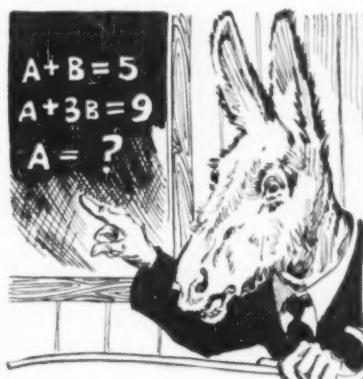


When he says "Jones, stand up," then "up Jones stands."

a good man when it sees it and is prepared to pay a price for him. There lies the point. To get the man you must hand out the pay. And as the pay is not forthcoming all the men of merit either never enter the lists as schoolmasters, or abandon the job before they are twenty-five.

To get and keep the right man it is necessary to pay him an income that will enable him to live with the same comfort and dignity as others of his endowment. There is no need to pay him this at the start. No man with a future before him cares a rush about the initial pay. But the thing must be there as a future, as a possibility, as something to work towards, so that from the first day of his work the man feels that his life is sealed to his chosen profession forever.

I do not mean to argue for a moment that a mere increase of salaries will at once transform the teaching profession. It cannot. You cannot make an incompetent man any better by merely raising his pay. The present situation cannot be remedied by such a simple process as that. Nine out of ten of the present teachers ought not to be schoolmasters at all. They might, at a pinch, get along tolerably well in the law, or on the bench, or as clergymen, but the idea of entrusting to them the supreme function of training the rising generation is nonsense.



Any Jackass can clean up enough algebra to teach it to a class of boys.

I wish that I had time to organize a school, and that some good fairy would
Continued on Page 101.

This story is true in every detail. It was told to Mr. Sullivan by the original Jan Peeters—now a broken old man, living in an American city. The editors think all who read this story will agree that it is the most realistic picture of grim war, and at the same time the finest piece of writing that has appeared in print since the outbreak of the present great conflict. It is a story that will live.

Where a Man Can Hold Up His Head

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Illustrated by J. W. BEATTY

WHEN Jan Peeters first reached Pittsburg, he was dazed for a week; then settled down to his trade of glass blowing. And, because his mild, blue eye was steady and true, and the vast lungs of him under perfect and delicate control, he saved five thousand dollars in the first five years. He contemplated his bank book with placid content, and in seven years more his credit was fifteen thousand.

Always in the bottom of his heart was an undying yearning for the blue skies and flat fields of Belgium. He knew, furthermore, that he was now able to equip a factory for himself in Charleroi. He pictured the very place. It was just off the Rue Poissonnière. His brow wrinkled as he drifted back to memories of his wife. But—and here his heart swelled at the thought—Paul and Albert would welcome him, ah, how joyously; and was there not his daughter, Marie, in Liège?

With Jan Peeters, to decide was to act; so he took his money in drafts on Antwerp, and went to say good-bye to the foreman. The latter remonstrated disgustedly, for Jan was the most skilful worker in the factory.

"Oh, very well," he grumbled, "you'll lose your money, and then come back for another job, and I guess we'll have to give you one."

The Belgian shook his great bushy head. "No, I will not lose it, and I want to be happy."

"Well, good-bye Dutchy," said the foreman, void of geographical distinction. "You can have your old place any time."

Jan took ship from Boston, straight to Antwerp, and in a matter of two weeks, Paul, Albert and Marie had fallen on his neck and patted his cheek, and told him he looked younger and stronger than ever. Then they went round by Liège to see Marie's husband, and Jan stared at the Cloth Hall with a lump in his throat, and confessed to his children, who had glorified views about a place where a glass blower could earn seven dollars a day, that there was nothing in America half so beautiful—so, on to Charleroi, where he marched straight down the Rue Poissonnière, and turned off into the street on which he had decided to buy his factory building.

There is much in the making of a glass works and he went about it quietly and deliberately, fortified by an experience in which he had noted laborious duties transferred from sweating men to immutable machinery. So it was that Jan

Peeter's works were very complete. He had the great, central melting tank and the annealing ovens, and the big fans, and the ducts to pour cool air over the workers, and moulds, and plenty of light and baths for his men. It took the better part of a year, but, at the end of it all, Jan Peeters smiled, for he saw that it was good. Then he built a new house next door, and there were peach trees in the garden.

TIME slipped by. Jan had wanted to be happy and his wish was gained. Paul and Albert took charge of the works, while Jan planted strawberries and tended his roses. It was not till after ten years that a sudden cloud appeared in his sky. His sons were called back into the reserves.

Talk of war between France and Germany had been going on for a week. Belgium listened uneasily. The talk sharpened and it was rumored that communications were being exchanged between Belgium and Germany. Jan wondered and then, in the last week of July, he booked a large order for the University of Freibourg, and chuckled at the thought of war. That Saturday he went to Liège to see Marie. There were soldiers in the streets and no one was allowed near the Creusot disappearing forts to the south of the city. He had heard these were of chilled iron, and a foot thick. Destroy them? The idea was absurd; and he went home with a certain American impatience at the whole situation.

Six weeks later the factory was silent and deserted; the great tank was full of a mass of solidified glass, and wounded soldiers were lying on the floor. To the north and east the boom of cannon sounded continuously. The Creusot forts were a tangle of shattered concrete and fractured iron. The Cloth Hall was a smoking ruin. A tide of armed men had flowed past it and, having engulfed Namur, was now half way to Antwerp. Paul and Albert had vanished. On the horizon, clouds of grey smoke were drifting. Charleroi, his city, was full of terrified citizens, tramping steadily westward, beside women and children who were mounted in wagons and sat on piles of bedding. Shop-keepers were nailing up their windows. Outside the town, three semi-circular lines of hastily-dug trenches were

full of men in blue uniforms, képis, and long cloaks. Behind them, the machine guns were masked. Nearer still to the town was a small battery of field guns. Three miles away, black smoke was rising from the ruins of a group of farm houses, destroyed lest they give cover to the enemy.

Far down the poplar-bordered road, that runs east to Namur, a faint blue haze was visible. At the same moment came a louder detonation, and a six-inch shell crashed into Charleroi; then another, and another. Beyond the ruined farm houses, a thin wave of men, at first midgers, gradually grew into distinction. Jan Peeters marked its approach. It halted, and in half an hour had melted into the very earth. Followed a terrific period, in which shot and shell were rained into Charleroi. The wave advanced another mile, and melted again. This went on, until the enemy was only a third of a mile away. At each advance, the semi-circular trenches vomited fire and the machine guns tapped angrily. Their rattle reminded Jan of the riveters in the framework of a Pittsburgh skyscraper.

Before long, the wave rolled into the semi-circular trenches and, after a few desperate moments, engulfed them. Rivulets of blue uniforms ran back and took cover at street corners. Jan ran too, and stumbled automatically toward his glass works. He might have run further but this structure of his heart must not be deserted. The wounded soldiers had been moved away. There was a sound of closing windows and doors. Distant rifles barked intermittently, punctuated with volleys that grew gradually nearer. Jan went up to his bedroom and waited. He leaned out and saw a group of men with spiked helmets and rolled blankets on their shoulders, come up the street. They were heading for the Rue Poissonnière, half a mile distant. The steps halted; Jan heard the factory door collapse and in another moment the smashing of machinery. This struck his very soul. He shivered as with a palsy. "My factory!" he gasped. "They must not injure that."

THE clamor increased. He could follow every blow. Now it was the cold air fan; now it was the door of the annealing furnace. His imagination kept step with this progressive ruin. Lastly, looking across the garden, he saw a wisp of smoke twisting slowly out of the office window. Steps sounded in the hall below, then

mounted the stairs. Jan sat on the side of the bed, his lips moved silently.

The door of his bedroom flew open, and an officer entered. Behind him were two privates. In a moment their bayonets were at Jan's breast. In one corner of the room was the safe, a flimsy affair of wood and sheet steel. Its padlock dangled. The officer leveled his revolver. There was a frightful report and the shattered lock swung loose. Jan's eyes filled with salt tears. The officer thrust a hand in and took eight thousand francs from the cash drawer. Then he turned to Jan. "This is war and it is well for you that you were found here, and not on the street. You will not leave your house for twenty-four hours." He looked around the room, picked Jan's watch from the nail where it hung near the mantelpiece, slipped it casually into his pocket, roared an order to the privates and tramped down stairs.

The Belgian sat motionless. The echo of marching feet dwindled. From all parts of Charleroi came strange sounds. He thought he could hear shouting from the Rue Poissonnière, and a quick desire for revenge took him, as he sallied boldly out. Remembering that there were six hundred francs under the mattress, he went back and, as they crackled between his fingers, he had a queer idea that here was the sole product of twenty-five years' labor. There came to him a vision of "Les Misérables" and Jean Valjean, the galley slave, and the one hundred and nine francs he earned in nineteen years in the chain gang.

He made a *détour* and struck the Rue Poissonnière near the middle of the town. A group of blue uniformed men had built a barricade three feet high. Behind this were twelve machine guns. Someone recognized him and shouted: "Get under cover, Jan Peeters, the music is about to begin!"

He slipped into a doorway and looked down the Rue Poissonnière. A helmet glinted half a mile away. Then, as he watched, more helmets gathered, till the street was full from side to side. This human wall began to flow toward him. It halted; and a volley whistled over the barricade. It came on again, fifty or sixty deep. As far back as he could see was a forest of spikes. Beneath these were heads and beating

hearts and blue eyes—the enemy.

Suddenly a harsh fury burst out beside him, crashing, rending, demoniac—as though millions of devils were battling inside the gates of hell. This raucous clamor took away his breath. From the muzzle of each machine fire streamed a continuous jet of flame and countless strips of cartridges ran into and through them.

Jan stared at the wave. It had halted. The smooth regularity of this line was broken. In front of it was a fringe of men. These were on their knees or faces. Behind them, a staggering section poised for a moment ere it too sank to the earth. Behind these again, were layers of men punctured with metal, whose lives sped out through torn wounds.

They could not fall. Strong bodies pushed them forward, while mounds of dead and dying held them vertical. They swayed thus, wedged between quivering corpses and those about to die. In this mass, one bullet did frightful execution. It penetrated a captain, a corporal, a private, murdering successive and decreasing ranks, finding lodgment in the lowest.

Jan could stand no more. He fled, melt-

ing into porches and alleys, effacing himself in shadows. The sky had turned crimson.

That night, drawn by some horrid fascination, he returned to the Rue Poissonnière. The street was silent, the windows blank and dark, the doors closed. No voices, no breathing of humanity. The front of the wave lay where it fell, a tangle of corpses, hands in grotesque places, legs twisted, eyes that stared unseeing, mounds inert, pallor and silence—a medley of helmets, weapons that had ceased to threaten, a mechanism no longer formidable—the vacant homes of spirits that had deserted their tenancy, clay and carrion, so late the home of courage, laughter and love. The moon spilled her white beams, and Jan trembled as he stared. This was war! Then he noted that his feet were in a pool—thick, sticky, jellified. He moved with a shudder—it was blood.

WHEN morning broke, he was on the road to Liège. Marie, Paul, Albert, their names trembled continuously on his lips. Perhaps Paul and Albert looked like the slain in the Rue Poissonnière—but

Marie—what of her? The country was strewn with the wreckage of war. Villages razed, houses burned, horses with gaping rents in their sides, the fields scarred with trenches, gun carriages splintered, the dead unburied. On to this road the terrified peasants had streamed. It was an epic of desolation, divided families, ruin and mourning.

The sound of much grief deadens the ear, and dries the inward process of tears. There comes a time when the much-burdened heart loses the power to lament. Jan plodded on and followed his soul to Liège.

He reached it at noon on the sixth day, having gone round Namur which he could not bear to enter. The streets were full of the enemy, laughing, eating, sleeping, picketing their horses in the paved square in front of the ribs of the Cloth Hall, swaggering, drinking, cleaning rifles, smoking in the sunshine, and exchanging booty. They took no notice of Jan. He saw an officer strike a private in the face; and the man saluted, while his comrades sprang to attention. The town folk walked with their eyes on the ground. Buildings, battered and dislocated, fronted the streets, their framework revealed, walls gone, displaying



There comes a time when the much-burdened heart loses the power to mourn. Jan plodded on and followed his soul to Liège.

poinant intimate scenes of littered bed-rooms. Shops were open and women spoke in whispers behind the counters.

He walked to his daughter's house on the Rue de Spa. The front door swung on one hinge, windows were raised, and from one of them a dark red curtain streamed like a bloody pall. The dwelling was empty and voiceless. In the drawing-room his own portrait faced him from a gilded frame. He questioned his own eyes and lips. They knew, they had seen, but they would not speak. It was only his effigy that had surveyed the anguish and the flight. Perhaps, he thought, perhaps it was as well that it could not speak. A film came over his blue eyes as he searched the house. It was cold and incommunicable, with no answer to his demands. Its spirit had vanished with Marie. There remained nothing but the hollow shell.

There was now but one thing to do. The Belgium that he knew and loved was ravished of her charm and delight, a shorn plant, reft of its flower. He, himself, was abandoned by God, his labor undone, his heart strings cut and bleeding. Here, in Liège, he seemed to be in the mutilated bosom of his country. These smoking buildings—these streets strewn with the offal of victory—this tramp of armed enemies, terrible puppets of an Emperor—the menace of threatening rivers of helmets that flowed onward, ever onward—the rumble of unnumbered guns—at all these her wounds opened and bled afresh. Was there no solace of solitude, even for the vanquished?

SHUTTING his eyes to the grim evidences of invasion, Jan Peeters reached at last the wide straight road that runs across the sand plains to Flushing. It would be a long walk—but there were six hundred francs in his pocket and they would help.

Ten miles out he found misery and hunger. He stopped, stared and hesitated. In a moment he went on, ten francs poorer. His weary feet bore him from one tribulation to another. The road to Flushing was, it seemed, an avenue of anguish, a long drawn theatre of suffering on which no curtain ever descended—not even the curtain of darkness. At night it was a chiaroscuro in which a thousand flickering fires painted with false colors the faces of a thousand rings of refugees. He was thankful for the darkness; for the children slept, being too weary to cry any longer. Each mile brought its own irresistible appeal—Jan Peeters gave, and hurried to escape blessings. He did not count what was left, for in this area there seemed to be concentrated the desolation of a universe.

At the Dutch border, the sentries passed him without question. His tired blue eyes, his grimy face, his soiled clothes, his empty hands, were an old story to these men who watched a nation crawl through a gate of refuge outside its border. He stopped at a bakery and asked for bread. It smelled good. He took out his pocket book. Of the six hundred francs not one was left.

Two weeks later Jan Peeters landed in

Liverpool with three hundred other refugees. They were taken to a public building, which had been re-arranged for the purpose of receiving them. He was given clothes and food. On the second day he went to the authorities. "I want work," he said. "I cannot eat the bread of charity."

They were sympathetic. "We are sorry, we have no work for you, but food and clothes till the end of the war. We are doing our best."

He bowed and thanked them gravely. They were doing their best for a hundred thousand of his compatriots. He wandered down to the dock and surveyed the shipping. It brought the ends of the world to his feet. After a week he found the captain of a merchant steamer, bound for Kingston, Jamaica.

"I'll take you there for nothing and welcome," he said, scanning the shadow in Jan's eyes.

Jan reflected that Jamaica was nearer Pittsburgh than Liverpool. "Thank you, you are very kind." He hung over the rail for days staring at the horizon. The captain understood and let him alone. This sea, with its profundities, reminded Jan of eternity. Here was a gulf in which might be buried the anguish of the world. It was calm, voiceless, unfathomed. But ever as the sea opened its emerald arms and called to him, Jan had a vision of the country where he could walk with his head up, and look the next man in the eyes. He pictured the glass works in Pittsburgh, the roar of the furnaces, and the streams of dripping crystal.

They made Kingston in sixteen days. The captain gripped Jan's hand, gave him ten dollars and wished him luck. The good people of Kingston heard his story and befriended him and found him work; till, one day, there glided into the harbor, a snow-white yacht, with the Stars and Stripes at her stern. Jan watched as her anchor plunged into the coral reefs.

Now the ways of God are strange, and so it came that the owner of the white yacht heard the story of Jan Peeters, which was known to many in Kingston, and he found Jan and cheered him up, and took him aboard and dropped him at Key West with another ten dollars.

TWO weeks later the foreman of the Pittsburgh glass works looked up and saw a man in the door of his office. The features seemed strangely familiar. He glanced at the new comer curiously. Finally memory flashed—but Jan's hair was not grey when he left.

"Hullo!—Is that you, Jan? I hardly knew you. Sit down."

The bent fugitive sank slowly into a chair. The foreman noted the lines on the old glass blower's face. Suddenly he found himself staring deep into Jan's eyes, and something caught at his throat.

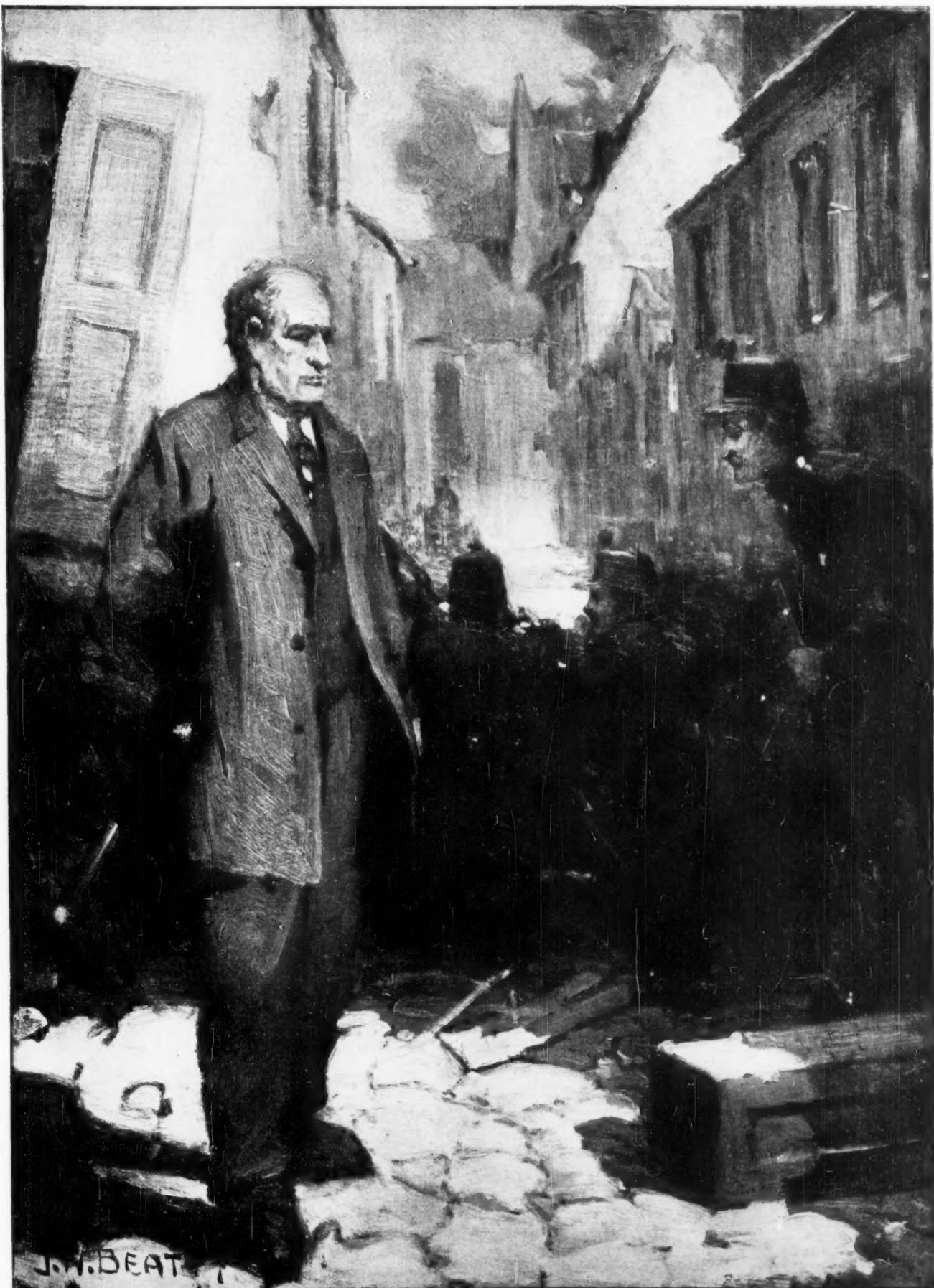
"Do you want your old job? It's waiting for you," he said gently.

Jan Peeters nodded. "Yes—thank you—I need my old job now." Then he put his head on the foreman's desk and burst into a passion of sobs.

"Consummation"

By Eric A. Darling

Look in mine eyes, Beloved! Is it true
That you and I have found each other now?
And when I smooth the dear hair from your brow,
Do I touch you and not the shadow of you
That I have known in dreams the slow years through?
My soul made long ago its maiden vow
Before no other than its mate to bow
In spiritual submission; for it knew—
Beloved Brother of the Inner Shrine!—
That in the long procession of the years,
Slow with the weight of destiny's arrears,
One laurel-crowned would bring me what was mine.
So I will offer incense to the spheres,
And drink with you Love's sweet and bitter wine.



He made a detour and struck the Rue Poissoniere near the middle of the town. A group of blue uniformed men had built a barricade three feet high. Some one recognized him and shouted: "Get under cover, Jan Peeters, the music is about to begin!"



King Charles I as Prince of Wales, by Daniel Mytens. One of the best pictures the Art Gallery contains.



"The Connoisseur," by Geo. Henry, A.R.A. Much of the beauty of this exquisite canvas is lost in reproduction, for one can only imagine the vivid blue of the woman's gown.



"In Suffolk," by Annesly Brown, R.A., the famous brother of the curator of the National Art Gallery, Eric Brown.



L'Encore,
By Arthur
Crisp.

A recent purchase for the gallery. Arthur Crisp is a native of Hamilton, Ontario, where he studied first; then going to New York. His work was rather lost sight of in Canada for a time, but last year, upon exhibiting once or twice, he was "discovered" by the curator of the Gallery, and this painting purchased.

The National Art Gallery

A NATION'S consciousness is expressed through

the medium of its Art; and Canada, it may be said, is only now merging from infancy and childhood, into artistic adolescence. It may sound like a platitude to say that this is no aspersion upon our Dominion; it is the common lot of every youngster amongst nations, just as it is the lot of every child to fight for bare existence first, and spiritual development afterward.

The term Art naturally includes Painting, Sculpture, Music, Literature and the Drama, but as the title indicates, we will deal in this article with the first, only.

Thirty-five years ago, the germ of a National Art Gallery was born in Canada, when in the year 1880 the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General, and Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, established the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, which had as one of its aims the culmination in a National Gallery to be built at Ottawa and to be developed as nearly as possible after the English Na-

By MADGE MACBETH

tional Gallery. It began with the deposited diploma pictures of the Royal Canadian Academy, and grew slowly by means of loan and gift and purchase. It was under the jurisdiction of the Minister of Public Works and was accorded the right to an annual Government appropriation just as any other national institution was supported. As was the case with the Parliamentary Library and the Archives, centralization was the first necessity in the up-building of the Art Gallery, centralizing the somewhat sporadic efforts of Canadian artists, and pictures were collected for exhibition in the building generally known as the "Fisheries Building." This stands on the corner of O'Connor and Queen streets, Ottawa.

IN 1907 sufficient pressure was brought to bear upon the Government to warrant a change in the administration of the Gallery. In response to incessant requests from divers interested persons, an Advisory Arts Council was appointed—

a body who should enquire into the advisability of making certain

purchases, who should spend the annual appropriation with judgment and without prejudice and above all, perhaps, who should set about arranging for suitable exhibition quarters for the pictures already in the possession of the Government. Space was given the National Gallery in the new Victoria Memorial Museum pending the building of a permanent home for Art. The transfer of the pictures took place in 1911.

The members of the Advisory Arts Council were Sir George Alexander Drummond, Chairman; Sir Edmund Walker and Senator Arthur Boyer. Upon the death of Sir George Drummond, Dr. Francis J. Shepherd was appointed to fill the vacancy and Sir Edmund Walker was elected chairman.

Further progress was made when in 1913 the National Gallery of Canada was incorporated by an Act of Parliament, and the functions and responsibilities of the Advisory Arts Council were re-invested in them as "the Trustees of the National Gallery of Canada" with the powers

of a Dominion Government Commission.

As was said, the Gallery grew by means of gift and loan and purchase. Among the first of those anxious to aid the institution in a material manner were the Governor-General and his Royal Consort. The Marquis of Lorne sat for his portrait to Millais, who presented his work to the Art Gallery in 1884; Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise presented a painting in oils by herself called *The Portrait of a Woman*; George Frederick Watts gave *Time, Death and Judgment* as long ago as 1887; Lord Leighton in 1883 presented a canvas entitled *Sansone*; several Parliamentarians donated pictures to the National Gallery and a great number were given by members of the Royal Canadian Academy. Coming down to more recent times, Her Royal Highness, the Princess Patricia, presented two oils—painted by herself—one, *Hyacinths and Porcelain*, and the other—a charming bit evidently done in the grounds of Government House, Ottawa—called *A Woodland Glade*.

Through the kindly offices of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, a portrait of the Duke of Kent by Sir William Beechey was presented by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, as recently as 1912. The Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, is represented in the uniform of the 14th Light Dragoons, and on his hat is inscribed the word "Emsdorf," the name of a battle in Germany at which the regiment was present.

LEAVING aside the pictures which are brought or sent to the Gallery for inspection and possible purchase, artists' works come to the notice of the Trustees at the annual exhibitions of such organizations as the Royal Canadian Academy, the Canadian Art Club, the Ontario Society of Artists, all in Toronto, and the Montreal Spring Exhibition, in Montreal. There, decision is made as to what purchases shall swell the coffers and the ambitions of exhibitors, few of whom, however, can hope just now to occupy space on the walls of the Gallery at Ottawa. For, since the occupancy of the Museum wing, the number of pictures has increased so enormously that there is nothing like space adequate for the hanging of all the paintings in the possession of the Government. Many of them are loaned to various exhibitions and are made visible to the public in such a manner.

Quoting Mr. Eric Brown, the curator of the Gallery, "A National Art Gallery should be the place where the national and international standards of Art are kept. And, just as we go to standard weights and measures to check up our own, so we go to the National Gallery to correct our ideas and opinions on Art."

From an educational standpoint an art gallery should aid in the development of a country's art, and teach the people merely by the pictures it collects, to understand art, an accomplishment which is already an accepted fact in Canada, as the following will prove.

A PARDONABLY proud exhibitor happened to be in the Gallery standing before her own work. What thoughts passed through her artist's mind and what

high ambitions surged through her artist's soul, we do not enquire. She became conscious that a man was standing beside her also intent upon her picture. He was not the type of person one would



The panel head of a Roman woman discovered covering the face of a mummy in the Fayoum district.

expect to find in a Gallery, looking more like a machinist out of work than anything else.

Becoming conscious of one another, the man ventured a remark with all the *insouciance* and freemasonry of the artist born.

"I don't know the first thing about pictures," he said, "but it does me good to browse about in here. Some pictures seem to have something to say to me—and I like to keep still and listen . . . Now that one, there" (indicating the woman's work) "it calls me back every time I get away. Likely it is poor stuff, but it just appeals to me!"

Then there is the purely pleasurable side. No one disputes that there are those amongst us who go to a concert, who read a book, who attend the theatre and who trip through art galleries solely on pleasure bent. Every year there is an increasingly large number of such visitors to our National Institution. Again, it provides a means by which artists may copy the world's best paintings, the restrictions to this privilege being slight. Permission, of course, must be obtained from the Director.

A lady copying in the Gallery recently found herself the subject of conversation between some out-of-town visitors. She was at work on a new and particularly worthy canvas, and was amused to overhear the strangers, commiserating with her.

"Funny that she would choose that silly looking thing," said one in a whisper. "Look at all the lovely flowers and animals she could copy."

"Oh well," explained another, "I suppose they only let people tinker with the worst ones!"

IN order to stimulate interest in the annual exhibitions, the trustees of the Art Gallery arranged an award of one thousand dollars in conjunction with the Royal Canadian Academy for the best work of the young artist—subject to restrictions as to age, nationality and so on. This award is called a travelling scholarship, designed to make it possible for the successful competitor to spend several months abroad in study. The war has, of course made such travel impossible, but the practice will be resumed upon its conclusion.

It is thought by the Director that the increased stimulus on the part of the painters who compete for the scholarships will result not only in better work for Canada, but will bring Canadian art more closely in touch with that of other countries through the members of a foreign jury whose *personnel* should be changed every year.

The Canadian National Art Gallery contains over one thousand and one hundred original works of art, beside more than one hundred of the best colored reproductions of the world's most famous pictures. There is also an excellent collection of casts, prints, drawings, and sets of etchings and engravings.

Its premises at present consist of three floors of the east wing in the Victoria Memorial Museum; the top—one very long picture gallery and seven small ones; the two lower floors, subdivided into courts, contain the sculpture and some reproductions.

In the case of both painting and sculpture the gallery contains a more or less continuous representation of the history of Art from the first century, A.D., to mediæval Italy and France; from the wonders of Phidias and his contemporaries, down to the present day.

GRUMBLIES arise repeatedly from over-zealous and not too-broadly educated Canadians, for only Canadian art in the Gallery. Why not study only Canadian history or geography; why read any but Canadian books, sing any but Canadian songs, listen to any but Canadian plays and operas?

Comparisons are necessary, especially for those artists who are unable to travel, otherwise our work might easily take on a monotony of expression which would speedily kill all originality.

The work of the early Canadian painters was not Canadian but European. They painted in a groove, a rut. During the last ten years our artists have advanced far beyond those shackles and Canada is rapidly developing an art quite as distinctive and far-reaching as any of her contemporaries in a like period of years.

The earliest representation from a chronological viewpoint is a colored panel of a woman's head. This was taken with several others from the face of a mummy in the Fayoum district. It is in a state of perfect preservation, "and is a most in-

teresting study of the first century A. D., showing considerable color, expression and a modernity of treatment altogether surprising." The composition of the panel seems to be of encaustic wax or wax painting.

Fourteen hundred years are skipped, and we next come to the primitive Italians. Two paintings—"The Saviour," by Cima da Conegliano and "The Five Senses" by Frans de Vrient, commonly known as Frans Floris, who though a Dutchman took Italian traditions into Holland—express the ideals of those times. The early German school is represented by Durer's contemporary, Bartholomaeus de Bruyn, of whose work two portraits are in the possession of the Gallery. Primitive French Art is represented by a small Christ bearing a cross of the 14th century.

Coming down the ages to the Italian Renaissance, "The Magdalen," by Andrea del Sarto, expresses the maturity of Florentine thought. An interesting sidelight on this painting is contained in the fact that it was removed from a wood panel to canvas.

Caravaggio was the first of the naturalist painters in Italy, as his magnificent painting, "Portrait of a Cardinal," shows. Caravaggio was born in 1569 and, like so many of the Italian masters, he was a son of the people. Violent of temper and disposition, he loved to depict violence in nature on his canvases. In a fit of rage one day he killed a friend and was forced to flee from justice. Having obtained pardon from the Pope, for this and the added crime of quarreling with a knight, Caravaggio set out for Rome, but was captured by some Spaniards who mistook him for another man, and he was carried captive into Spain, where he eventually died.

The story of Spanish Art begins with the pictures attributed to Herrera, the younger, and to Gomez, and ends as far as we are concerned with with a fine portrait by Goya in the 18th century.

"The Dutch-English painting of the early 17th century is represented by a portrait of King Charles I, by Daniel Mytens, and by a double portrait of the Earl of Carrick and his sister, by Honthorst. From these, the purer English school is but a step, and is well represented by Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Beechy, Hoppner and Lawrence.

"The French 19th century school begins with J. F. Millet's well-known old painting, 'Oedipus Taken From the Trees,' a beautiful sea shore picture by Baudin, and a

charming little Corot; and continues through the year 1870, when the great impressionist movement began, with typical pictures by Claude Monet and Alfred Sisley."

Mid-Victorian England is not neglected, as pictures of Sir John Millais, Holman Hunt and Lord Leighton testify.

IN sculpture, however, the British Halls are empty. As the curator rather bitterly complains—"No persuasion or power has as yet been able to waken the insular mind to the necessity of creating any type collection of British sculpture, so no casts are available, and the galleries wait until some last straw of persistence or persuasion shall break the British lion of conservatism."

I had an amusing experience one day just before the Museum was opened to the public. Wandering about the then bare halls in charge of a sort of caretaker, I came upon several casts which were being unpacked and made ready for exhibiting.

"Wonderful work," I murmured, "and discouraging work in this practical world of ours."

"Them?" snorted my guide. "I don't see nothing wonderful in a feller sitting down all his life-time and chipping away at a piece of stone! They didn't get no wages for it, either; what would a car-

penter or a bricklayer or a stonemason say, to-day, if you asked him to work for the rest of his life on a house that nobody could live in—just look at—and get no wages for it? Sta-tchus? Shucks!"

Who knows? Perhaps the British Halls are empty because this practical reasoning has filtered into the minds over there?

In spite of the war having reduced the buying of pictures to a minimum, some appreciation of the work of Canadian artists has been shown by the Trustees, who have recently purchased eighty pictures for the Gallery.

THE National Gallery was the first Government Building to keep open on Sundays. There was, and is still, considerable opposition to the practice.

To enter any of the halls or courts, visitors must pass through a little turnstile which registers according to the number of people passing through. There is no doubt, if cold figures can be relied upon, that on Sundays the tally far exceeds that of week days, and the visitors who throng the halls are neither loafers who languish for something to do, nor are they idle sight-seers. They are people interested in pictures. The number of visitors in a year is something like forty thousand—which number would be considerably reduced were we to subtract the Sunday registration. Is not that an answer to the question?

The Completion of a Great Undertaking

The demarcation of the Alaskan-Canadian boundary line along the one hundred and forty-first meridian has now been brought to a successful conclusion. This task was commenced in 1907. Where the line runs through the dense forests a swathe twenty feet in width has been cut and cleared, and down this cleavage monuments have been planted at an average distance of from three to four miles. The monuments themselves are somewhat formidable, each comprising a bronze aluminum shaft five feet in height, and weighing three hundred pounds, planted in a solid block of concrete weighing one ton. The monuments are imperishable, and will always be easy to discover. The boundary line decided in this manner is about six hundred miles in length, and is indicated by about two hundred of the monuments described.



"The Magdalen," by Andrea del Sarto—"The faultless painter," as Browning called him. An especially valuable painting.

The Twins and a Wedding

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER



I put on my best pale blue shirred silk hat and my blue organdie dress. Johnny whistled when he saw me.

SOMETIMES Johnny and I wonder what would really have happened if we had never started for Cousin Pamelia's wedding. I think that Ted would have come back sometime; but Johnny says he doesn't believe he ever would and Johnny ought to know, because Johnny's a boy. Anyhow, he couldn't have come back for four years. However, we did start for the wedding and so things came out all right, and Ted said we were a pair of twin special Providences.

Johnny and I fully expected to go to Cousin Pamelia's wedding because we had always been such chums with her. And she did write to mother to be sure and bring us; but father and mother didn't want to be bothered with us. That is the plain truth of the matter. They are good parents, as parents go in this world; I don't think we could have picked

rhyme and then I would write a line to suit it, and we got on swimmingly.

When we realized that father and mother meant what they said we were just too miserable to live. When I went to bed that night I simply pulled the clothes over my face and howled quietly. I couldn't help it when I thought of Pamelia's white silk dress and tulle veil and flower girls and all the rest. Johnny said it was the wedding dinner he thought about. Boys are like that, you know.

Father and mother went away on the early morning train, telling us to be good twins and not bother Hannah Jane. It would have been more to the point, if they had told Hannah Jane not to bother us. She worries more about our bringing up than mother does.

out much better, all things considered; but Johnny and I have always known that they never want to take us with them anywhere if they can get out of it. Uncle Fred says that it is no wonder, since we are a pair of holy terrors for getting into mischief and keeping everybody in hot water. But I think we are pretty good, considering all the temptations we have to be otherwise. And, of course, twins have just twice as many as ordinary children.

Anyway, father and mother said we would have to stay home with Hannah Jane. This decision came upon us, as Johnny says, like a bolt from the blue. At first we couldn't believe they were not joking. Why, we felt that we simply had to go to Pamelia's wedding. We had never been to a wedding in our lives and we were just aching to see what it would be like. Besides, we had written a marriage card to Pamelia and we wanted to present it to her. Johnny was to recite it, and he had been practising it out behind the carriage-house for a week. I wrote the most of it. I can write poetry as slick as anything. Johnny helped me hunt out the rhymes. That is the hardest thing about writing poetry, it is so difficult to find rhymes. Johnny would find me a

I WAS sitting on the front door-step after they had gone when Johnny came around the corner, looking so mysterious and determined that I knew he had thought of something splendid.

"Sue," said Johnny impressively, "if you have any real sporting blood in you now is the time to show it. If you've enough grit we'll get to Pamelia's wedding after all."

"How?" I said as soon as I was able to say anything.

"We'll just go. We'll take the ten o'clock train. It will get to Marsden by eleven-thirty and that'll be in plenty of time. The wedding isn't until twelve."

"But we've never been on the train alone, and we've never been to Marsden at all!" I gasped.

"Oh, of course, if you're going to hatch up all sorts of difficulties!" said Johnny scornfully. "I thought you had more spunk!"

"Oh, I have, Johnny," I said eagerly, "I'm all spunk. And I'll do anything you'll do. But won't father and mother be perfectly savage?"

"Of course. But we'll be there and they can't send us home again, so we'll see the wedding. We'll be punished afterwards all right, but we'll have had the fun, don't you see?"

I saw. I went right upstairs to dress, trusting everything blindly to Johnny. I put on my best pale blue shirred silk hat and my blue organdie dress and my high-heeled slippers. Johnny whistled when he saw me, but he never said a word; there are times when Johnny is a duck.

We slipped away when Hannah Jane was feeding the hens.

"I'll buy the tickets," explained Johnny. "I've got enough money left out of my last month's allowance because I didn't waste it all on candy as you did. You'll have to pay me back when you get your next month's jink, remember. I'll ask the conductor to tell us when we get to Marsden. Uncle Fred's house isn't far from the station, and we'll be sure to know it by all the cherry trees round it."

It sounded easy; and it was easy. We had a jolly ride and finally the conductor came along and said: "Here's your jumping-off place, kiddies."

Johnny didn't like being called a kiddy, but I saw the conductor's eye resting admiringly on my blue silk hat and I forgave him.

MARSDEN was a pretty little village, and away up the road we saw Uncle Fred's place, for it was fairly smothered in cherry trees all white with lovely bloom. We started for it as fast as we could go for we knew we had no time to lose. It is perfectly dreadful trying to hurry when you have on high-heeled shoes, but I said nothing and just tore

along, for I knew Johnny would have no sympathy for me. We finally reached the house and turned in at the open gate of the lawn. I thought everything looked very peaceful and quiet for a wedding to be under way and I had a sickening idea that it was too late and it was all over.

"Nonsense!" said Johnny, cross as a bear because he was really afraid of it, too. "I suppose everybody is inside the house. No, there are two people over there by that bench. Let us go and ask them if this is the right place, because if it isn't we have no time to lose."

We ran across the lawn to the two people. One of them was a young lady, the very prettiest young lady I had ever seen. She was tall and stately, just like the heroine in a book, and she had lovely, curly, brown hair and big blue eyes and the most dazzling complexion. But she looked very cross and disdainful and I knew the minute I saw her that she had been quarreling with the young man. He was standing in front of her and he was as handsome as a prince. But he looked angry too. Altogether, you never saw a crosser-looking couple. Just as we came up we heard the young lady say: "What you ask is ridiculous and impossible, Ted. I can't get married at two days' notice and I don't mean to be."

And he said, "Very well, Una, I am sorry you think so. You would not think so if you really cared anything for me. It is just as well I have found out you don't. I am going away in two days' time and I shall not return in a hurry, Una."

"I do not care if you never return," she said.

That was a fib and well I knew it. But the young man didn't—men are so stupid at times. He swung around on one foot without replying and he would have gone in another second if he had not nearly fallen over Johnny and me.

"Please, sir," said Johnny, respectfully, but hurriedly, "We're looking for Mr. Frederick Murray's place. Is this it?"

"No," said the young man a little gruffly. "This is Mrs. Franklin's place. Frederick Murray lives at Marsden, ten miles away."

My heart gave a jump and then stopped beating. I know it did, although Johnny says it is impossible.

"Isn't this Marsden?" cried Johnny, chokily.

"No, this is Harrowsdeane," said the young man a little more mildly.

I couldn't help it. I was tired and warm and so disappointed. I sat right down on the rustic seat behind me and

burst into tears, as the story books say.

"Oh, don't cry, dearie," said the young lady in a very different voice from the one she had used before. She sat down beside me and put her arms around me. "We'll take you over to Marsden if you've got off at the wrong station."

"But it will be too late," I sobbed wildly. "The wedding is to be at twelve—and it's nearly that now—and oh Johnny, I do think you might try to comfort me!"

For Johnny had stuck his hands in his pockets and turned his back squarely on me. I thought it so unkind of him. I didn't know then that it was because he was afraid he was going to cry right there before everybody and I felt deserted by all the world.

"Tell me all about it," said the young lady.

So I told her as well as I could all about the wedding and how wild we were to see it and why we were running away to it.

"And now it's all no use," I wailed. "And we'll be punished when they find out just the same. I wouldn't mind being punished if we hadn't missed the wedding. We've never seen a wedding—and Pamela was to wear a white silk dress—and have flower girls—and oh, my heart is just broken. I shall never get over this—never—if I live to be as old as Methusaleh."

"What can we do for them?" said the young lady, looking up at the young man and smiling a little. She seemed to have forgotten that they had just quarreled. "I can't bear to see children disappointed. I remember my own childhood too well."

"I really don't know what we can do," said the young man, smiling back, "unless we get married right here and now for their sakes. If it is a wedding they want to see and nothing else will do them, that is the only idea I can suggest."

"Nonsense!" said the young lady. But she said it as if she would rather like to be persuaded it wasn't nonsense.

I looked up at her. "Oh, if you have any notion of being married I wish you would right off," I said eagerly. "Any wedding would do just as well as Pamela's. Please do."

The young lady laughed.

"One might just as well be married at two hours' notice as two days," she said.

"Una," said the young man, bending towards her, "will you marry me here and now? Don't send me away alone to the other side of the world, Una."

"What on earth would Aunty say?" said Una helplessly.

"Mrs. Franklin wouldn't object if you told her you were going to be married in a balloon."

"I don't see how we could arrange—oh Ted, it's absurd."

"Tisn't. It's highly sensible. I'll go straight to town on my wheel for the license and ring and I'll be back in an hour. You can be ready by that time."

For a moment Una hesitated. Then she said suddenly to me. "What is your name, dearie?"

"Sue Murray," I said, "and this is my brother, Johnny. We're twins. We've been twins for ten years."

"Well, Sue, I'm going to let you decide for me. This gentleman here, whose name is Theodore Prentice, has to start for Japan in two days and will have to remain there for four years. He received his orders only yesterday. He wants me to marry him and go with him. Now, I shall leave it to you to consent or refuse for me. Shall I marry him or shall I not?"

"Marry him, of course," said I promptly. Johnny says she knew I would say that when she left it to me.

"Very well," said Una calmly. "Ted, you may go for the necessities. Sue, you must be my bridesmaid and Johnny shall be best man. Come, we'll go into the house and break the news to Aunty."

I never felt so interested and excited in my life. It seemed too good to be true. Una and I went into the house and there we found the sweetest, pinkest, plumpest old lady asleep in an easy chair. Una wakened her and said:

"Aunty, I'm going to be married to Mr. Prentice in an hour's time."

That was a most wonderful old lady! All she said was, "Dear me!" You'd have thought Una had simply told her she was going out for a walk.

"Ted has gone for license and ring and minister," Una went on. "We shall be married out under the cherry trees and I'll wear my new white organie. We shall leave



Before long Ted came back with the minister, and the next thing you knew we were all standing out on the lawn under the cherry tree.

for Japan in two days. These children are Sue and Johnny Murray who have come out to see a wedding—any wedding. Ted and I are getting married just to please them."

"Dear me!" said the old lady again. "This is rather sudden. Still—if you must. Well, I'll go and see what there is in the house to eat."

She toddled away, smiling, and Una turned to me. She was laughing, but there were tears in her eyes.

"You blessed accidents!" she said, with a little tremble in her voice. "If you hadn't happened just then Ted would have gone away in a rage and I might never have seen him again. Come, now, Sue, and help me dress."

Johnny stayed up in the hall and I went upstairs with Una. We had such an exciting time getting her dressed. She had the sweetest white organdie you ever saw, all frills and laces. I'm sure Pamelia's silk couldn't have been half so pretty. But she had no veil and I felt rather disappointed about that. Then there was a knock at the door and Mrs. Franklin came in, with her arms full of something all fine and misty like a lacy cobweb.

"I've brought you my wedding veil, dearie," she said. "I wore it forty years ago. And God bless you, dearie. I can't stop a minute. The boy is killing the chickens and Bridget is getting ready to broil them. Mrs. Jenner's son across the road has just gone down to the bakery for a wedding cake."

With that she toddled off again. She was certainly a wonderful old lady. I just thought of mother in her place. Well, mother would simply have gone wild entirely.

WHEN Una was dressed she looked as beautiful as a dream. The boy had finished killing the chickens and Mrs. Franklin had sent him up with a basket of roses for us and we had each the loveliest bouquet. Before long Ted came back with the minister and the next thing we knew we were all standing out on the lawn under the cherry trees and Una and Ted were being married.

I was too happy to speak. I had never thought of being a bridesmaid in my wildest dreams and here I was one. How thankful I was that I had put on my blue organdie and my shirred hat! I wasn't

a bit nervous and I don't believe Una was either. Mrs. Franklin stood at one side with a smudge of flour on her nose; and she had forgotten to take off her apron. Bridget and the boy watched us from the kitchen garden. It was all like a beautiful, bewildering dream. But if the ceremony was horribly solemn, I am sure I shall never have the courage to go through with anything of the sort, but Johnny says I will change my mind when I grow up.

When it was all over I nudged Johnny and said: "Ode" in a fierce whisper. Johnny immediately stepped out before Una and recited it. Pamelia's name was mentioned three times and of course he should have put Una in place of it, but he forgot. You can't remember everything. "You dear funny darlings!" said Una, kissing us both. Johnny didn't like that; but he said he didn't mind it in a bride.

Then we had dinner and I thought Mrs. Franklin more wonderful than ever. I couldn't have believed any woman could have got up such a spread at two hours' notice. Of course, some credit must be given to Bridget and the boy.

Continued on Page 84.

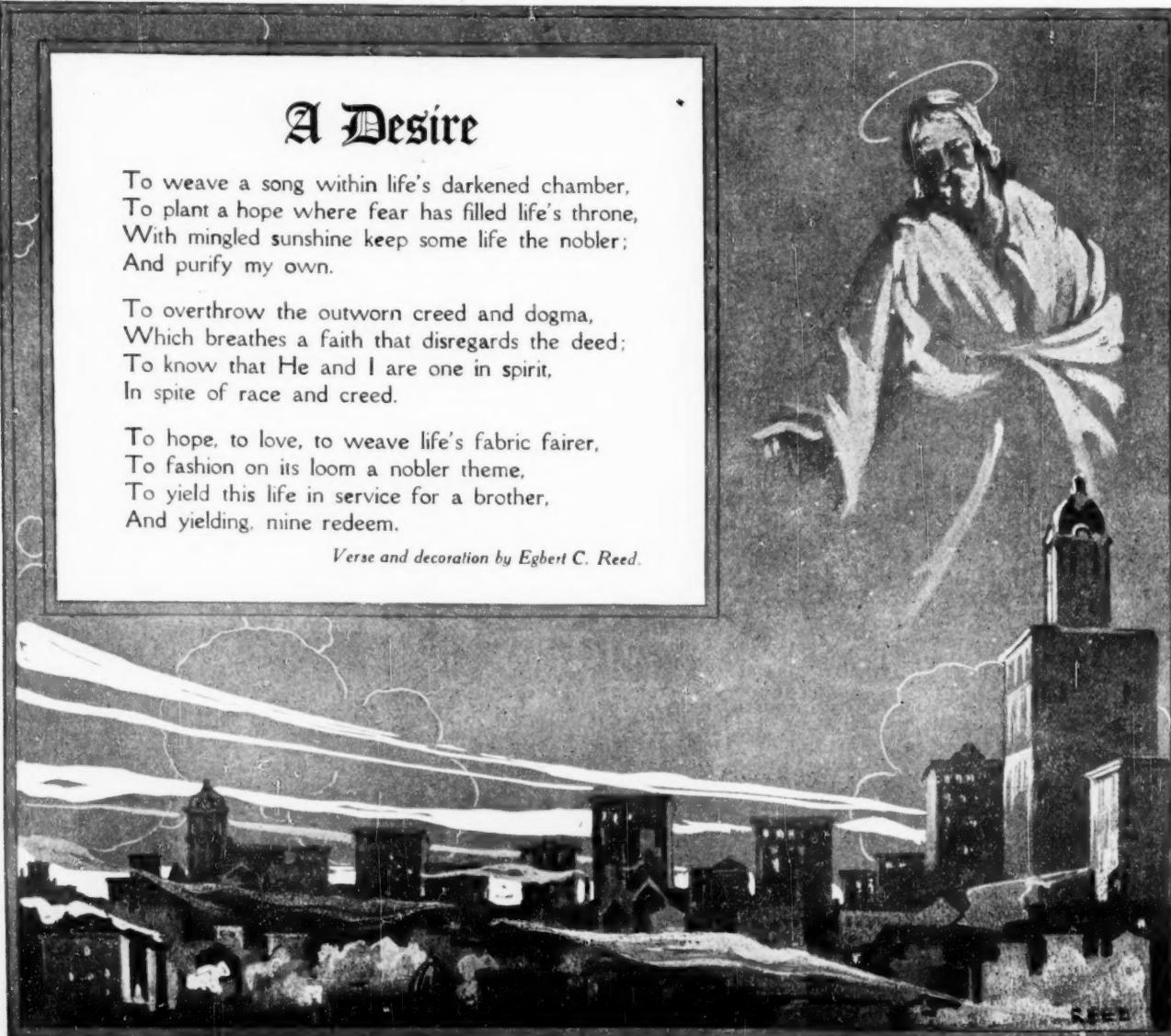
A Desire

To weave a song within life's darkened chamber,
To plant a hope where fear has filled life's throne,
With mingled sunshine keep some life the nobler;
And purify my own.

To overthrow the outworn creed and dogma,
Which breathes a faith that disregards the deed;
To know that He and I are one in spirit,
In spite of race and creed.

To hope, to love, to weave life's fabric fairer,
To fashion on its loom a nobler theme,
To yield this life in service for a brother,
And yielding, mine redeem.

Verse and decoration by Egbert C. Reed.



How I Escaped From Germany

PART II

By LISSANT BEARDMORE

I KNEW that a word from the Oberhaupmann would mean freedom for me and I urged that he should let me go free.

"No, no, it is impossible," he said. He looked me up and down again, this time smiling. "You are a fine strapping man. You would make too good an officer if you were fighting against us."

However, he showed every consideration for my comfort and allowed me to resume my abode at the hotel, where I had stayed the previous night. Before I left the room he advised me in a very friendly way that any further attempt at escape would result in my being shot by one of the sentries on the frontier. Also he took the precaution of asking me for bail. I had five thousand three hundred kronen in my possession, of which three hundred fortunately had been placed in a secret pocket. After I had counted out five thousand kronen in 100 bills, he was satisfied that I had no more money and did not have me searched. He handed me a receipt for the money and for my papers, remarking that the papers would have to be forwarded to the Berlin authorities for verification. I would be kept until advices had been received from the military authorities there as to the disposal of my person.

I returned to my hotel. A few minutes later orders were sent over that I was not to leave the hotel under any circumstances.

Despite the orders and the advice thus given—and given in a friendly spirit—I was still determined to escape. During the afternoon of the same day I made friends with the proprietor of the hotel, who knew nothing fortunately of the fore-going episode. I made him believe that I intended spending a fortnight at the hotel, from which point I wished to make excursions to the surrounding country. I secured from him a map of the town and hills surrounding the town, in order to pick out a few nice trips. Fortunately, he was able to supply me with one containing all the geographical details of the country, roads, hills, railroads and waterways. I spent some hours in carefully select-



Lissant Beardmore in costume for "Tannhauser."

ing and planning a route which would take me across the border.

On the ground floor of the hotel there was a tailor's shop with an entrance from the hotel and one also on the street. I visited it during the afternoon and purchased a long peasant's cape from the assistant salesman. As luck would have it the owner of the shop was absent for the day and I arranged with the young assistant to keep the shop open somewhat longer than usual so that I could call and get the cape, pretending that I would be detained on important business; in reality that I might be able to walk into the shop through the hotel, put on the cape and leave the shop unobserved with the cape as a disguise.

I had supper at seven o'clock and at half past seven went to my room, put a sweater coat on underneath my coat and vest and concealed a sheet from the bed in the seat of my knickerbockers. I then casually strolled through the hotel into the tailor's shop, put on the peasant's cape and, in this disguise, left the building without causing any suspicion whatever.

AFTER one hour's walk, which took me through a small village, over a branch of the Rhine and the railroad, I arrived at a small town some three kilometres from the border. For the past three days it had been storming heavily and the country was enveloped in snow some six or eight inches deep. The frosty air and clear weather lent a sense of romance to the commencement of this adventurous trip; and it was with great hope and a sense of relief that I walked through the villages and over the country roads in my peasant's disguise. I passed many armed soldiers guarding the railroads and bridges, coming and going from different towns, also many civilians returning to their homes for the night.

Soon, however, I was the only pedestrian. As I neared one small town, which was the last I had to traverse before leaving all beaten tracks behind me, I encountered two peasant girls and two boys,

standing in the middle of the road with their milk cans, jesting and chatting, evidently returning home after their day's work. Notwithstanding my disguise these people became curious as to my identity and, after I had passed, followed me in the direction of the town which must have been their home. They came walking up, nearing me as we entered the town. I stopped on some pretence to let them pass but, when they had gone ahead a few hundred feet, they stopped to play and joke with one another until my steps brought me past them again.

The peasants in these small towns all know one another personally, and it is their habit to salute each other at all hours of the day, often stopping to exchange a friendly word.

The fact of my evading all intercourse with them must have aroused their suspicions, for they strained their eyes in the dusk to discern a familiar likeness each time we passed. The fear of detection and the possible frustration of my plans made my blood turn cold and I did everything possible to shake off these troublesome youngsters. I finally managed to drop them behind a few hundred feet but walking through the town it seemed as though they would never reach their destination. I knew that this town was the last before reaching the border, some few kilometres distant and it was here that I had previously decided to hide for an hour or so until all peasants had turned in for the night. I was at my wit's ends to know how to give these children the slip. We passed the church and to my delight one of the boys carrying a milk can on his back, said good night and branched into a side road. The other three went a little further and stood in the middle of the road, just near the end of the town. I glanced hurriedly around and saw a lane leading off past a barn up the side of the mountain to the right, in the direction I had planned to take after leaving this village, in my endeavor to evade the sentries on the beaten paths. This lane ended about three hundred yards further on, at the end of which there were two houses surrounded by sheds and stables.

The three remaining children stood in the road and curiously watched me disappear up this pathway. I did not hesitate in swerving off this lane toward the two houses, endeavoring to give the impression that I was either an inmate or a visitor of one of the cottages beyond, with a decided object in view. Just before reaching the last house on the hillside, I espied a pile of logs lying on the side of the road and, quick as a flash, I threw myself into the deep snow between the hedge and the wood path, burrowing my way down in the snow until I was entirely concealed from view. Here I decided to

remain for a couple of hours until the lights in the houses were extinguished and the peasants sleeping.

A few minutes after I was safely concealed, I heard the footsteps of one of the children approaching up the hill. From my hiding place I could see her enter one of the houses. I was satisfied that should anybody leave the house, it would be with the intention of going to the next village to sound the alarm. I could hear the peasants in the house nearest my hiding place walking on the wood floor and in about a half hour's time, sure enough the door of the nearest house opened, and a man emerged, going off in the direction of the village.

I intended making a dash for the hills there and then but, when the footsteps had disappeared, I heard a noise in front of the house, as of a man clearing his throat and decided to remain quiet. Some person near the house was evidently on guard, put there, I concluded, to prevent my escape before the soldiers or police came to make me a captive. I had taken the precaution of putting a radium watch in my pocket before leaving and was able to see the time in the dark without striking a match. The church clock in the village at the foot of the hill, struck the hours and the quarter hours, which enabled me to verify the correctness of the watch.

As time dragged on the cold and the dampness, caused by my warm body in the snow, gradually crept through my thick clothes. I was getting chilled to the bone. It was just half past ten when I emerged from the hiding place and quick as I could go made off for the hillside, past the house where the girl had entered, following a narrow ravine which was skirted by brush and strewn with logs, evidently a pathway where the peasants brought down their logs from the woods in the summer.

After about fifteen minutes rush up this ravine, I sat down to listen if I were



Interesting historical associations cluster around Innsbruck. This view is of ancient statues of kings in armor at the tomb of Maximilian I.

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being followed. To my great surprise I heard a cough from the direction of the house near which I had been hiding. I was sure now that my movements had been observed by someone lurking in the shadows near the house.

There is no doubt in my mind now that this house was inhabited by smugglers or persons evading the military authorities. It is an open secret that many of the peasants make a living on the border of Austria by a system of smuggling. They evidently took me for one of the authorities trying to spy out their movements.

I GLANCED around the country, and found that the ravine which I had been following traversed an exposed part of the hill before entering the wood beyond. Here there were neither bushes nor trees to conceal anyone from the valley below and a sentry in the valley would have soon detected a dark figure crossing the snow. I therefore discarded the peasant's cape, put my white sweatercoat over my outer coat and tied the sheet, concealed in my

kickerbockers, around the lower part of my body. There was now no fear of being detected in traversing the snow from the valley beneath. On arriving at the wood, I struck off in the direction of the frontier.

It was not long before I was able to discover an unbroken path, most likely used by the country people in the summer. To my great surprise, I found a solitary trail and decided that there was someone ahead bound on the same mission as myself. I therefore followed the fresh footprints for quite a distance until the woods got so dense that it was impossible to trace them in the snow. Fortunately I had put a lot of wax matches in my pocket before leaving and, whenever I was in doubt as to whether I was still following the trail, I would light a match to verify the correctness of my movements. Gradually the forest got denser and denser. The faint light from the moon

shining through the trees got less and less distinct. The further I proceeded up the hill, the more difficult it was to follow the footmarks which were acting as my guide and I was obliged to light one match after another to keep on the trail. It was not long before this trail led off in the direction opposite to that which I knew would eventually bring me across the frontier.

After following the trail for some distance I decided to turn back and retrace my steps to the point where the footmarks turned off in the opposite direction from the Austrian border. From here on I walked through the woods, following neither trail nor path, but merely guided by my sense of locality in the direction of the Lichtenstein frontier.

The mountain became steeper and steeper. In many places there were no trees. It was impossible for vegetation to find root in the loose sliding earth and rocks and it was only with great caution and difficulty that I succeeded in crossing over the loose stones and dead branches. Skirting these steep bare tracks on the

mountain side, the trees seemed only to be hanging by a few roots. Often I was obliged to swing myself from one branch to another to get over a ravine. It was here that a mis-step nearly resulted in a dangerous fall; at first I thought I had broken my kneecap but when the pain ceased I was able to continue my way. I had sustained nothing worse than a bad bruise.

An hour's climb brought me to steep rocks rising one or two hundred feet over the tree-tops. On the edge of the forest the trees grew parallel with the cliff. When I reached the foot of this wall to my great surprise I once more came upon the solitary footmarks which I had left behind in the more accessible part of the forest. Evidently the man who had traveled before me knew the lay of the country and had followed the path in the more accessible part of the forest which, although leading in an opposite direction to the border from the point at which I had left it, was now proceeding up the mountain in a direction where there was no danger. Ignorant of any risk I had left the path at a point where it circumvented a bad spot and had taken a short cut over very dangerous ground.

FROM now on I followed the foot of the cliff which led towards the frontier for some two miles, and came out of the forest to find confronting me a large sloping drift of snow, reaching from the valley below up the mountain as far as the eye could see, here and there, dotted by clumps of trees and traversed by many footprints. Although disguised by my white sweater and the sheet which I had tied around my legs, I took great precautions. I stopped every little while to listen and scan the country for moving figures. Every few hundred yards there would be a trail or a newly beaten path to cross, and this naturally caused great anxiety and renewed fear of detection.

For the next hour I walked up towards the summit of the mountain. Many times I retraced my steps in order to keep away from beaten paths or signs of inhabitants. Soon a dense pine wood, stretching from the valley below up over the hill-top, loomed in the distance. On the opposite side of the valley, these woods descended almost perpendicularly from the crest of

the mountain. Although I realized that for precaution's sake it would be more advisable to work through this wood it seemed an impossible feat as the trees grew very closely together, the branches entwining and forming an impregnable barrier. I was now convinced that the frontier could not be far distant and that I would have to either cross this wood or get around it to reach Lichtenstein which might be perhaps another mile off.

I started to skirt the wood to find an easier way. I soon came to the top of the hill and could just discern a path some few hundred feet below which ran through the valley in the direction of the frontier. I slid down this steep incline and arrived at the bottom, in the deep snow at the edge of a well-beaten path. Here I stopped to take breath and listen. To my left the path disappeared about fifty yards further on, around the edge of the incline, and I could just hear the faint sound of footsteps on the frosty snow. A sentry was coming towards me.

Crik! Crik! Crik! Each step brought the man nearer to where I was crouching. I could see against the white snow the dark figure approaching in my direction. It was useless to try and escape, as I should have been shot before going a hundred feet. I therefore decided to trust to luck that the man had not seen me slide down the hill. I remained motionless. To

my great relief the dark figure turned back before reaching the spot where I was crouching. When he disappeared round the edge of the hill, I rose and climbed back up the incline, pulling myself from branch to branch until I had reached the crest. I soon found my foot-prints and followed them to the edge of the dense wood which a short time before had turned my path towards the precipice.

I was now satisfied that it was necessary to work a way through this wood in order to escape detection and went about it with great energy. It was only possible to make very slow headway and, after working for about an hour, I must have come to the frontier. About a hundred yards from where I was working a path through the wood two shots were fired and I could hear a man's voice shouting a challenge.

In all probability I had touched one of the thin wires which are stretched through woods on the frontier to alarm the sentries. Or possibly they may have heard me breaking the branches.

I pressed on with double exertion as the effect of the shots was very stimulating. All sense of fatigue had disappeared, leaving but one great desire—to press on, on to the freedom which I knew awaited a successful dash to the country beyond.

Gradually the trees became less dense and I was able to travel with greater speed. An hour's walk took me to a wide path which led down to the valley beyond through a sleeping village of the neutral country of Lichtenstein.

I REACHED a railway station called Nendeln, which is about a mile from the small village of that name in the valley. This station was divided in two parts one used as a bedroom, telegraph room, ticket office, etc., the other as a waiting room. The stove in the waiting room was out, and everything was in pitch darkness. However, in the waiting room it was some degrees warmer than in the frosty air outside. After lighting an oil lamp that hung on the wall, I took off some of my wet garments and shook the snow and dirt from my clothes.

The clock on the wall pointed to half past three. After consulting a very primitive schedule of the trains that passed through, which was pinned on the wall, I found *Continued on p. 81.*



Innsbruck and the Walderaster-Spitze looking south. It was through this country that Mr. Beardmore made his adventurous trip.

Who, How and Why: By H. F. GADSBY

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER



To give his colleagues credit, they find plenty of work for him to do. All the hard briefs are handed to Arthur.

IF YOU were a middle-aged Government with no rising young hopes in the Cabinet, what measures would you take to renew your youth and acquire a fresh interest in life? Would you go in for Swedish massage and electric belts or would you take a boy to raise? You'd take the boy, of course.

That's where the Hon. Arthur Meighen comes in. He is not exactly in the Cabinet but he is so near it as Solicitor-General that the least little push will land him there. To be Solicitor-General, if we are to judge by Sir Charles Fitzpatrick's career, is to be Minister of Justice at the first opportunity and Chief Justice of Canada, as soon as party politics have lost their savor. It is no more than is due to say that Arthur Meighen is worthy of his brightest prospects.

Premier Borden has many times deplored the fact that the Canadian system of Government does not admit of under-secretaries with seats in Parliament as they have in England. Under-secretaries are a handy thing to have about the House. They are young, full of zeal, relieve their chiefs of much irksome detail and not seldom inspire them with a leafy green enthusiasm. A Government that does not want to run to seed can keep its bloom only by having a full stock of eager under-secretaries who will work their legs off for half-pay and a little glory and be ready to step into the gap when the tired elder statesmen fall out.

Unfortunately the British North America Act, which is as hard to shift as a grand piano, stood in the way of Premier Borden's advanced ideas in regard to under-secretaries. Moreover custom said that he must fill his Cabinet with seasoned politicians—a seasoned politician being one who is old and dry enough to burn. It looked indeed, as if tradition and circumstance

had Sir Robert nailed and that he would get no chance to put himself in touch with that sap of youth which energizes and sweetens elderly administrations.

IN this dilemma he cast about him for a department in which to make the experiment and found one ready to his hand in the Justice Department of which the Solicitor-General is practically, if not nominally, the under-secretary. He made up his mind that the Solicitor-General should be a young man and, having reached that stage in his reasoning, it was only natural that his eye should light on the most outstanding young man in the Conservative party in the House of Commons. This partly explains why Arthur Meighen became Solicitor-General—this and a few other points which will be noticed later on. But, mainly it was the triumph of youth. Arthur Meighen was only thirty-seven years of age when this great honor descended upon him. He is the youngest man to hold office under a Canadian administration since Sir Wilfrid Laurier made MacKenzie King Minister of Labor and got himself called cradle robber by the old Liberals for doing it. That Sir Wilfrid chose well MacKenzie King's subsequent career fully proves and there can be no manner of doubt that Premier Borden is going to have similar good luck with his brilliant young Solicitor-General. In fact as the old proverb says, the end justifies the Meighens.

Keep track of Arthur Meighen. His success is going to bear out the statement that youth will be served. Ottawa has always agreed that youth will be served—in its turn, said turn being after the old hands had got all they wanted.

BUT it is only lately that Prime Ministers have embraced the idea that the time to serve youth is when it is young, and not ten years after it has begun to shed its upper teeth. Hitherto, the Ottawa notion of youth was something with white hair or none at all, something with hollow eyes and wrinkled brow, and gnarled joints and *caries of the tibia and mollities cerebri* and things like that. Arthur Meighen is not that kind of young politician. He is the real thing. His success makes every young man in Canada an inch taller. He has cut youth off from its lingering penance. From now on it would appear that the young man in politics is to get what he wants when he wants it, not when the grandfathers choose to give it to him.

In this matter of pushing young men along, Premier Borden but follows the example of the Mother Country. Over there it has long been the custom to get fire and spirit into the counsels of the nation by taking in young Cabinet Ministers. Pitt, it will be remembered, was Prime Minister of the United Kingdom at the age of twenty-four. The Asquith Cabinet is, on the whole, a young man's Cabinet. It was a young man named Winston Churchill, who disobeyed orders and had the British navy on the spot in time to save the Empire. They are not afraid of youth over there in England. They realize that it is a fault which each passing day overcomes. Their only regret is that it does not last forever. It is from this fountain of youth and courage that the British Empire draws immortality. It used to be said that the great political rewards in England went to young men who looked old or to old men who looked young. They have improved on that and now the rewards go as often as not to young men who look young and are not ashamed of it. Youth is no longer a criminal offence.

Meanwhile it seems strange that an old country like England should run to youth in its counsellors while a new country like Canada should put a premium on old age. Perhaps it is the attraction of opposites. At all events Arthur Meighen



Arthur Meighen could retrace his wanderings to and fro, up and down, and across Canada since he became a statesman by the pyjamas he has left under hotel pillows.

is lucky to be born under the new dispensation. He and Mackenzie King break the spell under which this country has lain ever since Confederation. The Solicitor-General is just as old as he looks and as young as he feels which is exactly thirty-nine years at this writing.

STRONG as the case for youth was in the Ottawa Government, it took a lot of nerve on Premier Borden's part to make the final decision in favor of Arthur Meighen. The old superstition was not dead; and superstitions can cause a lot of trouble when backed up by what their supporters call claims on the party. Arthur Meighen did not get that Solicitor-Generalship without a struggle. On a moderate computation every elderly Conservative lawyer in the House of Commons, not already fixed up with a judgeship or a seat in the Cabinet, was after the job and delivered trial sermons to that effect. Premier Borden sat back, listened, but was not impressed. What he sought was the glow of genius, the zest of hard work. He did not find it in the perfunctory rhetoric of the old-stagers so he passed them up. One or two of them were so sore that they vowed not to run again but changed their minds when nomination day came round. As it was Premier Borden kept the Solicitor-Generalship open for two years and Arthur Meighen only got it after he had earned it. If ever a statesman won his spurs by long, consistently, good fighting, it is the present Solicitor-General. He earned the job on his merits and by the sweat of his brow which is the way most things worth while are earned in this work-a-day world. Arthur Meighen did not come from Portage la Prairie, see and conquer. Not a bit of it. He got his toes in, hung on by his eyelashes and that way climbed the beanstalk. He did not, as I remember, blaze on the House of Commons like a meteor. He learned his Parliament before he undertook to lecture it. For three years, from 1908 to 1911, he sat more or less quiet, a modest beginner conning well his lesson. He did not speak often or say much but he performed competently whenever he was called on and had a habit of sitting down when he was through, which is a rare art among Canadian politicians. He grew on the taste of the Press Gallery like oysters. There was nourishment and flavor in his words.

WHEN the Conservative party came into power Arthur Meighen's probation was over, the 'prentice was out of his indentures and he was at liberty to show Parliament the full scope of his abilities. Having been faithful in small things, he was entrusted with greater. He first challenged attention by his speeches on the Millar case, the State prisoner, as the Opposition dubbed him. On this occasion young Mr. Meighen let himself go and the measure of his going was the office of Solicitor-General which fell into his lap shortly afterwards. From that day on Arthur Meighen has marched from victory unto victory. Being an honor man in mathematics, he loves close reasoning and nothing pleases him better than a tough problem against which to break his fine mind. To give his colleagues

credit they find plenty of work for him to do. Does a Cabinet Minister suffer from brain fag—Arthur is his understudy. Does the Premier feel indisposed—Arthur is the man on the spot. All the hard briefs are handed to Arthur—he eats 'em up.

I have a letter from the Solicitor-General under my hand as I write. He says: "Getting on is to me as to most men a matter of hard work. Speaking is a nightmare, always in advance and sometimes worse afterwards." That is his whole secret—hard work and the disciplined nervousness of an artist in words. Whatever the Solicitor-General feels there is no sign of stage fright in his speeches. The House fills rapidly when Meighen is on his feet because the House knows that he is going to give it a strong argument. Logic well knit and just enough pepper to spice it. Arthur Meighen could never be a bore. Being able to interest himself he can interest other people. Many able men are not earnest and many earnest men are not able, but Arthur Meighen is able and earnest too and it is a tremendous combination. Moreover, he pays his audience the compliment of doing his best which means that he puts his back into his speeches—prepares them to the last comma, and scorns the impromptu sawdust of the average member of Parliament.

HE finds his reward in the breathless attention of the House and the satisfied faces of his colleagues. Premier Borden beams on him like a father. Sir George Foster's ears twitch as who should say, "Here is a phrase maker who is going to fill my shoes." Even Finance Minister White owns up that Arthur can talk and has a good head for figures. In fact Arthur Meighen is a great boon to a Government not plenteously endowed with the gift of popular eloquence. He is the St. Paul of the Government who can make abstract things clear—or at least as clear as they need be—to the lay mind.

Unlike the catch-as-catch-can spellbinders who draw on nothing to say nothing, the Solicitor-General believes in keeping his mind well fed. He is a prodigious reader and the political contro-

versies of all times are his special diet. Another clue to his methods is his taste in fiction—his favorites are Victor Hugo and George Eliot.

The Solicitor-General has never had an idle moment since he took office. He is the willing horse. Is there a long journey to go and a stiff speech to make at the end of it—let Arthur do it. "His legs are younger than ours," say those comfortable, middle-aged gentlemen at Ottawa and off Arthur goes while they stay at home and digest their dinner. Seven-league boots is what he needs to cover the ground they give him. In the last three years he has traveled more thousands of miles than any three Cabinet Ministers put together. His voice has been heard

from ocean to ocean, and everywhere he went, the people have asked him to play a return engagement. When a government takes a boy to raise it believes in giving him plenty of chores. Lazy people often wonder how Meighen does it and keeps his health. No union hours or him. Any part of the day or night, is good enough for work. Youth, zeal, ambition — these are the

tonics that sustain him. He is notoriously an absent-minded man about little things. He told me once that he thought he could retrace his wanderings to and fro, up and down, and across Canada since he became a statesman by the pyjamas he had left behind under hotel pillows and tooth brushes he had forgotten in hotel bathrooms. Which goes to show that Arthur has a sense of humor one would hardly expect from his outward appearance.

Like Hamlet his clean-shaven countenance is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought. Put a biretta on his head and a soutane on that long angular body of his and he would look more like an ascetic abbé than a Solicitor-General.

ARTUR MEIGHEN'S upward struggle has an Abraham Lincoln color to it. He worked on his father's farm in Blanchard township, Perth county, in the pre-machinery days and anything he has done in the way of labor since has not been able to daunt him by comparison. He claims that his father is a better

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Arthur Meighen did not come from Portage la Prairie, see and conquer. Not a bit of it. He got his toes in, hung on by his eyelashes, and that way climbed the bean-stalk.

The Impostors:

By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd
Illustrated by J. HUBERT BEYNON

"I'd rather meet a nice man than see the Abbey," Priscilla Warrington admitted to herself, as she whirled down Piccadilly in a hansom and eyed the passers-by.

The sentiment may have indicated low tastes; but it must be urged in extenuation that, during two months on the Continent, Priscilla had met many beautiful cathedrals, and no nice men. Not that the men had been unappreciative. From Naples to Berlin, from Budapest to Paris, resplendent officers, roistering students, gallant citizens of many types had invited her smiles; but she had not dared to smile.

"In our country," she explained, when writing to a home friend, "one knows that a man will stop, when one crosses one's fingers and says 'King's X'; but, I doubt, I seriously doubt whether these heavenly angels, in comic-opera clothes, understand the rules of the game."

And so, being a wise young woman, with a wholesome respect for unknown explosives as well as a mighty curiosity concerning them, Miss Warrington had, while traveling, restricted her smiles to the ranks of bell boys, waiters, and porters, and had eliminated from her calculations all men who could not be tipped. The

small coin of the realm, so she found, furnished an excellent line of demarcation. Now, at the end of June, Priscilla was established in England, and was finding difficulty in keeping her smiles from becoming catholic. As she looked from her cab, she reflected that there was something very satisfactory about tweeds and bowlers, after a surfeit of uniforms and caps. These big, sturdy men, with the strong mouths and the boyish eyes, reminded her of the dear, safe, comfortable men at home. They looked as though they might know the rules of the game and abide by them.

"But I don't know any of the creatures," sighed Priscilla; then she brightened. Weren't the rest of her party well under way for Windsor? Hadn't she a whole, smiling June day all to herself? Wasn't she wearing her smartest frock and hat in honor of the Clarksons, with whom she was going to have tea, after seeing the Abbey and St. Margaret's?

"Stop at St. Margaret's first," she said blithely to the cabby, as he turned



There he stood in the doorway, his eyes searching the room.

into Westminster; and when he drew up before the church and she stepped out with a froufrou of chiffons, she signed to him to wait. Extravagance, of course; but this was a day for extravagance.

The slender figure was swallowed by the old gray doorway. Inside the church there was a shadowy quiet, rose perfumed. A few tourists buzzed about, under the eye of a dignified verger, but Priscilla did not join them. She was a mercurial young woman, prone to shifting moods; and now, all of a sudden, she felt distinctly "churchy." The word is her own; but it describes well enough the vague, yearning emotionalism which prompted her to slip into an out-of-the-way pew and drop upon her knees. When she rose the tourists had vanished, but a group of fashionably dressed folk had replaced them, and others were drifting in.

"There's going to be a service," thought Priscilla, still in a soulful mood. "I believe I'll stay for it."

HE settled back in her seat; but, gradually, she realized that the character of the gathering was scarcely devout. Everybody seemed to know everybody else, and conversation, though subdued, flowed freely. The girl's brain searched and found the answer to the riddle. A wedding! A very swell wedding! All outsiders, save her, had been shooed out of the church; but she had been overlooked. Of course she was an intruder; but leaving now would be in the nature of looking a gift horse in the mouth; so she stayed until the ceremony had been performed, the bridal party had trailed down the aisle, and the crowd was preening itself for flight. Then she passed out into the sunlight, through the ranks to which she did not belong.

Motors and carriages galore were in waiting. One by one, they received their aristocratic freight and rolled away; and, as Priscilla stood watching, a hansom forced its way in between a big Panhard and a luxurious victoria and a smiling Jehu beckoned to her. She stepped into the cab, the driver cracked his whip, and they were off in the wake of the coroneted carriages and the gorgeous cars. The cabman waited for no order, and in her excitement she overlooked the

fact that the Abbey was still unseen and that she had not given the Clarksons' address. Not until the procession turned off from Pall Mall and was bowling along past Green Park did it dawn upon her that she was still attending the wedding. The guests were all going on to the reception, and her driver had taken it for granted that she was one of the elect. Her hand went hastily up toward the little window in the top of the cab, hesitated, stopped short, dropped back into her lap. It would be fun to see where the bride lived. The procession halted. Far down the line guests were leaving their carriages and mounting the steps of a big imposing house. Now was the time for escape—but no; the street was blocked. It would be necessary to stay in line and follow the empty vehicles to the first corner beyond the house. Little by little, the cab jerked its way toward the spot where the awning and the carpet ran down to the curb.

Why not? A flush came into Priscilla's cheeks, a sparkle into her eyes. Why

not? All her traditions, inherited and acquired, rose to offer her conclusive answers to the question; but she put them aside. Even the veriest Puritan may have his moment of madness. Priscilla's was upon her. The spirit of adventure had her in its grip, and she flung the proprieties, the decencies, to the wind. In so large a crowd, who would ever know? She had always wanted to do something really shocking. Here was her golden opportunity. The fates had cast it at her feet.

The cab was stopping, a magnificent being in livery was opening the doors, the time for hesitation was past. A young person, with the air of a *Vere de Vere*, paid and dismissed a mildly intoxicated cabman, trailed an unmistakably Parisian frock along the crimson carpet, and ran the gauntlet of more magnificent beings in livery.

A MOMENT later she found herself alone in a crowd and awake to her iniquity. Now that she stopped to think, the thing was horrible, an offence against every law of good breeding. She must escape. Panic descended upon her, she started toward the door; and, just at that moment, a pleasant masculine voice drawled into her ear, "Awful crush, isn't it?"

Priscilla gave a little gasp of terror. Guilt was written upon every line of her face, but the man with the admiring eyes did not seem to notice her dismay.

"Lady Mary makes an attractive bride," he was saying when the culprit regained her self-possession sufficiently to listen. "They say the old Duke has been very keen about this match. He does look pleased, doesn't he? Do you know, you are looking a bit fagged. Can I get you anything?"

"Fagged!" Prostrated was the adequate word; and yet—and yet—a returning joy of life was making itself felt in Priscilla's heart. Had she not said she would rather meet a nice man than see the Abbey? Well, she had not seen the Abbey; but here was a man and indications pointed to his being "nice." Priscilla's spirits rose. He seemed like a direct answer to prayer; and, though undeserving, one need not be unappreciative. And so she smiled at him, deliberately, radiantly, fully realizing that he was not a bell boy nor waiter nor porter, quite convinced that she would not be allowed to tip him for service rendered. He caught the smile and exchanged another for it.

"So hungry as that?" he asked.

"Famished."

He took possession of her, steered her through the crowd, found a seat for her in a little morning room out of the confusion, and left her there while he went on forage. She nestled back comfortably among the cushions and watched him hurrying down the hall. Even his back was likable, such a fine, straight, broad-shouldered, capable sort of a back. There was a man who would get the best of whatever lay beyond the dining-room doors. And yet there was a theory that the way of the transgressor was hard! Priscilla shook her head. The way of

the transgressor, like the descent to Avernus, was easy; and, so it seemed, joyous, withdrawal.

The Nice Man was back in a few moments, bearing plunder that justified belief in him.

"The best I could do, short of felling scores of England's noblest and reaching the buffet over their bodies," he said gaily.

"It looks delicious," Priscilla murmured; but, unexpectedly, a scruple had come out from under the anaesthetic which had overwhelmed it, with all of its kind, and was assuring the hungry young woman that she couldn't possibly eat the food of hosts who did not even know her. When it came to the breaking of bread—well, having swallowed a camel, one ought not to strain at a gnat; but every wrongdoer draws a line somewhere. Now, the Nice Man was different. He hadn't actually been provided by the Duke. There would be no mortal sin against the laws of hospitality in appropriating him, so long as he himself was willing.

Apparently, the Nice Man had no curi-

osity in regard to the girl's name or home or friends. That she had brown eyes, with golden lights in them, and brown hair with distracting ripples through it, and a piquant, provocative face, and a sudden illuminating smile that brought lurking dimples into view, seemed to content him; and, though he talked of himself, man-wise, the talk was only of his tastes, his beliefs, his dreams, and held no hint of his name or occupation or rank.

"Funny how little one knows what an hour will bring!" said the Nice Man, quite as earnestly as though he had not been evolving a hopeless commonplaceness. He was apparently addressing a paper cutter which he had taken from the writing desk and was fingering.

"A man goes along doing stupid things; and then, some day, he starts out to do what promises to be more than ordinarily stupid—and finds the meaning of life waiting for him just around the corner."

It wasn't profound and the paper cutter was not impressed; but the man's voice was earnest and there was a seri-



She nestled back comfortably among the cushions and watched him hurrying down the hall.

ousness about his mouth and the eyes he lifted suddenly to Priscilla had a look in them that was not prescribed by the manual of polite flirtation. The girl beside him felt a sensation that was novel even in a day prodigal of sensations. He was nice. Oh, he was *very* nice; and, if she were a real guest—but she wasn't. She was an IMPOSTOR! If he knew how she happened to be there he would despise her. Englishmen were such sticklers for the proprieties—in their women folk—and he was probably a lord or something else just as sticklerish. Not for worlds would she have him know—but, if he didn't know, she would never see him again.

HE was looking at her again, and his eyes—well, they really were remarkable eyes. She wasn't used to men with eyes like those—such terribly serious eyes, full of all sorts of disconcerting questions. They made her feel dreadfully all-overish, happy and unhappy and cold and hot and wishful and afraid.

"I wonder," the man began, and left the sentence hanging there for a moment. "I wonder—"

She wondered, too; but she did not dare satisfy her wonder by waiting to hear what he was wondering about. Once again panic swooped down upon her.

"Are there any ices?" she asked, leaving his problem helplessly adrift.

The matter-of-fact tone and question jarred him rudely out of dreams into reality.

"I—I fancy so," he stammered. There was reproach in his face, but Priscilla was ruthless and the instinct of self-preservation was strong within her.

"Would it bother you too much to get me one?" she asked, sweetly polite, but wrapped in conventionality as in a garment. "Strawberry, if they have it. The rooms are so hot, aren't they? It's a shame to send you into that mêlée again."

"Not at all. I'm delighted."

He was civil but perplexed. The change had come so suddenly. She had seemed so kind. What had he said? What had he done? Nothing; but perhaps in another moment he would have—and what right had he? A sudden thankfulness illumined his face and, as he turned away, it was Priscilla who was puzzled.

Why should he look so relieved? It was odious of him. She almost wished she had allowed him to go on. She was half tempted to stay and see what he could be induced to say, but—a vision of confession and its consequences rose before her. No; she must escape while she could. She sprang to her feet and moved swiftly toward the door, but stopped suddenly. A pretty, elaborately gowned woman, with a gray-haired, distinguished-looking man by her side, was coming slowly along the hall, absorbed in her companion, talking volubly, vivaciously, in a voice unmistakably American. Priscilla stared at her compatriot for an infinitesimal fraction of a second, recognition flooding her eyes and consternation following close behind. Then, turning, she sought refuge in a window alcove,

partly drawing the heavy curtain behind her.

That Betty Allison should arise out of her past to block the road to safety! Betty Allison, who would know her at a glance, and whose curiosity was sure to have outlived her marriage into the British nobility. There would be no escaping Betty without giving a detailed explanation of her presence in London and at the wedding. Priscilla could actually hear the rapid fire of questions—Where are you staying? With whom are you traveling? Who brought you here?

FROM behind the friendly shelter of the curtain the girl peered out, waiting nervously for the propitious moment. At any time the Nice Man might come back with the strawberry ices and then it would be too late to run away.

The high American voice sounded more and more clearly, the figures of the woman and man appeared outside the wide open doors of the morning room. In another moment they would have passed; but during that moment, Lady Betty perceived a low divan ranged against the wall directly opposite the open doors and paused before it, with a laughing word to her companion who, nothing loth, sank upon the low seat beside her.

Lady Betty's voice had sunk to a murmur. It gave place now to the lower, deeper murmur of a man's voice, a voice much too fervent for mere society nothings. Really, Lord Kilrose should look after Betty. The voice suddenly achieved nonchalant lightness. Some one must be coming down the hall. Priscilla's prophetic soul announced the Nice Man; and when she looked out, cautiously, there he stood in the doorway, his eyes searching the empty room, his face an eloquent study in disappointment.

The couple on the divan were watching him idly.

Priscilla debated the situation. She could not stay there in the alcove indefinitely. She certainly could not go out and meet Betty. Perhaps, if they grasped the idea that there was a tête-à-tête scheduled for the morning room, a fellow feeling or a desire for privacy might make the intruders move on. The Nice Man had come into the room and was standing beside the chair in which Priscilla had been sitting when he left her, his expression still one of surprise, tinged deeply with annoyance and regret.

Priscilla moved so that he could see her, though her face was hidden from the woman on the divan.

"I'm here," she said in a nervous little voice. "It was so warm. There is a little more air here by the window."

The man's face cleared miraculously and he joined her.

"I was in a beastly funk, you know—afraid you had gone. You're not feeling faint, are you? I'll open the window."

He suited the action to the words; and, as she looked out into the garden, Priscilla's longing for flight swelled to monumental proportions.

"I wonder whether one could get out, that way," she said.

"Out where?"

"To the street."

"I suppose so; but who wants to get out to the street?"

Truth rushed to her lips.

"I do," she said with fervor.

He stared blankly at her.

"But, if you want to go away—" he began, somewhat stiffly.

An overwhelming desire to cry came upon her. If anything could make the situation worse, tears would do it; but she felt them coming. The lump in her throat was swelling, swelling, her self-control crumpling up little by little.

"If you want to go—" repeated the offended young man at her side.

"Oh, I do, I do!" she urged. The quiver in her voice caught his ear; and, as he looked down at her, he saw something glistening on her eyelashes. His bewilderment deepened. She was not snubbing him. She was appealing to him. He did not understand, but his manhood rose to meet the appeal.

"There's some one I want to avoid," she explained. "Some one it would be dreadfully embarrassing for me to meet; and if I could go out quietly, through the garden—Do you think it is possible? Do you truly?"

Her voice was tremulously eager. The man stepped out through the long French window and looked about him.

"The area entrance is around the other side; but we couldn't go out there, anyway. That would look jolly queer. There must be a garden door somewhere in the wall. I've an idea it's around the corner of the shrubbery down there. Shall we try for it?"

"If anyone should see us?"

"We are passionately fond of gardens. There's probably a door somewhere through which one could walk out into this particular garden without exciting comment. Even if the balcony scene has an audience, it will probably be credited to whim—or sentiment; and I don't imagine anyone will see us."

HE was using the first person plural freely and Priscilla found it comforting. She was no longer alone in her adventure. Gathering her trailing skirts around her, she stepped out through the window.

"There are some steps here; but they are rickety. Be careful." The man turned to lend the girl a hand. For a moment their eyes were on a level, his face was very close to hers, and something in the eyes, in the whole face, made her step carelessly, stumble, fall. He caught her, held her in his arms only a second longer than necessity demanded, and set her on her feet on the brick walk, with a scrupulously formal, "You're not hurt, I hope?"

"Oh, no, thank you. It was no fall at all." The girl replied with a conventional civility even more pronounced than the man's; but in her fast-thumping heart she felt she had fallen far, fallen fathoms deep into something—a something to which she refused to give a

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What Will Balfour Do at the Admiralty?



Arthur Balfour is no mean exponent of the royal game of golf. It forms his chief relaxation from his parliamentary duties.

By HUGH S. EAYRS

Will Balfour make good at the Admiralty? The Imperial Coalition Government, whatever there is to be said for it as an efficient governing body and as a united voice at a time when we need unison, is problematical in some respects. In the difficult work of reconstruction those who were responsible for the Coalition may have fitted a square peg or two into round holes. This possibility is emphasized most in the case of Arthur Balfour. It is generally known that the Unionists insisted on filling one of the service portfolios, but for all that the newspapers have kept away from comment, the selection of Balfour is not generally acclaimed. In what follows hereafter we can see a fine thinker, a metaphysician, a dreamer of big dreams, an Imperialist who loves his Empire, and wants to see it "made mightier yet." But shall we see the constructive man of action? The Admiralty just now may need fine thinking, and a dash of philosophy, but if ever it needed a man who knows the business, a practical, active head, a purposeful leader, it needs that man now. Perhaps the dabbler in politics will make surprisingly good. Time (and possibly Lord Northcliffe) will tell.

BALFOUR doesn't like politics. He very nearly hates the political life, if hate is not too positive a sensation for him to admit. He has always scorned the political game, I think, and chiefly because he was pitchforked into it. You see he was a Cecil and ever since Lord Burleigh's time, in the reign of Good Queen Bess, the Cecils have been in politics. There are some able representatives in the family, now; Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Cecil and Lord Hugh of that ilk, this last rightly christened, for "Hugh" means high and lofty.

From the first Arthur Balfour knew his duty. His mother, Lady Blanche Cecil, taught it him in between the readings of the Bible and Dumas. His father, James Maitland Balfour, died when the future Prime Minister was only eight, and the care of the heir to the traditions of centuries devolved upon that gracious lady, his mother. Some time someone may write a book upon the influence of their mothers on our great men. Winston Churchill and Balfour have one thing in common—the training and shaping of their careers to a marked extent by their mothers. And Arthur learnt his destiny too, from Lord Salisbury, his uncle, who for so long a time guided Great Britain in her decisions. Gladstone was another teacher—before he crossed the floor.

Balfour went to Eaton and Cambridge. His future was ever concrete and clearly defined for him. But he interested himself from the first in books and art. Sport, at

that time, held nothing of interest for him. A tramp into the country with a book in his arm was his favorite undergraduate enjoyment. Now and then he came to earth and delivered a speech in the Union. He was no great shakes as a speaker then, but he displayed the qualities that have marked him in public speaking all through his life, the potentialities of effective destructive criticism and of consummate fencing.

He was pushed into Parliament when he was twenty-six. His uncle, Lord Salisbury, did the pushing. Up to this time Balfour was little known. It is interesting to look back over the past thirty years at this curious figure, who, while he has hardly done anything constructive for the Kingdom and the Empire, has yet loomed so largely in the panorama of recent history, and been such an influence for good in the development of British politics. At first, and for some years, he made no good impression on the House or the country. He was looked upon as a Parliamentary *dilettante*, a most superior young man, and a good deal of a political numskull. "Toby M.P.," that most brilliant of all Parliamentary journalists, Sir Henry W. Lucy, declared him at this time to be a "trifler with debate." In very truth he was. In his early parliamentary days, before taking office, instead of being in his place, he was frequently away in the country playing a tennis tournament! He openly avowed that he rarely opened a newspaper. When he did rise to speak he was glaringly inaccurate. With a somewhat bored expression on his aristocratic features he would confuse dates and details of bills in a nonchalant

it-don't-matter sort of way. Balfour saw nothing to interest him in politics. St. Stephens for him was nothing but a place which had a comfortable seat where one might stretch one's legs, stick one's hat on the back of one's head, and calmly go to sleep! The reason is not far to find.

BALFOUR was all of a Celt—always. Perhaps that is the secret of the mutual admiration which he and Mr. Lloyd George have for each other. They both enjoy the heritage of the Celtic twilight. Arthur Balfour has always dealt in shadowy, misty, vague things. Nothing is positive; all is but dimly limned. He is an intellectual, first, last and all of the time. He lives for the most part in the clouds. He deals with abstract, elusive forces. He is perennially the seeker after knowledge, in science, in religion, in social development—in life itself. Something of the mystic qualities of his birthplace fastened upon him and has never left him. He does not see men and women and events sharply or clearly. They seem to move across his seeking and psychic vision as mere shapes, hazy shades.

His "Defence of Philosophic Doubt" proves this. When it came out it astounded intellectual Britain. Some declared its author to be an atheist. Nothing could be further from the truth. But he was agnostic . . . He did not know! He was not convinced of many things that the general run of folk accepted easily and *sans* query. His was a peculiar eccentric development. For this reason he was lionized by London hostesses. This pale, thoughtful, young man who dressed like a clergyman and looked like an an-

gel was a society treasure. You see, he was a member—perhaps the founder—of a society called "The Souls." He lived by and in an atmosphere of intellectuality. Books and the great musicians were his companions. And intellectuality just then was in fashion. This was a day which knew not Tango teas.

Balfour, I say, was a Celt. He was a Scotsman. Of all the outstanding characteristics about this many-sided man, his nationality was most outstanding. Like most Scotsmen he was a metaphysician. Also like most Scotsmen he loved music. He was always inquiring, questioning, seeking. The facts of intuitive consciousness and the phenomena of the outer world—these were at once his starting points, and his lines of thought; their settling was his eternal aim. The "abstract and the super-sensible instead of the concrete and the sensuous" were Balfour's plane. You will grant me that any man so inclined may be pardoned if he be a failure—though a brilliant one—in politics.

HIS uncle made him Chief Secretary for Ireland. Ireland laughed. It did more: it grinned. And the grin was reflected in the other units of the composite we know as the British Isles. The nationalists were very turbulent in those days. They were in a constant state of disorder. And they winked when the aesthetic and *dilettante* Balfour crossed the Channel. They dubbed him "Clara" and "Hothouse Flower" and such. The Nationalists promised themselves liberal scope for activity and were confident that the Secretary would be too busy with his books and his essays on Handel to "tread on the tails of their coats."

It was a beautiful dream which suddenly became a nightmare. Balfour put down disorder with the firmest of firm hands. He gaoled them here and scattered there. If he was feared; at least he was respected. They changed his name in Dublin from "Clara" to "Tiger Lily" and they apostrophized him adjectively. He was even called "Bloody" Balfour.

He was mercilessly assailed at Westminster. Parnell, Gladstone and O'Brien pointed the accusing finger at him and branded him the nearest thing to Cain that the Victorian era had ever known. Balfour did not mind. Half the times when he was attacked he was engaged up-country, with an iron, a little white ball and a caddie and the other half he was calmly writing letters as he lounged on the Treasury bench.

Criticism had always seemed to fall from Arthur Balfour like water off a duck's back. I have heard many men assail him but the only one who has the power to ruffle Balfour is Winston Churchill—*Pendant terrible*—the lost sheep mourned by the ninety and nine in the aristocratic fold.

His impervious attitude is partly the reason why he has always been so popular a figure at Westminster. The House really loves the neat and sauve reply. It

recks nothing of bluster; anybody can bluster. Ronald MacNeill can throw a book across the floor at the person of a cabinet minister, but his confreres do not applaud. They like the cool *insouciance* of the man who, sneering, can stand any amount of sneers himself, and, attacking, yet is consummate in defence. Balfour stood at first for the dabbler in politics; a man who took to politics as Mayfair took to slumming because it was "the thing." But once he came out as a debater *par excellence*, he never looked back. There is no man in politics to-day more agile and nimble. Mr. Lloyd George is quick to force the pace, speedy to press the attack. Balfour is equally quick in evading the thrust. Lloyd George's is the art of pressing home the steel; Balfour's that of turning his antagonist's point. The Welshman is always on the offensive and never loses an opportunity to force the gait. The Scotsman's is the defensive. Lucky is the man who gets past his guard.

HERE is much to admire, I say, in this indifference, this studied coolness which doesn't look studied, this naive and innocent insolence. To begin with it is sheer art. I have seen Balfour when the pack was upon him, at the time when the Tariff Reform controversy was at its height. He was Premier then (and by the by he has only been Prime Minister once; though he was leader of the Commons for his uncle for some time). Tariff Reform—as such—was always a bugbear with Balfour. You remember how Mr. Chamberlain introduced it and how the party became divided all at once. The pack were on Balfour one night in the House and the pack was not composed of Liberals alone. The pack barked and growled. Unionists, liberals, the whole country wanted to know where Balfour stood in the matter. Was he definitely for Tariff reform or was he against it? Balfour, as ever, was sitting pensive and ruminating, and apparently suffering acute boredom. Now he stretched out his long body; anon he sat up, pulled at the lapels of his frock coat and mildly rebuked the inveterate speaker, with a sort of pitying compassionate forgiveness. It struck me then, I remember, that Balfour resembled nothing so much as a meek and mild country curate.

At last he replied. The House filled up right away for the news had gone forth "Balfour is up." Well, he spoke for two hours—but he didn't say anything. He stood up there, a slender figure in a black coat with a black tie. His back was slightly stooped; now and then he rested his fingers on the table. Occasionally he raised his long white hand—that hand that could play the violin or swing a golf club equally well—and adjusted his *pince nez*. All the time he was speaking it seemed to me that he considered he did so under protest. Who were these people to drag a statement out of him?

But his speech as a defence, which didn't even admit he had anything to defend, was a masterpiece. And when he

sat down his followers cheered him to the echo, though they didn't know why they did so. They had gained no satisfaction. Next morning Fleet street resolved itself into an exploration expedition: object "To find out what the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour really thinks of Tariff Reform."

Yet he was sincere enough. He didn't commit himself because *he didn't know*. For the two hours that I heard him talking he, himself, was applying the methods of the metaphysician to a question purely political. He didn't know where he stood, so he went up and down and over and under and round about the question for himself as well as for his hearers, to see if he could find out what view he took.

Balfour talked Fiscal Reform but that wasn't enough for his fellows who wanted the adjective changed, to "tariff." Sir Frank Carruthers Gould, depicted the end in a double cartoon. One contained a tiger—with the lineaments of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—and upon its back was a lady—Mr. Balfour. The under-line was:

"There was a young lady of Riga
Who went for a ride on the tiger."

In the second picture only the tiger was to be seen, and underneath we read:

"But they finished the ride
With the lady inside
And a smile on the face of the tiger."

But I don't suppose he ever saw "F. C. G.'s" cartoon. He doesn't bother to read the newspapers!

IT was never that Balfour didn't want to endorse Tariff Reform. In his own good time he made it plain that he did. But he refused to be hurried. He wanted to "wait and see." The world knows now that he waited too long and the time came—some years later—when the Unionist party wanted a new leader. Mr. Balfour's health *happened* to break down just at this point! Well, it may have been coincidence at that, but it isn't likely. Israel had a new king, Mr. Bonar Law. One need not be accused of any bias if one makes the statement that the worst thing that ever happened to Israel was the deposition or the resignation—which you will—of the old king. Flock was never so shepherdless as the British Unionist party without Mr. Balfour. Whether he was the best possible leader or no doesn't matter. He was—by long odds—the best leader available.

Yet of all the people who regretted Mr. Balfour's withdrawal from active politics he regretted it least. I think he must have hailed it with no doubtful pleasure. His books, his pen, music, and all the finer things have always meant most to him and to those he returned when he ceased to be leader of the opposition; to those—and his dreams. Prominent in those dreams is Imperialism. He is one of the greatest of our Imperialists. He is one of the few men who have applied skilled logic as well as unlimited vision to his dreams of Empire. No man in



Arthur Balfour has always dealt in shadowy, misty, vague things. . . . There is much to admire in his indifference, his studied coolness, his naive insolence. . . . It is as a thinker, an intellectual, that he will be remembered. . . . But whatever he does or has done in the past, we may all, as Antony said of Brutus long ago: "Say to the world, this was a man."

Britain or Greater Britain longs more to see the bounds of Empire "wider still and wider." And no man has done more to accomplish the widening, even though he so rarely comes down to the earth of politics.

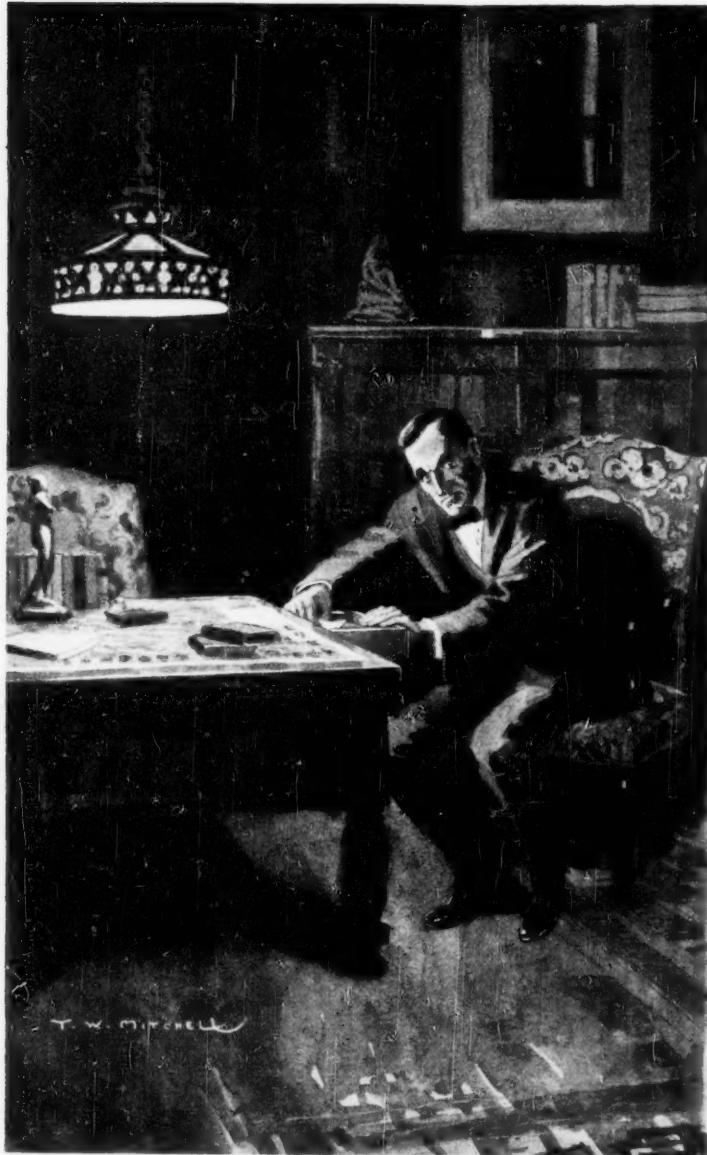
It is as a thinker, an intellectual, that he will be remembered. Arthur Balfour's is too good a mind for party politics and

that is why he has failed as a party politician. He has been ahead of his time. The average M.P. not able to reach up to this dweller on the Olympus of Intellectuality has dubbed him impossible, a navigator without a rudder, a general without a campaign. The real truth is that his campaign has been too intricate, his course too inexplicable for the crew

to understand, much less to appreciate.

Now he is back in politics and his portfolio demands pre-eminently a man of action. Well, we shall see what we shall see. But whatever he does or has done in the past we may all, like Antony said of Brutus long ago

"Say to all the World,
This was a man."



I gave Smedden every opportunity to rummage among my papers.

SYNOPSIS.—Sir Horace Lazenby has been acquitted in court on a charge of trust making. He decides to take a holiday to get away, incognito, for a long-needed rest. This holiday he uses for the writing of an autobiography, telling his life story from the beginning, with the idea of justifying his operations in the realms of high finance. The story he tells starts with his home life in Garafraxa. He and his brothers run away from home and cross Lake Erie by stealing a passage in a grain boat, which results in the death of two brothers. Young Lazenby makes his way to New York, where he secures a position in the baggage department of a railroad controlled by the famous John J. Vandervort. He is promoted to the position of private bodyguard to the millionaire railroader and ultimately becomes his secretary. One night Lazenby attends a party and leaves it somewhat stimulated by wine. He wanders along the waterfront and is seized and taken aboard an outbound vessel. The ship travels around the Horn to the British Columbia Pacific Coast, and on the way Lazenby has a fight, in which he knocks down the first mate who has abused him from the start. The fall kills the mate. Lazenby is acquitted of blame, but, to protect him from the friends of the mate, he is put ashore by the captain at Seattle. Here he becomes foreman in the employ of Johanna Stard, a firm-minded woman successfully operating a ship chandlery business; and meets her daughter, Pamela Stard, "the flower of fifty ports." Lazenby stays for three years in the employ of Mrs. Stard. On her death-bed she has him marry her daughter. After her mother's death, Pamela leaves for Canada and Lazenby follows her to Toronto where he secures employment in the grocery store of John Goss. From a customer he finds where his wife is staying and sets out to find her—with a strap in his pocket. After affecting a reunion with his wife, Lazenby gets into partnership with John Goss in the wholesale business and is largely instrumental in organizing an association of wholesalers. Lazenby becomes interested in some woolen mills and does not watch a man named Aiken, who has become a power in the guild. Aiken secures a controlling interest and begins to squeeze Lazenby, refusing to buy from his mills. Lazenby consults a legal friend and finds there is a way to oust Aiken.

The Confessions of Sir Horace Lazenby

THE war was on with Aiken.

Having bought out the other members of the Wholesale Guild, Aiken had secured majority control of the stock and was naturally in a position to place the orders for supplies with whatever firms he liked, chiefly his own. My mills were frozen out. But now, after having been ignominiously defeated at a board meeting attended for the most part by clerks, acting as dummy directors under Aiken's thumb, I was to have my turn at reprisals. Old George Hanny, the sleek and affable lawyer for the Canadian Trunk Railway, had found the weak joint in Aiken's armor. Jennings, the lawyer who had drawn the original papers of incorporation for the Wholesale Guild, had given it away to

By BRITTON B. COOKE

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL

Hanny; and Hanny in turn passed it to me that night in the rotunda of the old Windsor Hotel.

"You really need to get Aiken pretty badly do you?" asked Hanny.

"I do."

"Has he got something on you?"

"He has control of the biggest distributing firm in the country—the Wholesalers' Guild. With that control he can give half the total business of the Dominion to his own manufacturing plants. With that much of a start he can sooner or later shut out our mills."

"How?"

"By price cutting. That is his favorite game."

"Hmph! Are you ready to use any means

whatever in your power?"

"Anything—within the law."

"It's within the law. Now listen; would you like to freeze him out?"

"Freeze him out! Show me!"

"Not right away. Jennings might suspect why I was asking him about the incorporation of the Wholesalers' Guild."

"Let me call at your office to-morrow."

"No. I'll write you."

"Is the thing absolutely feasible?"

"Absolutely—but it will require ingenuity—and a little patience. Perhaps when I write—I can outline a plan of campaign. Don't seem too dead-in-earnest

when you are talking to me. Better go now. Yes. Well—" raising his voice, "Good night, Lazenby. Good night."

SO we parted. As I passed the front door of the hotel on my way to my room I encountered a tall cadaverous-faced youth with excited, haggard face. He stopped me and commenced talking volubly.

"Mr. Lazenby?" he panted.

"Well," I said, "what is it? What is it? Who are you?"

"Smedden, sir, August Smedden—one of the directors, sir—and a bookkeeper in the office, sir?"

"One of the dummies?"

"Yes sir. One of Mr. Aiken's employees—and yours, sir."

"Well," I said, "what is the trouble with you?"

"I've just had a note, sir, from Mr. Aiken. It was at the house waiting for me when I returned from the office tonight. I have been discharged."

"And you need the job?"

He looked up at me for a moment, blinking nervously.

"Need it?" he echoed. "My wife, sir—"

"Sickness, I suppose? What did he discharge you for?"

"I don't know."

"Surely!"

"No sir, I honestly—"

"What was it?"

He hesitated.

"Drinking!" he said. "But really—"

"Drinking! What were you coming here to the hotel for?"

"I—I heard you were here. When I appealed to Mr. Aiken at his house he told me possibly you would—would do something about it, sir. He said you were at the hotel. He had seen you here earlier in the evening."

"Come and see me in the morning,"



At breakfast I walked into Aiken—or rather into his back.

I said, suddenly interested by the fact that Aiken had seen me and I had not seen him in the hotel. "Perhaps I can do something."

"But—but I must have help." The man was certainly in a bad state of nerves.

"Hmph," I said, "if it is as bad as that perhaps you could stop drinking."

"O sir—I would do anything."

The weakness of the man was pitiable. I took his name and made an appointment with him for eleven in the morning. I took a long walk before returning to my room in the hotel. I considered every angle of my relationship with Aiken and could see no loop-hole from which to fire a shot. He had me walled in tight—so far as I was able to tell. I slept soundly, as men very often do when they have so much trouble that they can't even worry about it.

IN the morning Hanny's letter was waiting for me as I passed the wicket of the mail clerk. It was written on Windsor Hotel stationery, and in his own execrable hand. Apparently the pen had been rusty. There were splatters of ink between the lines.

"Dear Lazenby," it read "Jennings tells me that when he drew up the papers of incorporation for the Wholesalers' Guild he left in the clause which provides for—"

There was the loop-hole! There was the loop-hole from which I could get a line on Aiken! The letter fluttered from my hand, so suddenly had my attention been absorbed by the idea Hanny had given me. The balance of his letter contained suggestions for making use of the information. They were only briefly indicated but they were useful. I tore the letter into fragments and tossed them into a waste basket. At the door of the hotel I hailed a cab and bade the driver drive me quickly to the Cote de Neige Cemetery—not because I wanted to go in that particular direction, but because I wished to be in motion while I

formulated a complete plan of action.

At eleven o'clock I was back in the hotel and a plan was almost complete. All depended on Aiken's movements. At the door of my room stood Smedden. I had almost forgotten him. He was a link in my scheme.

"Morning, Smedden," I called as I made out who it was. "Ready for work?"

"A position, sir?"

"If you can keep sober—"

"Sober! I will sir. By Gad, I will."

I took him into the room with me. He seemed a better sort of man the moment he knew there was work and an income ahead of him. He was a brisk and alert young businessman as he left. Only one point worried me. I had enjoined him to secrecy. If he drank—part of my secret might get out.

II.

IN the story of Caesar there is woven a fragment of another story, and to my mind a beautiful story—that of the woman whose fine intuition sensed the secret plot in her husband's heart. There is no more touching scene in Shakespeare than that where the wife with rare womanly eloquence pleads to be allowed to share this secret—and is refused.

The place where man and wife part company in their confidences, is always a strange and usually an unhappy moment. There was no real break in the confidence between Pamela Stard Lazenby and me for this confidence was guaranteed by something else—by the lad, Eric, our son. But in the days that followed the initiating of my campaign against Aiken there was a temporary break, never spoken of in words, but felt. Although with words and reasoning woman is often deficient, yet the real wife carries in her eyes the light of goodness and when the man cannot face that light, unblinking, there is surely trouble stirring somewhere within him.

I had bought an old residence in Toronto for our home, an old place on Jarvis Street, not a pretty one, for it had been built in the days when architects loved narrow gables and white brick. But it had room and dignity inside; it was comfortable; and the garden was charming. Business never penetrated here. This I had made a rule. Once within the little iron gate that let one in from the sidewalk to the grounds, business had to



stay behind. We had two quiet servants beside the cook. There was a telephone, but the number was known only to personal acquaintances. Here, undisturbed, presided Pamela, now taller, paler, yet more beautiful than when I stole her from Pamela Curzon's farm house in Toronto township. Marriage is woman's first great dignity, motherhood the second and suffering—the third and greatest. Illness in the small boy's room kept the house awake many a night for many a year. The atmosphere of the house was made beautiful by the patience and devotion of the mother. She was the tranquil spirit of kindness incarnate.

When the price-raising campaign began in the Wholesalers' Guild I had not thought it necessary to tell Pamela. She felt the benefits of the increased income. That was all. She asked no question as to the source. When I extended my interests and became heavily involved in the knitting mills I told her, but I did not mention any of the details of policy. When I found that Aiken was freezing me out of the Wholesale Guild, and when I engaged Smedden to reconnoitre for me I had then, for the first time, consciously to hide my thoughts. Once, she seemed to suspect some new thing in my thoughts, somethin' she had not sensed before. She looked her questions but, when I did not answer, accepted my decision without protest. That was when the drifting started. She drew closer to the boy, and I, staying out late at night, in the clubs or at the office, drew closer to business.

I WAS playing a big game. Aiken of Montreal, was fast reaching a position of great influence. He was said to be a junior member of one of the two great financial groups in Canada—one of which backed one railway and one the other. He had influence with the banks—the strongest of them—and his influence was being used against me. There was war between us, though Aiken, absorbed in his rapidly multiplying affairs, may not have been the first to realize it.

Smedden began to make reports. I kept him in Montreal, ostensibly as agent for my mills, but every month he came to Toronto to make reports to me. He wrote nothing on paper. He was securing for me, first of all, a complete list of Aiken's investments. This was his first month's work, and was secured by patient work with a certain bank accountant with whom Smedden had acquaintance. His second work was to find what personal connections Aiken had involved in his business and what money he owed, if any. This was more difficult to obtain. One night when I was far from expecting Smedden, he was announced by the maid, and came in wet and shivering from the cold January rain that was falling outside. He had returned to Montreal after making his latest report to me, only three days before. Now he had obtained fresh information which he thought I should have at once.

"Aiken is watching you!" he whispered when the maid had gone.

"Watching me?"

"I know it."

"But how?"

"I don't know yet." His eyes seemed shifty. "I have been bribing his stenographer. She has given me these copies of Aiken's records concerning you."

He handed me several sheets of folded paper. Unfolding them I read—what I scarcely had known about myself, or what would have taken some time for me to set down as clearly as it was here recorded. All my investments and all the liabilities on my various mills. It was outrageous. Here was a note about my family affairs—about Eric and his illness. There was also a mention of my private telephone number.

"The devil!" I exclaimed. "Where does he get all this?"

"I don't know, sir. I thought it would interest you."

"Interest me? Hmph. Tell me who gave him—tell me how he knows even my private telephone number. It's astounding!"

"I'll try to find out, sir."

Next morning Pamela, who had been up half the night with the lad, asked who the stranger had been.

"Only Smedden," I said.

"Smedden! Who is he?"

I remembered I had not told her.

"He is my Montreal man," I said. "And he watches my interests there very closely."

"He had a strange face," she said. "A very pale and rather weak face, I should say, dear. His face was so pale one could almost see it in the dark."

"He is not strong," I said.

WHO was watching my affairs? Who was Aiken's agent?

I proceeded now to act on part of the information Smedden had brought in. With the report that Aiken had borrowed heavily from a certain immensely wealthy coal and iron magnate—formerly a railroad man—and owed large sums also to another member of the same group of coal and iron men, I saw the foundation for much of Aiken's fortune. Knowing that much, as Hanny the old C. P. R. man had suggested vaguely, there might be means of removing or weakening them. That was only a weak alternative to my main scheme. Sir Robert Jones and David Smith-Stein, Aiken's backers, would not be likely to relish any publicity arising out of a lawsuit against the Wholesaler's Guild, and such publicity would be sure to follow. There were plenty of pretexts upon which I might sue and the suit, even aside from its effect upon Aiken's backers, would be sure to put an end to the Wholesaler's Guild for a time at least. Then possibly I might be able to build it up again and keep the entire control in my own hands. I did not like the idea. The Guild, as it now existed, was the finest piece of wholesale distributing machinery in the Dominion. Goods, poured into its receiving room, were soon on sale from one end of the country to the other. If I could oust Aiken's goods and put in my own I should have not only the profit from the increased sales by my own mills, but my dividends from the Guild

also. Even to have half the purchases of the Guild, allowing Aiken to supply the other half from his mills, might have satisfied me. At all events I could not bring myself to drag the Guild into a law court. I could not undo Aiken's financial foundations that way.

MEANWHILE my own mills were in need of attention. Losing the orders from the Guild made it necessary to reduce our output considerably. On the other hand, Aiken, whose mills were working full time and full capacity, was beginning to put more quality into his goods than I could afford at the price. For example we were both making underwear. He sold suits for men at one dollar and a half. So did I. In the first place there had been a sort of tacit agreement between all the small independent makers as to the class of facings and the sort of button that were to go on garments of this kind. My mills, after they lost their independence and passed under my management, stood by this standard of trim, but Aiken was raising the standard. He could afford to because he all but controlled the market. By and by Percival Bradburn, who was now my sales manager, came to me with news that Aiken was putting out a ribbed elastic ankle and wrist on his garments—this in the days before this sort of finish was common—and that our orders had fallen away badly even in a single week. Following this Aiken made still another change; he redesigned the combination suits so as to do away with a certain number of buttons that had always been a handicap on this form of underwear. He began running two-hundred line advertisements three columns wide in the Toronto, Hamilton, London, St. Thomas, Belleville, Guelph, Stratford and Montreal papers. This was more than Bradburn or I could stand. Our travelers were turned down right and left by even our oldest customers. Our good will was being reduced to a shadow.

FOR the time being I dropped all other business interests—particularly the scheme against Aiken—and took up the problem of keeping the trade for my mills. Bradburn and his wonderfully competent wife and I held a conference in the old McConkey restaurant on King street, in Toronto. The Bradburns had brought with them samples of our garments and of Aiken's newest garments. In my pocket I had copies of Aiken's advertisements. In the seclusion of a private dining room after the table had been cleared, we took up the samples and began plotting our campaign.

"How are orders standing?"

"Very poor—but not dropping as fast as they were a month ago," said Bradburn.

"But I've had to cut the staff down to a six-hour day," said Mrs. Bradburn. "And they don't like it."

"They'll have to stand it," I said. "We can't give them work when the goods aren't being sold."

"But the worst of it is," she retorted.
Continued on Page 82.

People and Their Bank Accounts

By W. A. Craick

THEY were discussing the business and financial condition of the Dominion—a banker, a former large real estate operator and a wholesale merchant.

"You can't deny," urged the real estate man, "that our savings deposits are showing a most satisfactory increase. I reckon it one of the happiest signs of the times that the people should be piling up their savings in the banks. It shows that they are learning to be thrifty."

"Canadians thrifty?" laughed the bank manager. "Why, man, didn't you know that we were about the most unthrifty people on the face of the earth? I hate to pour cold water on your enthusiasm, but I don't regard the increase of savings you speak about in quite the same light as you do."

"What other construction can you put on it?" demanded the real estate man.

"Why, in the first place, when people talk about the increase in savings as an evidence of thrift, they usually forget entirely to consider the proportion of the increase that has been contributed by the banks themselves in the shape of interest. At the end of May, 1914, we had roughly 664 million dollars on deposit in the savings departments of the chartered banks. A year's interest on that at 3 per cent. is pretty nearly twenty million dollars in itself, so that if not a single additional cent were placed in the banks by way of deposit during the twelve-month, we should have had at the end of this May, 684 million dollars. As a matter of fact we had nearly 692 millions, which would indicate that the increase due to excess of deposits over withdrawals was only eight million dollars."

"Even that is something under present conditions," interposed the wholesaler.

"It would be most creditable," replied the banker, "if it really indicated the true situation. But it doesn't. That is to say, it doesn't prove that the Canadian people are beginning to give evidence of thrift. If you will examine the savings accounts in the various city branches of some large bank, you will find this—the increases are confined very largely to the branches in the well-to-do residential and business sections. In the districts where the working people live, you will discover that the increases, if any, are exceedingly small, while in many cases there are declines."

"That is to say," remarked the wholesaler, "it is the fairly well-to-do people—the salaried and professional classes—who are showing the thrift at present?"

"Only partially. The laboring man is



Further than that the banks are ubiquitous, and there are very few places of the slightest consequence in Canada which are not equipped with banking facilities.

certainly in difficulties and a good many thrifty artisans, out of work, have had to fall back on their savings to tide them over the hard times. But it is not the case that the middle and upper classes are becoming more thrifty. The increase to be noted in the savings deposits of the chartered banks is, in my opinion, attributable to three circumstances, all of which are quite outside the realm of thrift. The first is the slackening of the general business of the country, which has released a lot of money that would otherwise have been in circulation. The second, allied to the first, is the smallness of the present range both of investment and speculative opportunities—I mean opportunities that a man would regard as reasonably safe. The third, and this is important, is the policy adopted by many large institutions, of keeping an unusually large proportion of their assets in cash."

"So you don't think there is anything really very creditable in our increased deposits?" queried the real estate operator.

"I can't say that I do. If they were a genuine indication of the awakening of a thrifty spirit, I would be delighted, but I can't under any possible circumstances interpret them in that way. Consider the case of that very creditable institution, the Penny Bank. There's a scheme, backed up and supported by some of the big chartered institutions, with the express object of teaching school children how to save. Now, I argue that if the big banks were getting increased deposits as a result of a wave of thrift sweeping over the Dominion, the Penny Bank would show the same trend. It is a savings bank, pure and simple, operating in the

public schools of between thirty and forty towns and cities, both east and west. What do we find in the case of the Penny Bank? A decreased balance in most places—more money going out than is coming in."

"But that does not necessarily mean that people are not saving as much; they are doubtless economizing in other directions," interposed the merchant.

"Quite true, but my point is this. The Penny Bank, which is one of the best possible barometers of monetary saving in the country, shows a decline in the amount of deposits per child attending the schools. That being so I maintain that, if there is an increase in the time deposits in the chartered banks, that increase is not to be attributed to a general development of the saving habit, but the reason for it must be sought in

other directions. I think you will find that bankers generally are agreed as to that. It is unfortunate but it is true. We would like to boast about those increased savings but we can't. There is actually no more thrift now than there was twelve months ago."

"While speaking of the Penny Bank," continued the bank manager, "I heard rather an interesting thing about it the other day. There are some few places, where it is operating, that have been showing a higher *per capita* rate of deposit this year than last, and oddly enough they are the places where munitions are being made. Take Galt as an example. For the first four months of the year the average monthly deposits of each child attending the Galt schools were 19, 28, 30 and 18 cents, respectively. A year ago for the corresponding months, they were 19, 23, 28 and 17 cents. Welland and Niagara Falls are other points that exhibit increases. For the most part though, the amount the children are saving is smaller than a year ago."

"In Toronto the situation is rather interesting. There has been a slight decrease in the average deposits, but if under existing circumstances, the youngsters attending Toronto's public schools can maintain their savings within a cent or two of last year's amounts, then indeed we are not doing so badly. The figures as issued by the manager of the bank are as follows:

	1915	1915	Decrease
January24	.22	.02
February22	.21	.01
March27	.26	.01
April (Easter) ..	.15	.15	...



Head offices of Canadian Banks.

When you consider that these are figures reckoned on a school attendance of approximately 50,000 children, it is a hopeful sign."

HERE can be little doubt that as compared with other nations, the Canadian people are not particularly famous for their thrift. The standard of living is generally high, the average person enjoys luxuries which would not be his in a less-favored country and, because money has been comparatively easily got, it has been as easily spent. The bank manager was perfectly correct in saying that Canadians were not thrifty, as thrift is reflected in the savings banks. As a matter of fact, it has been computed that the *per capita* savings of the people are only about \$75, which is a good deal less than the amounts to the credit of the Belgians and French before the war.

Notwithstanding, thrift is by no means an unknown quantity in Canada and it may be hoped that the present period of depression will teach a healthy lesson. More than one man has solemnly sworn that he will never again be caught without a substantial amount of ready cash on hand, and if this sentiment spreads, there will be a very general movement towards building up savings accounts.

The Penny Bank referred to by the bank manager is possibly the most interesting example in Canada of what may be called methods of thrift or thrift ideas. It affords facilities right in the schools

for taking juvenile savings and it exerts a good influence on the children both through example and precept. The bank now operates in nearly forty cities and towns. Many very interesting stories could be related of the way the accounts have grown and the varied purposes to which the money so saved has been put. While usually set aside for specific objects, there are not a few youngsters who, on leaving school, transfer their savings to some chartered bank and become established as systematic savers for the rest of their lives. Even those who withdraw their money are not all lost to the cause of thrift. They have had a good lesson in its advantages and will, doubtless, later on become patrons of some savings bank.

THE chartered banks themselves do a good deal to encourage the saving habit. They provide attractive offices, furnish depositors with neat pass-books and convenient cheque-books, and make the process of depositing money easy and pleasant. Further than that, they are ubiquitous, and there are very few places of the slightest consequence in Canada, which are not equipped with banking facilities. In addition, the loan companies are now quite active in taking deposits, while for those who prefer Government security, there are the post office and the Dominion savings banks. Of a truth it is not for lack of facilities, that Canadians do not become a thrifty people.

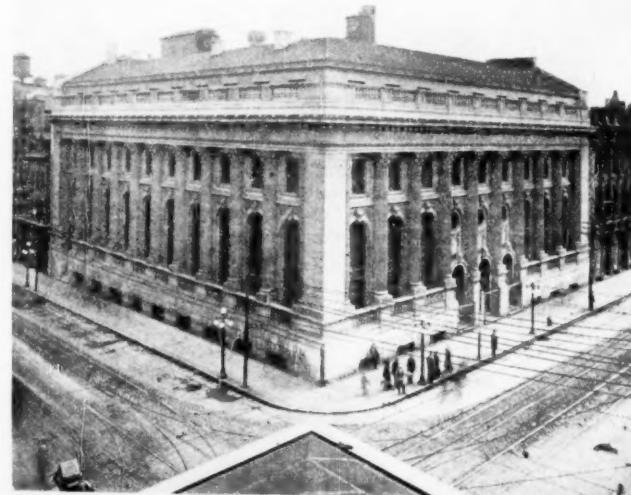
But, with all this banking machinery, there is a great and grievous lack; and that is an absence of education. What do the masses of the people know about the advantages conferred by the savings banks, except by hearsay or accident? What

do they know about the value of thrift, except in a general way? Of all the chartered banks in Canada, the writer has yet to learn of one, which employs a specialist in savings—an official whose sole duty it is to develop schemes for building up the resources of the savings departments. And yet the savings department forms a most important part of the banking system which would be capable of enormous expansion, if only adequate advertising and other publicity methods were adopted.

THRIFT methods, or schemes by which people save money, are almost as numerous as the accounts they maintain. Human nature differs widely and so do men's ways of keeping or spending their resources. As a suggestive illustration, a case related by the manager of a branch bank in a small town near Toronto possesses undoubted human interest. A woman used to come into the bank every Monday morning and deposit from one to four dollars in coppers and small silver. She was not the treasurer of a Sunday School nor was she engaged in any kind of business that would involve the accumulation of small coins, and the banker became rather curious to learn her secret.

After some time he was able to reach that stage of friendly intercourse with her which would enable him to get into her confidence and she told him the story of her bank account.

"My husband, you know, is a commercial traveler," said she in effect, "and for a long time after we were married, we lived right up to the last cent of our income. Neither of us bothered very much about the future. One day, however, I had my eyes opened to the folly of our way of life and I decided that we would have to start in to save. I told my husband what I thought about it, but he didn't enthuse very much, saying that he couldn't save and that anyway I'd be all



Head offices of Canadian Banks.



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right if he happened to die, for I would get his insurance. This rather discouraged me, but the next week I had a practical suggestion to make.

"Jim," said I, "Every week-end you bring home a pocketful of loose change, that you never know what to do with. Suppose you give it to me and let me put it in the savings bank."

"He laughed at the idea, said he didn't mind doing that much for me, but warned me that if I hoped to get rich by any such method, I'd be very much disappointed. I started in the very next week and I've been depositing Jim's loose change ever since. Sometimes he gives me a little extra to put in with it because he is beginning to see that my idea is working out better than he expected. We've had the account now for nearly six years, and as you know the balance is pretty nearly a thousand dollars."

There was a case of absolute downright thrift. The commercial traveler's wife was a whole conservation commission in herself. She was a financial chemist, saving the by-products of her husband's industry from total loss. Hers was not a case of setting aside a fixed amount weekly from the family income. She was in a sense doing better than that, for she was reclaiming those small and seemingly unimportant amounts that are frittered away on this, that or the other trivial object. After all, genuine thrift is just that—the conservation of one's resources for the things that are really necessary and worth while.

Women, as a rule, undoubtedly play a very important part in encouraging thrift,

as unfortunately in some cases they do in discouraging it. There is a story told by a Toronto banker of a strong-minded young woman who taught her fiancé a very excellent lesson on the subject. The youth was rather easy-going and not over-energetic and, while his income warranted their getting married, he hadn't sufficient money saved up to be able to set up his wife in the sort of establishment that she wanted. Being naturally anxious to get settled down, the young woman tried to urge him to save, but he persisted in saying that he couldn't do any better than he was doing. At last, she hit on a plan.

"Fred," said

she, "I want you to do something for me. When you come to see me, you always ride both ways on the street car, don't you? I know you're often tired after the day's work, but I believe you could walk one way if you tried. Suppose you do, and then give me the fare you save. I'll put it in the bank."

Fred laughingly agreed; that wouldn't be very hard, said he.

"Now how many cigars do you smoke each day?" continued the girl.

"Two," said Fred.

"Couldn't you cut it down to one?" she asked.

"I suppose I could."

"Well, why not? Do that, too, and give me the money you save to deposit."

"Very well!" groaned Fred. "Is there any other

penance you want me to perform?"

"Why, yes. I thought perhaps you could save five or ten cents on your lunch each day. You told me the other night that you paid thirty-five or forty cents for it. Couldn't you leave out the pie or something like that; you'd be the better for it, I'm sure?"

"All right," agreed Fred. "I suppose while I'm at it, I might as well go the whole distance."

There were other suggestions of a similar character made by this resourceful young woman and in the end her fiancé discovered that if he practised all the economies she had invented, he would have to hand over at least fifty cents a day. The amount of the enforced saving came as a great surprise to him. It hardly seemed possible that he could afford to do without so much. Then, as the days slipped by, other savings suggested themselves. By the end of six months, the balance was nearly \$200 and the day of the wedding was brought appreciably nearer.

"Well," said Fred. "I never thought I could have done it. And what pleases me is that I got along just as well as if I'd spent the money."

"You've got along better," replied the girl. "You've saved the money that will enable us to get married ever so much sooner."

THIS experience was quite on a par with that of a young bank clerk in a Canadian city, who had been accustomed to spend every cent he earned, and more too, on living expenses and amusements.

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Head offices of Canadian Banks.

The Last Ally:

By HUGH S. EAYRS
Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

SYNOPSIS.—Donald Fenton, a young Canadian, was traveling in Europe when the war broke out. He was enjoying the luxury of unlimited means, and the transition from the position of newspaper reporter and real estate salesman in Montreal to a millionaire touring the Continent, was still novel. When the war broke out he was in Austria and had to cross the line into Russia. Returning to enlist, he finds it necessary to travel through the Balkans and in Ionia calls on his old friend, Percival Varden, who has married the Baroness Draschol and settled down in Serajoz, the capital. Ionia is bound to be drawn into the war and rival factions are fighting to direct her course. Fenton goes to a royal ball and meets Princess Olga, daughter of Prince Peter, leader of the faction fighting to enlist Ionia with the allies; and falls in love with her. He happens to overhear the assassination of Prince Peter planned at a meeting of the Society of Crossed Swords, which has been formed in the interests of an Austro-Germanic alliance. His presence is discovered and he narrowly escapes being shot. He meets Miridoff, the leader of the society, in the ballroom and finds that he is a marked man. Fenton cannot find either Peter or Varden and so tells his story to Princess Olga. On the way home from the ball Fenton is fired at, but escapes unhurt. He accompanies Varden to a secret meeting of representatives of the Allies where plans are discussed for Ionia's entry into the war. The Russian envoy serves notice that Ionia must act quickly if she desires to win back her two provinces now held by Austria. After the meeting, Fenton is introduced to Anna Petrowa, a famous dancer, who is in Serajoz as a Russian secret service agent. An attempt is made to assassinate Peter as he leaves the meeting. Fenton and Varden succeed in saving Peter's life. Next morning, Miridoff, who has been chosen by King Alexander as the future husband of Princess Olga, calls upon her to communicate the King's wishes and meets with a rebuff. That day General Pau, the French hero, passes through Serajoz on his way to Russia, and is given a great reception, stage-managed by Fenton. Next day, as a result of the riots in Serajoz, Prince Peter decides to send the Princess to Kail Baleski, his country estate. Anna Petrowa learns of a plot to waylay her and carry her off into the mountains as a hostage against her father's activity in the allied cause. Fenton follows in Varden's motor car and reaches Kail Baleski to find that the abduction has been successfully carried out. Here he meets Phil Crane, a young English engineer who has been working in the Ionian oil fields, and has just escaped from detention. Crane accompanies Fenton into the mountains where they meet Take Larescu, the leader of the hill people who offers to help them. In the meantime Olga is taken to an old hunting lodge near Miridoff's estates and is there kept a prisoner. Miridoff, who believes that Anna Petrowa can be depended upon to work in his interests, places her in the lodge with the Princess and later goes there himself.



The darkness closed down more dense than ever over the tightly clenched figures. They swayed this way and that, careless of the death that faced them both if they went a foot too far.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

WITH an air of complete assurance, Miridoff drew a chair up close, and sat down. "I can now see that your abduction was a mistake," he went on. "At least, it has been found unnecessary from a purely political standpoint. The advantage we thought to gain by getting you into our power was, of course, to hold you as a hostage against the continued activity of your august father. Two days ago, when all Serajoz was clamoring for war on Austria, our only hope seemed to be to force the Prince to abandon the allied cause. Since, then, however, the militant wing of our party has prevailed, and a plan has been put into operation that cannot fail—" he paused and regarded her with an air of intense satisfaction—"to bring Ionia into the war against Russia by this time to-mor-

row! The active opposition of your royal father is no longer to be feared. I have a reason for explaining this which you will perhaps divine later."

"Then you have come to tell me that I am free?"

"Not at all," replied Miridoff, his complacency quite unruffled by the scorn that manifested itself in her tones. "It is no longer necessary to detain you for political reasons—the comings and goings of a hundred princesses could now have no effect on the course of events. But there is still a personal matter to be settled between us!"

He leaned forward in his chair and regarded her with an insolently possessive smile. As his gaze rested on her slender girlish figure and appraised the rich beauty of her face, complacency gradually gave way to passion and determination.

"You refused to marry me," he said abruptly, sharply. "I have come to give

you certain reasons for changing your mind."

The Princess replied with quiet contempt and a determination equal to his own.

"I refuse to discuss the subject with you. My decision was final. You may keep me here for ever. You may kill me. You cannot force me to marry you!"

Miridoff stood up and regarded her sombrely.

"Since our first talk on this subject I have not flattered myself that I could win you in any other way than by force," he said. "Consequently, you must be forced to marry me. This is what I have decided."

He took a stride up and down the room before halting again in front of her. His tone, when he began to speak again, was much the same as he would have employed in outlining a military manoeuvre. He could see but one side of the situation—his own determination to conquer the girl and the plan he had formed to accomplish that purpose. That she would suffer in the carrying out of that plan, had not been taken into consideration. If this side of it had occurred to him, he would have dismissed it as an inevitable factor in any conflict of wills, but a quite negligible factor.

"Last evening his Highness Prince Peter found it necessary to take the train for a point near the Mulkovinian border. We know the mission on which he was bound and we are also well informed with reference to his future movements. This morning he left Bradosk on horseback and rode over to Ronda. He left Ronda three hours ago and expects to visit two other points during the night.

"As I said before, the influence and the activities of Prince Peter are now of no real consequence. In the face of the magnificent train of events which come to a culminating point to-night, your royal father is impotent, his efforts futile. But still, we do not believe in taking any risks. Sometimes the impossible happens. The success of our campaign will be just so much more certain if Peter is put out of the way.

"The road that he travels to-night runs through thick woods. At a spot particularly well suited for the purpose will be stationed a member of the Society of Crossed Swords, one who has the reputation of being the best marksman in the north provinces. His Highness is now beyond reach of any message. Even if his own party at Serajoz knew of his danger, they could not get a message of warning to him; for at Ronda he altered his previous plans and struck out in a new direction. There are no telegraph wires in the section where Prince Peter rides to-night."

He paused in front of her. "The inference," and his voice was cunningly modulated to deepen the effect of his words, "is that your august father will not reach Serajoz."

Olga listened to the recital of this monstrous plan in silence, her mind literally numbed by its unexpectedness and its brutality. The one terrible fact obsessed her mind: Her father rode that night to his death and no power on earth

could save him. She was powerless to exercise her woman's quick wit. She did not attempt to reason. It did not even occur to her to question the truth of what he had told her. The diabolical nature of the plot caused her all the more readily to accept as true his matter-of-fact explanation of it.

Miridoff had paused but, as the girl did not speak, he went on in the same deliberate, even tone.

"The plan was not of my making. In fact in view of the relations between us, I was opposed to it—at first. I gave my consent knowing that I still had the power to stop the carrying out of that plan. The man selected for the work has gone. It was a wise selection; he is the most determined man we have. There is only one thing that will prevent him from carrying out the mission on which he has been sent. If this ring," he drew a gold band from his finger and held it up before her, "were carried to him, he would put his pistols back in his belt and return forthwith to Kirkalisse. A messenger who knows the mountain roads could leave here within the next three hours and arrive in time to save your father's life."

All the time he had been talking Olga had sat with head bowed in statute-like rigidity. At last she lifted her head wearily, as if the physical movement were an effort. There was no longer defiance or determination in her glance. A dull fear was there, and unwilling acquiescence. She had no other choice.

"What is your price?" she asked.

Miridoff slipped the ring back on his finger. "It will be sent when you are my wife," he said.

There was another pause. When Olga spoke again her voice was quiet but with an oddly strained tone. "Tell me all," she said. "You have a plan—"

"Yes, I have arranged everything," replied Miridoff. "I have kept before me this consideration, that no hint of what occurs this night must ever be known to others. When the Grand Duke Miridoff weds the Princess Olga it must be in the cathedral at Serajoz with the full sanction and in the presence of His Majesty the King. But in the meantime, if the life of your Highness's father is to be saved, the link must be forged that will bind you to me. To-night a band of wandering gypsies are camped in the Hawk's Rest, a short distance from here. I have arranged with the chief of the gypsies that to-night he will marry over the tongs a man and woman who will come to him. The contracting parties will be masked, so that not even the chief himself will know who it is he has joined together. When the ceremony has been performed, this ring is to be handed to him to be carried by one of the young men of the tribe to a certain rendezvous where waits the best marksman in the north country.

"I have arranged it in this way," went on Miridoff, "to convince you of the sincerity of my intentions. See, I give the ring to you as an earnest of my good faith. After the ceremony you shall hand it yourself to the gypsy chief, and see it passed to the messenger."

He looked at her steadily a moment, then went on: "There is one thing else. Let me warn you. The gypsy chief is the only one who shares with me the knowledge as to where the messenger is to be sent, and he is too completely in my power to be amenable to pressure from any source. So you see—it is only by obeying me in every particular that you can save your father's life."

Olga had subsided on the couch, her head resting on her arms. Deep fear and a sense of the hopelessness of further struggle against this clever spider who had caught her in his web, took possession of her. She knew there was no way out.

"The plan I propose is too irregular to please me," pursued Miridoff, "but it is the only possible solution. In three hours I must start out on a work of great importance. There is not a priest who could be brought here within the time and, in any case, this is the only way that can bind you to me without advertising the method of our union to a gossiping world. Marry me to-night and to-morrow you return to Kail Baleski. It shall be given out that you have been rescued from the brigands who carried you off and at once our marriage shall be properly solemnized before the Patriarch of Ironia. Is it not a most romantic marriage I am offering you?"

Olga stood up and faced him. Something of all that she was giving up, things known, and things hoped for, seemed to present itself to her then, in that fleeting moment. She covered her face in her hands. "I will marry you," she whispered.

"Good," cried Miridoff, "I knew you would see the matter in its right light, my pretty one. But, come, no more of this pettishness. You have taken the step now. Can you not trust me that you will not regret it?"

She remained quite motionless.

"I must go now," he went on, "In three hours' time you must be at Hawk's Rest. You must go alone. My men here will direct you. You will be given a mask."

He turned and strode towards the door. Arriving there, he paused and turned back. There was a moment's silence. Confused and distressed in mind as she was, Olga was conscious of a change in his attitude.

"Olga," he cried, his arrogant composure giving away before a deeper emotion. "Although to-night I have it in my power to make and unmake empires, I would rather fail in my mission than lose you. I told you that I would force you to marry me, and now I almost believe I am better satisfied to get you in this way. It has come down from the days of the cave man that an unwilling bride sometimes makes the best wife. Measure the depth of my love by the extremes I have adopted to get you!"

Her words followed hot upon his. "Listen, your Grace," she cried, suddenly and passionately, "I am prepared to marry you to save my father's life. I do not know if he is really in your power as you say. It may be that you have lied. You are capable of gross trickery. But I can't withhold my consent on such

a chance. The possibility of danger to my father is the only consideration. I will marry you—But do not be too sure, your Grace, that an unwilling bride makes a good wife! And if I find that you have tricked me—or if any harm befall my father now or at any future time—I swear I will kill you!"

CHAPTER XVI.

The Rescuing Party

"I WONDER how much further we have to go?"

Fenton voiced the query with rising impatience. For the past three hours they had been following a tortuous trail up and down the mountain side and the Canadian had chafed at the unavoidable slowness of their march. Beside him tramped Crane, his head with its flaring mop of red hair bent resolutely forward. Ahead of them was the towering figure of Take Larescu, and dotted back along the path by which they had come was a long file of hill men.

"Can't be much further," said Crane. "Larescu said we would make it in a little over three hours and we must have been on the tramp fully that long now. I've come to the conclusion our bulky friend means everything he says. Even when he hashes up our proverbs and wise English saws, he gets more sense into them than the originators."

"Larescu is a wonder," affirmed Fenton. "Talk about organization! He's got this hill country trimmed into better shape than a political ward in New York. Now, how do you suppose he found where the Princess was being kept?"

"Well, he had five hours to work in while we were sleeping," said Crane. "News travels fast in the mountains. You may not credit it but word is passed along faster up here than in a crowded city. These hill people can communicate with each other from one peak to another. Fact. They've learned to pitch their voices so high the sound carries to almost incredible distances. I've seen proofs of it. Larescu probably has agents at Kirkalisse who ferreted out the news for him and then passed it along."

They tramped on for a few minutes in silence.



Crane was thorough in his methods. He promptly left the task of trussing up the operator and dragged the girl into the room with more force than ceremony, taking the precaution to close the door and sternly admonishing her the while to keep silent.

"Miridoff is up to all the tricks," said Fenton, finally. "It would never have done for him to have had the Princess taken to Kirkalisse. By holding her up in this deserted hunting lodge, he keeps himself clear of any blame in case of a miscarriage of his plans. But it's lucky for us he was so cunning. Getting the Princess safely away will be a comparatively easy matter now."

"I am not so sure of that myself," rejoined Crane. "I think this grand ducal enemy of yours has something up his sleeve. In fact, I'm looking forward to a stiff fight."

Larescu, some distance in front of them, had reached the crest of the precipitous mountain side up which they had so laboriously worked their way. He turned back and stretched out his arm toward the west. On the slope of a distant hill rose the black towers of a building of imposing dimensions.

"Kirkalisse," said Larescu. He regarded the distant castle with a lowering frown. "I have a long score to settle with the master of Kirkalisse, a score dating back ten years. The balance is in his favor so far but—perhaps to-night I shall exact heavy payment for the wrongs the Grand Duke has done!"

"Are we far from the lodge?" asked Fenton, eagerly.

"My impulsive young friend, accept this assurance that in half an hour Her Royal Highness shall be safely in our hands," said Larescu. "Do not worry. Everything is arranged. I have set my hand to the plow—as your proverb goes—and I shall gather no moss."

Half an hour later, in response to a warning gesture from Larescu they stopped on the edge of a large clearing in the thick forest through which the latter part of their journey had taken them. It was rapidly growing dark but at the far end of the clearing it was still possible to discern the outlines of a frame building of picturesque design. Two paths led to this structure, the one by which they had come and a second and wider road which wound off through the forest in the opposite direction.

"Your Princess is there," whispered Crane pointing to the building.

Fenton glanced eagerly across the clearing and dimly made out the figure of a man pacing up and down in front of the lodge with a rifle over his shoulder. As he looked a second figure emerged from the lodge and, after a brief word with the sentry, strode briskly along the second path. There was something familiar about the carriage of this man that won Fenton's attention.

"Crane, that is Miridoff," he whispered to his companion, motioning after the receding figure. "I couldn't get a glimpse of his face but I'm sure it's our man. That path must lead to Kirkalisse."

Crane figured his revolver with a speculative air.

"I'm a fair shot, Fenton," he said. "It might save a lot of trouble if I potted him now."

"It wouldn't do," replied Fenton. "We have no positive proofs of his complicity yet and a murder charge is just as serious a matter here as it is under British law. No, I think we can safely leave the punishment of the Grand Duke to our doughty Larescu."

The leader of the hill men turned at this moment and cautiously made his way back to them.

"There are but two or three armed men at the lodge," he said. "We can

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TWELVE PILLARS OF SUCCESS

The Stimulus of a Great Purpose

NUMBER SEVEN

ANY dead fish can float down stream, but it takes a live fish to swim up stream. Your purpose, your firm determination to succeed in whatever you undertake, will carry you up stream, no matter how strong the current, or what obstacles may oppose you. If you have no purpose, if your determination is weak, wavering, like a dead fish, you will float down stream with multitudes of other human derelicts who haven't enough vim or will power to force their way up stream.

It does not matter how much ability you have, if you lack that power of resolution which knows no surrender, which fixes on its goal and never turns back, you will not achieve anything that is worth while, anything that is distinctive.

In this day of sharp, close competition it is only those who fling the weight of their whole lives into their vocation who can succeed in any marked, individual way. A half-hearted or indifferent purpose produces only half-hearted results.

A new howitzer in use on the European battlefield throws a shell more than twenty-five miles. But in order to do this there must be a certain amount of propulsive explosive back of the shell. It must be confined and liberated in a certain manner. If the gunner should put in only half the required amount of powder the shell, of course, would never reach its mark. It would fall short just in proportion to the lack of energy back of it. It is not only necessary to have ample powder back of the shell, but it must be the best powder; it must contain the maximum of energy. No army could afford to face the enemy with lifeless powder.

People everywhere are going into the battle of life with poor or insufficient powder, and, naturally, they fall short of their mark.

THE projectile power of your ambition depends wholly on the vigor of the determination behind it. What you accomplish will depend on the live energy of your purpose, the enthusiasm and will power you put into your efforts to achieve.

It is pitiable to see multitudes of young men weakly longing for success, but not willing to pay the price for the big things they desire. They do not seem to realize that there is a tremendous difference between wishing to get on and determining to get on, between the desire that has no "must" in it and the desire which grips every fibre of one's being with a determination to win at any cost. They have not had it impressed on them that

the difference between a mediocre career and a superb career is the difference between waiting for something favorable to turn up, for some big opportunity, waiting for help, for somebody to boost us, and taking off one's coat and plunging into a career with a grim determination which knows no defeat.

Write it in your heart that there is no success worth the name outside of what a man or a woman achieves through his or her own efforts.

The world is full of people who are waiting to be pushed, boosted, helped, but they will never be anything but weaklings. If they do succeed through pull or influence in getting the place they long for, they will not have the ability to hold it. I know men who are always talking of the wonderful things they would have done if they had only had a chance such as others have had; if they could only have gone to college; if they could have had special training for the thing they wanted to do. But they had nobody to send them to college, nobody to help them make their lives more complete, their achievement more worth while. Experience and observation have convinced me that those who make such excuses for their mediocre lives would not have amounted to much no matter what their advantages.

THE youth who is determined knows that his opportunity for the job above him lies right in the thing he is doing. He knows that the key that will open the door to the thing he desires is in his own hand. The power that sends the man to his mark is not influence, pull, or outside capital; it is the initiative energy, the willingness, the completeness and superiority which he puts into whatever he undertakes. The propelling force is all within himself, and he knows very well that, if this does not open the door to the higher things he is striving for nothing else will.

There is no possibility of holding back the youth who has made up his mind to get on in the world. He finds an opportunity in every study he masters, in every letter he writes, in every errand he does, in his manners, in his dress, in his manly bearing toward his elders, in his chivalric consideration for those weaker than himself. He finds one in his willingness to do more than he is asked to do, more than he is paid for, in being polite and attentive to all with whom he comes in contact. In short, he finds plenty of opportunities every day which will lead to his longed-for advancement and he uses

them as stepping stones to promotion. He doesn't have half as much difficulty in finding opportunities as in finding time to improve them.

I have before me a letter from a young man asking me to tell him "how to make things happen." Now, as I have told this correspondent, the young man who has a definite goal in view, who is in earnest in his purpose to attain his ambition and make his life count will not ask anyone to tell him how he can make things happen. The Gladstones, the Disraelis, the Stratheonas, the Liptons, the men of the past and present everywhere who swam up stream to their goal did not ask anyone to tell them how they could make things happen.

IN this world a man must be either pusher or pushed. If he does not make things happen, they will not happen at all, so far as he is concerned. The dawdler, the idler, the undecided, easy-going man who does not quite know his own mind, who doesn't know exactly what he wants, who is always wobbling in his opinion, irresolute of purpose never makes things happen. If you are going to accomplish anything you must brace up and bring into action the resources the Creator has implanted within yourself, and make use of those outside of you on every hand only waiting to be utilized.

The world makes way for the determined man. It is push, energy, forcefulness, virility, character and firm decision, tenacity of purpose, a single, unwavering aim, a lofty ambition and clear grit that make things happen. If you wait for some one to set things moving or to tell you just when and where and how you can do this you will float down stream in company with other dead fishes.

Napoleon said that "God is always on the side of the strongest battalions." In the moral sense that is true. He is always on the side of the best prepared, the best trained, the most vigilant, the pluckiest, and the most determined.

That door ahead of you through which you are grumbling that you can't force an entrance is probably closed because you have closed it—closed it by lack of training; by a lack of ambition, energy and push. While, perhaps, you have been waiting for someone else to give you the key to open it, a pluckier, grittier fellow has stepped in ahead of you and opened it himself. Power gravitates to the determined man.

IHAVE never known a young man who "thinks" he will, or "will try to" do a certain thing ever to amount to much. It is the man whom you cannot keep from doing what he undertakes that gets there. I know many youths and young men of this sort who are so wedded to their one unwavering aim, so determined to realize it that you might as well try to defy the law of gravitation as to try to keep them back. One of these is totally blind, yet he made up his mind to be a doctor, and in spite of his fearful handicap studied medicine and has won his M.D. diploma. Two boys, one of whom has lost a leg, and the other both legs, are earning money to pay their expenses at college. Their misfortune did not rob them of courage and resourcefulness, and make them a burden to their relatives. It only seemed to whet their desire to make good. I know perfectly well that unless something unforeseen overtakes them they are going to carry out their aim.

Many a man with nothing like the handicaps of those youths has tried to justify his failure on the ground that he was doomed by the bad cards which fate dealt him; that he had none other with which to play the game, and that no effort, however great, on his part, could materially change the result.

That is the excuse of a fatalist. There is no room or need for it in the programme of a determined person. The fate that deals your cards is in the main your own resolution. The result of the game does not rest with fate or destiny, but with you. You will take the trick if you have

the superior energy, ability, and determination requisite to take it. You have the power within yourself to change the value of the cards which fate has dealt, because there is no fate outside of yourself. The game depends upon your self-training, upon the way you are disciplined to seize and use your opportunities, and upon your ability to put grit in the place of superior advantages. It all depends on the vigor of your resolution and the stamina and grit which back it up with downright hard work and persistent endeavor to win.

TO the winning soul there are no insurmountable obstacles. Opposition only increases his determination, strengthens the tenacity of his purpose. It gives stability, fortitude and endurance. It is the weak, wishy-washy resolution, the dilettante effort that fails. The youth who is made of the stuff that wins is so dead in earnest that his purpose reinforces itself just in proportion as it is opposed.

Dead-in-earnestness always accompanies firmness of purpose and other success qualities. It is never found alone. It is a member of a large family of excellences. Every employer likes to surround himself with dead-in-earnest souls. He knows he can trust them always to do everything entrusted to them as well as it can be done because they are ambitious to make the best and most of themselves.

No man ever amounts to much in this world who is afraid to tackle things that "can't be done," who is afraid to attempt what others term the impossible.

Nearly everything of importance that has been done in the history of the world at one time appeared impossible. Civilization would still be in an elemental stage but for the fact that things that seemed impossible to the majority of people have been done.

Some people have not the moral courage, the persistence, the force of character, to get the things out of the way which stand between them and their ambition. They allow themselves to be pushed this way and that way into things for which they have no fitness or taste. They haven't strengthened their backbone, their will power sufficiently to enable them to fight their way to their goal. In fact they have no goal, no definite purpose in view, and they get nowhere.

Without a definite aim it is impossible to make any headway. "Nobody ever drifted into Heaven." Purpose alone enters there. Nobody ever drifts into anything desirable. Everything worth while in this world is attained only by struggle, by striving to enter in. "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way," does not alone apply to Heaven. You must know what your goal is, and you must make straight for it. This is what gives meaning and happiness to life. A person without a worthy aim doesn't really live; he merely exists. When there is nothing to look forward to, to struggle for, life has lost its savor. A worthy aim gives dignity to the humblest every-day task. It explains life itself.

An all absorbing worthy aim is as necessary to a right life as the character of Hamlet is to Shakespeare's great drama. It is the only thing that justifies life. If we are not here for some God-given purpose, to deliver some message of helpfulness to the world, to help to carry out some splendid design, it were better not to be here at all. We must either fling ourselves into our work with an unflinching determination to make it count for something, to lift it above commonness, weakness, or indifference, to go up stream at all costs, or we must resign ourselves to float down stream. Nothing can save us from failure but the mighty stimulus of a great aim and the resolute determination that no matter how long we may be delayed from its accomplishment, or how far we may be swerved aside by mistakes or iron circumstances, we shall never give up striving until our efforts shall be crowned with success.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Will Submarines Bring Peace?

The Development of Under-Sea Fighting May Render War Impossible.

WILL the perfecting of the submarine ultimately impose peace on the world? This question is raised and answered emphatically in the affirmative in the course of an article by Hubert Quick in the *American Magazine*. He contends that in years to come the submarine, a developed force with every nation, will have raised the possibilities of warfare to such a degree that war will be practically impossible. He first demonstrates the real might of sea power as it has existed in the past:

Whatever arguments may be advanced for or against Italy's action in joining the Entente powers, history will render the verdict that she had no real choice. She could not join the Germanic powers so long as the British navy floated undefeated. Germany's inability to attain command of the sea made it suicidal for Italy to cast her lot with the central empires. A declaration of war would have exposed the longest, most populous coast in Europe to the scourge of naval operations. Neutrality was the best Germany could expect from her, short of national self-destruction, and gradually it became certain that neutrality was impossible. By remaining neutral she isolated herself. After the war she would not have had a friend in the world, and on her northern border would have stood the Germanic hosts, probably as foes. The choice she made may have been perilous; but it was not so dangerous as no choice would have been.

Sea power thus again becomes the dominant force in shaping history. The British fleet has given Britain three million soldiers, and an alliance with a Power which may decide the war. The great historic situation illuminates as by a calcium light the truth which our own Admiral Mahan taught the world in his books. For more than two thousand years Destiny has given power into the hands of the people having command of the sea.

He then proceeds to demonstrate that Germany understands the significance of sea power and is striving to "pull down" Great Britain.

"God punish England!" This is now the German toast. Does it not recall the cry of that old Roman "Carthage must be destroyed," reiterated until it dominated the psychology of Rome? And the reason

back of the two cries is the same: Germany is now what Rome was then—and keenly conscious of it. Germany believes that Great Britain is deficient in character, in morals, in efficiency. She feels that ancient Roman urge to conquer what she regards as a decadent empire and take over her still enormous assets. Rome did that with Carthage after she had conquered Carthage at sea. Germany feels that it would be easy for her to do the same thing with the British Empire, if it were not for the "infernal" British navy, still ruling the seas, save for that new invention, the submarine. Hating what she despises but yet cannot defeat, she raises the long howl of Rome in her hymns of hate, and her "God punish England." So are the grim dramas of yore re-enacted in this our twentieth century.

The idea that submarines will shear the Dreadnought of its power—not in this war but in the future—is introduced as follows:

The submarine is the negation of sea power. It equalizes things as between nations. It creates a universal stalemate at sea. It can destroy commerce, but it cannot safeguard it. It can sink any other warship except another submarine—which it cannot see nor follow. It can prevent the transport of troops by water, thus putting an end to conquests like many of those of the past. It fills the world with terror, and calls it "war." It makes real war by sea impossible—literally so, just as debating is impossible between a deaf man and a blind one. These statements are somewhat anticipatory; they relate to the very near future, when submarines will be as plentiful off every defended shore as mooring buoys are in a yacht harbor.

The future history of the world will be far different from what it would otherwise have been, because of the submarine. The master-

ship of the seas has passed from every nation. Defence is made perfectly practicable against overseas expeditions everywhere. Japan and Great Britain are forever safe from invasion, once their submarine forces are fully developed; but they are capable of being starved by their enemies. We of continental situation are in better case than ever before as against transmarine foes, actual or potential.

The submarine is for us in itself a mechanical and scientific Monroe Doctrine which is self-executing. Germany may as well abandon forever any hope of transplanting her flag to other lands which must be reached by sea, unless they are in too backward a state to take advantage of this new invention and are undefended by a strong power.

The division of the world among the nations must stand as it is, save as it is affected by the present war. The submarine is an effective "action to quiet title" of all nations to their colonies. It



The Word-Lord.

Kaiser (to Uncle Sam): "Everything can be explained; I can put the whole thing in a nutshell, if you'll only listen to me for three years, or during the duration of the war."—Bernard Partridge, in *Punch*.

robs Great Britain of the command of the seas, but it confirms her in what she has gained by it—unless her colonies revolt and use the submarine to defend their shores. It cuts off North America from any possible war with South America, as soon as we and the South American nations provide ourselves with the new weapon of defence. It gives us only two possible enemies with whom we can wage real war—Canada and Mexico. It makes it impossible for Canada to receive aid from the mother country in such a case, assuming the possession on our part of the hundreds and hundreds of submarines which the situation will soon call for. It

coops China, India, and Russia and the rest of Europe with Japan on the Eurasian continent as effectually, so far as war is concerned, as before the invention of the mariner's compass. It makes the Australasian Powers safe from the yellows and browns. It carries out over all the seas a stalemate as complete as that which exists in the trenches in France, a stalemate in which real naval battles are impossible, in which destructive war on commerce is raised to the nth power, and in which world intercourse must be based on peace, or so far abandoned as to make the very existence of the insular commercial peoples hazardous.

The New Idea at Sing Sing

Convicts are Now Treated as Human Beings—The Results.

DOWN at Sing Sing prison in New York there is a man who is working out a big idea. The new warden, Thomas Mott Osborne, is treating the prisoners as human beings instead of as dangerous beasts. The results that he is getting under the new system are treated by Richard Harding Davis in an article in the *New York Times*. He first establishes the fact that before Osborne's time, conditions in Sing Sing were abominably bad.

It was built in 1835 and in 1846 it was condemned. That was eleven years after it was built, or, seventy years ago. During those seventy years in New York City on many street corners building after building has been erected, each better than the last. In any big American city the contractors can, in a few months, wreck a skyscraper and in its place run up another.

But Sing Sing remains just as it was in 1835, except that with each year it has grown more of a menace to health, and public decency and safety. It belongs to the dark ages. To the days of dungeons, thumbscrews, and cat-o'-nine-tails. Indeed, not so long ago, in Sing Sing, men were strung up and beaten with the "paddle."

In Sing Sing there are 200 cells into which in eighty years the sun has never penetrated. I have stood in them on the hottest of June days, and with my hand felt the walls sweating and dripping with moisture.

These cells are so small that if you try to turn or walk in one of them you wipe the damp walls with your body. The cells are insanitary, filled with vermin, exhaling decay. The number of men the prison has killed, has driven mad, has for life crippled with rheumatism, or inoculated with unspeakable diseases will never be known.

In those days every one in the prison was at the mercy of spies and stool pigeons. Everybody suspected everybody, every one feared treachery, keepers took money from the prisoners for smuggling in morphine and whisky and then claimed credit for finding it on them. To get favors or advancement, prisoners betrayed other prisoners, keepers set traps for other keepers. The Superintendent of Prisons had his spies, the Warden and the P.K. had their stool pigeons.

With the advent of Thos. Mott Osborne began a new order of things at Sing Sing. He put the theories of the prison reformers to actual test. Mr. Davis tells of the Osborne reforms as follows:

He permitted the men to talk. He removed the "screws," as the keepers are called, from the workshops, mess hall, and yards. The men are now guarded by members of the league.

He put an end to that notorious torture known as the "dark cell."

Subject to revision by himself, he placed the punishments for infractions of prison rules in the hands of prisoners elected by prisoners.

He permitted them to write as many letters as they liked.

Instead of locking them in their cells over Sunday and holidays, he allows them to spend the day in the yard.

In the days of "barbarism," if a holiday fell on a Sunday, as this year the Fourth of July fell on Sunday, the prisoners were locked in from Saturday until Tuesday. As a result, holidays and Sundays were hated and regarded only as unmerited and cruel punishments.

He gave the men permission to smoke in the yards.

He allowed them to wear such shirts, collars, and ties as other men wear. This may seem a small privilege, but getting rid of the prison shirt gave the men a feeling of self-respect, and every one of them who could afford it availed himself of the privilege.

Of the twenty-five privileges enumerated in the official bulletin of the Welfare League, and upon which the members congratulate themselves, this opportunity to dress like men "outside" is quoted first. Others enumerated in the bulletin are:

3. Cigarettes, cigars, and tobacco are now allowed to be sent to us.

4. All men may now receive monthly visits.

5. Inmates are allowed to keep their own stamps. This allows one inmate to help another in the matter of postage.

6. Instead of being locked in the cells evenings, we are invited to attend lectures, moving pictures, song recitals, classes in stenography, telegraphy, drafting.

12. Allowing inmates to attend the burial of parents and wives.

13. Allowing inmates when relatives are leaving to kiss and embrace them.

And what of the results. Criticism of the Osborne method is very bitter in some quarters. It is charged that slackness and laziness have become common. Two prisoners have escaped; and the incidents have been much magnified. Richard Harding Davis sums up the results in a series of anecdotes. Here is one of them:

On July 3 there was a baseball game in the prison yard. From the Hudson River the yard is shut in by an iron fence. Stretching between the fence and the river is a strip of land forty feet wide. To prevent foul flies from going into the river they had stationed on this strip George Saber, a third-term prisoner.

For an escape Saber was already on the right side of the fence. The "screws" had been removed from the towers.

In their places were fellow-prisoners who were unarmed. George could swim like a fish. And not a hundred yards away canoes, rowboats, and steam launches filled with holiday makers were passing. No one was watching George. Everybody was inside the fence with his back to George, watching the game. He had only to slip off his shoes, slide into the water, and strike out for the Jersey shore or for the nearest launch. If he called to those in it for help, they could not let a drowning man sink. But upon temptation and the river George turned his back. He had his duty to perform. He must retrieve the foul balls.

With his eyes raised expectantly George heard from behind him a cry for help. No one else heard it. Every one else was still intent upon the game. Even the lookouts in the towers. So they did not see George Saber kick off his shoes and dive into the river. They did not see



him swim 150 yards to an upturned canoe and carry to shore one after the other a young girl and a boy. They only heard of it later when the men in the hospital ward, who had seen the rescue from the windows, told of it. George himself

The War in Washington

How Amenities are Observed Between the Representatives of Belligerent Nations.

HERE are few phases of the war which present any humorous aspects whatever; but some amusement is obtainable over the situation at Washington where the representatives of the warring nations are at daggers-drawn. The embassies at the American capital are living in a state that "is something less than war and something more than armed neutrality."

William Nelson Taft contributes a sketchy article to *Munsey's Magazine* in this subject, saying in part:

Whenever one European army has pushed another into a lake or across a river, confusion worse confounded has raged among Washington's teacups. While brigades and regiments have marched and counter-marched in lands across the sea, diplomats here have taken roundabout ways or have wholly disappeared in the interests of diplomacy and the preservation of appearances.

One phase of the matter is that all the representatives of the nations at war remained quietly "at home" during the social season of last winter and spring, and, ostensibly accepted no invitations. On one occasion, however, a Washington hostess persuaded the ambassador from Russia and Mme. Bakhmeteff to attend a "small dinner" which she desired to give in their honor. With the expectation and conviction that the hostess would have sufficient tact to give the dinner neither advertisement nor notoriety, Mme. Bakhmeteff accepted the invitation, and a date was fixed for the function.

On the morning of the day set for the dinner one of the Washington papers carried in its society columns the announcement that "the Russian ambassador and Mme. Bakhmeteff will be the guests of honor at a dinner to be given this evening by Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So." Before noon the hostess received a short note, written on the stationery of the Imperial Russian Embassy, to the following effect:

M. and Mme. Bakhmeteff regret extremely that a sudden and imperative call to New York will prevent their attendance at dinner this evening.

The ambassador and his wife actually made a hurried trip to New York rather than depart from their previously announced intention of not "going out."

Thursday is "diplomatic day" at the State Department. This is a custom which has come down from John W. Foster, Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Harrison. Every diplomat who has any business whatever to transact with the Secretary of State calls at the department on that day and awaits his turn to see the premier.

Since August 1 of last year, Thursdays have been busy days in the corridors of the State Department, particularly for Eddie Savoy, the colored messenger assigned to the diplomatic anteroom since

knocked for admittance at the prison gate.

"Let me in," he said. "I got to go to my cell to change my clothes."

They let him in. His chance was gone. Again he was on the wrong side of the fence.

"The British ambassador was due here five minutes ago, and I didn't want to run any chances of open hostilities!"

The question whether the representatives of two warring countries should speak to each other when they met in the street or at the club was one that caused some confusion during the first part of the trouble abroad. The representatives of the Latin countries saw no reason why friendships of long standing should be broken off to the extent of failing to notice the presence of the other ambassadors. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, on the other hand, is said to have declared that he would not speak to the representative of any country at war with Great Britain. The British ambassador had not been in Washington very long, and had not formed any close friendships in the diplomatic corps.

The question was finally adjusted on the basis of a precedent established during the Russo-Japanese War. During the struggle, the ambassador from Japan met the ambassador from Russia, then the dean of the diplomatic corps, in the halls of the State Department. The representative of the Mikado bowed low as he passed, and then straightened up with the remark:

"I salute the dean of the corps, not the representative of the Czar!"

M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, being the present dean of the diplomatic corps, the German and Austrian envoys salute him when they meet in the street or at the Metropolitan Club, and he returns the salutation. The other representatives of warring countries usually fail to notice the presence of their enemies—a condition which has given rise to not a little confusion when meetings were unavoidable and unforeseen.

As far as possible, the members of the corps who are not on amicable terms have avoided going to any place where they would be likely to meet representatives of the nations with which they are at war.



The lightning rod agent.

The result has been a veritable cleavage in Washington society. As the ambassadors and attachés from Germany and Austria do not care to meet the ambassadors and attachés from Great Britain, France, Japan, Russia, and Belgium, the hostesses of the capital have been divided into two camps, the Germanic and the Allied. Any one who entertains the representatives of one of the warring factions cannot entertain those of the other, and the decision, once made, must be abided by.

"Those who entertain us," is the way in which one diplomat phrased the situation, and the separating line has been sharply and distinctly drawn.

During the earlier days of the war, Washington hostesses failed to take the matter as seriously as did the representatives of the countries engaged, and it frequently happened that attachés of embassies which were not on speaking terms were invited to the same social function. When one hostess made the *faux pas* of inviting M. Jusserand and Councillor Dumba to the same dinner, the diplomatic corps took counsel and decided that in future no one connected with an embassy should attend any function unless the hostess had been asked if there would be present anybody whose attendance would not be "felicitous." Word to this effect was passed around the circle of

Washington's drawing-rooms, with the result that more care was thenceforth exercised in the list of invitations, and diplomatic friction was cut down to a minimum.

Before it was officially announced that the death of Mrs. Wilson would prevent the holding of any of the usual receptions at the White House, speculation was rife as to what would be the result of the Diplomatic Reception, the first of the four official functions given by the President every winter. It was obvious that the presence of the representatives of powers which were at war would be extremely embarrassing, to say the least, and that any number of unpleasant incidents would be likely to arise from such a gathering. On the other hand, it would not be etiquette for any member of the diplomatic corps to decline to attend, unless his embassy was in formal mourning.

If the reception had been held, it probably would have been in line with the one at the Italian court, where the foreign representatives, by tacit consent, came in two bodies—the Germans, Austrians, and Turks at one time during the evening and the Allies later. The Spanish ambassador, according to the press reports, acted as toast-master, and carefully avoided expressing any sentiments which might be offensive to those present.

sures were summarily rejected without detailed consideration, while others were so radically changed that the Duma would not accept them in their amended form and they were consequently dropped. Nearly all of them were opposed in the Council of the Empire by the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Justice, or the Procurator of the Holy Synod.

Professor Maxim Kovalevski, who is himself a member of the Council from the universities, says:

"The upper house is regarded by the Duma as a brake on the wheel of the most undesirable kind, nullifying all its legislative work. The attacks of the Duma are becoming more and more frequent, and there is much to justify them. . . . The Imperial Council is not popular, and at the next election the Opposition will probably talk of trying to cut its claws; but any attempt of the kind will be futile. It contains too many high officers of Court and knights decorated with the Order of St. Andrew, too many Knights of the White Eagle and St. Vladimir, too many former or future ministers, for the fear of displeasing the Duma to have any influence on its conduct."

Although the Duma is so hampered by the powers of the upper chamber that it can show little in the way of tangible results, it is nevertheless a great power for good. As Mr. Kennan explains:

In a country that is subject to autocratic or oligarchic rule nothing is more important than free speech. The Government may be arbitrary, incompetent and inefficient; but if its acts are subject to review and criticism, if its measures are publicly discussed, and if its opponents are at liberty to propose and advocate measures of reform, the misgoverned people have an opportunity, at least, to know what is wrong and how it may be righted. The chambers of the Russian Parliament are the only places in the Empire where speech is free. The provincial *zemstvos* are not allowed to discuss national affairs, public meetings of a political nature are forbidden, and the newspapers of the country are restrained by a strict censorship; but in the Duma the representatives of all political parties—monarchists and Constitutional Democrats, reactionists and Socialists—are allowed to say what they like, provided they do not directly incite sedition.

In view of the influence that these speeches and interpellations have had in shaping national opinion, the usefulness of the Russian Parliament can hardly be questioned. It is not an independent legislative body which fairly represents the people, but it is, nevertheless, a great educating and emancipating force.

The Legislative Machinery of Russia

The Foundation of a Real Reform Movement is Being Laid There.

SINCE the outbreak of the war the western world has learned to look with a more lenient eye on Russian institutions. The world is commencing to learn that there is a real reform movement in Russia; that the absolute and oppressive forms of Government are slowly giving way. The progress towards reform has not been very great as yet but the important fact remains that the machinery for a real reform propaganda is being slowly perfected. An interesting series of articles has been running in *The Outlook*, the work of George Kennan. In his last article he deals with the national legislative machinery of the Russian Empire. He says in part:

When Nicholas the Second in 1905 decided to give Russia a Parliament, he conceived the idea of utilizing the Council of the Empire as an upper house. In order to connect it with the Duma and give it a quasi-representative character, he made half its members elective; but he still retained control of it by reserving the right to appoint the other half and by giving the selection of a large proportion of the elected members to the classes of whose support he felt sure, namely, the clergy, the nobility, and the landed proprietors. As now constituted the council has 196 members; 98 including the President and Vice-President are appointed by the Czar; while of the other 98, 34 are chosen by the provincial assemblies (*zemstvos*), 22 by the landed proprietors, 18 by the assemblies of nobles, 12 by municipal boards of trade and industry, 6 by the Imperial universities and 6 by the orthodox clergy. The Czar names the appointed members every year and may make such changes annually as seem to him desirable. The elected members hold their seats for nine years, one-third of them being chosen at

the end of every triennial period. The monarch, however, has power to remove any of them in his discretion and to order that the seats thus vacated be filled by new elections.

By appointing 98 of the councillors himself and giving to the classes that would naturally support the throne the selection of 42 more, the Czar expected to control 140 votes out of a possible 196. This would give him a clear majority on a full vote of about 84. In practice, however, he has done even better than this. In recent sessions he has had a majority from 23 to 98 in a total average vote of 160 to 165.

By this composition of the upper house the Duma has been effectively held in check and its powers, so far as liberal legislation is concerned, have been reduced to *nil*. A Liberal bill does occasionally get the majority of votes in the Duma, but it is almost invariably rejected, radically changed, or indefinitely postponed in the Council of the Empire. Among the measures that have had this fate in recent sessions are bills to reform the lower court, to promote elementary education, to establish *zemstvos* in various parts of the Empire in which they do not now exist, to restrict the sale of alcoholic drinks, to enlarge the control of Parliament over the budget, to admit women to the practice of law, to lower the tax on sugar, to permit change of religious faith, to facilitate admission to the universities, to allow judges to suspend sentences, and to authorize private citizens to prosecute in the courts officials guilty of illegal action. Some of these mea-



What shall I use next?

—Gregg, in Atlanta Constitution

The Passing of the Chanty Man

A Sea-Faring Institution That is Almost Forgotten.

WHO or what is a chanty man? In these days of steam transit, the customs and traditions of the sailing ship are almost forgotten. And so the chanty man is nearly a thing of the past, obsolete and forgotten. But the attention of a forgetful generation is recalled by William Brown Meloney in the course of an article in *Everybody's Magazine*; and the chanty man is presented to us in so vivid a light that he will not soon be forgotten again. He writes:

Oh, blow, ye winds, I long to hear you,
Blow, bullies, blow!
Oh, blow to-day and blow to-morrow,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

Oh, blow to-day and blow to-morrow,
Blow, bullies, blow!
Oh, blow away all care and sorrow,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

Thus I heard the Chanty Man sing to the winds in days full of the mystery of tall, white-pinnioned ships and the call of far-away waters. I heard him under fair skies, and again when there were no skies and he, waist deep in hissing water—a piece of drift on a reeling deck—rhymed a song which cheated an outraged sea.

He is still worth a thought in these days when our nation has but a shadow of a merchant marine and our great commerce rides in foreign bottoms—when the Chanty Man and his chanty are passing.

A chanty is—no, was—a merchant seaman's work song, and the Chanty Man was its leader—the acknowledged fore-singer, forehand of the working crew. Black and blue from the thuggery of "Shanghai" Brown's boarding-house—or "Patch Eye" Curtin's, or Katie Wilson's; split-lipped, broken-nosed, ear-slit, scalptorn; cheated and shorn by cozen and crimp; sick of soul and body; his chief earthly possessions a pot, pannikin, and spoon, and a pair of leaky sea-boots; his most precious belonging the stocking of his latest charmer knotted round his neck—and still he could sing! Blessed was the ship that could boast one good man of his tribe. Thrice blessed she that could boast one in each watch.

For without his chanty the seaman could not have worked the under-manned and underfed, and often sty-fed, vessels in which he went up and down the world; he could not have set sail to favoring breeze or furled it from destroying gale. There is nothing like a song to lift any kind of work along; and a chanty was then—and still is, on the few square-rigged wanderers left on the seas—as good as ten men on a rope's end, capstan-bar, or windlass-brake.

The chanty was peculiarly an institution of the merchant marine. In the navies the crews of the ships in the days of sail were—as they are to-day—so large that a work song was seldom necessary, and therefore seldom heard. I know of only one true navy chanty or chorus.

Somewhere on the salt seas to-day one of the last chanty men is lifting his voice in "Whisky! Johnny!" or "The Maid of Amsterdam," ignorant that the sailors of Queen Bess's reign sang the same words and same tunes. "Whisky! Johnny!" may be found among songs of the sixteenth century in the Percy

Reliques. It was probably a street ballad. "The Maid of Amsterdam" is a solo from Thomas Heywood's "The Rape of Lucrece," which went on the boards about 1620.

Technically, true chanty verse consisted of a variously long solo line followed by a short chorus line, a second solo line which rhymed with the first, and then a long or drawn-out chorus line.

That was the form of all the halyard chanties, of necessity the kind most often sung.

But in weighing anchor the character of the task permitted a longer chorus; as thus, in "Outward Bound"—a favorite in the days when sailing packets were the Western Ocean shuttles between the New and Old Worlds.

(The Chanty Man:) We're outward bound from New York Town;
(All hands:) *Heave, bullies, heave and paw!*
(The Chanty Man:) Oh, bring the cable up and down.
(All hands:) *Hurrah, we're outward bound!*
Hurrah, we're outward bound!

To the Battery Park we'll bid adieu,
Heave, bullies, heave and paw!
To Suke and Moll and Sally, too,
Hurrah, we're outward bound!
Hurrah, we're outward bound!

A repetition of the solo lines will be observed in many of the verses. This custom was to enable the Chanty Man to cast the rhyming line of the succeeding verse. He improvised as he sang, except in the classics such as "The Maid of Amsterdam" and "Lowlands."

Often his poetic feet stumbled and his rhymes flattened out like flounders' tails, but he sang bravely and not without purpose. As a long passage wore on he would become a very personal interpreter of the

crew's opinions of ship, owners, master, mates, cook, and grub—the lyrical barrier of the forecastle's real or imaginary wrongs. Thus a crew worked off its "grinds" on those who ruled from abaft the mast.

This is a topgallant halyard "grind":

And who d'ye think's the skipper o' her?
Blow, boys, blow!
Why, Holy Joe, the nigger lover,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

Now, who d'ye think's the chief mate o' her?
Blow, boys, blow!

A big mu-latter, come from Antigua!
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

It is not to be wondered that things like this were productive of ructions and of "belaying-pin soup"—that is, a beating—on forecastle bills of fare.

Of all the halyards chanties I should say that "Whisky! Johnny!" was the prime favorite of sailor-men. Strangely, it carried a sort of moral, and the kind of men who used to "go deep water" liked to moralize—at sea. I have seen it put life in a gang of bullies who, a moment previously, had been in a state of semi-coma as the result of a farewell 'longshore bout with John Barleycorn; put them on their toes and drive a good ship winging seaward. This version is the purest:

Oh, Whisky is the life of man,
Whisky! Johnny!
It always was since time began,
Oh, whisky for my Johnny!

Oh, whisky makes me wear old clo's,
Whisky! Johnny!
'Twas whisky gave me a broken nose,
Oh, whisky for my Johnny!

I think I heard our Old Man say,
Whisky! Johnny!
"I'll treat my men in a decent way,"
Oh, whisky for my Johnny!

"I'll treat my men in a decent way,"
Whisky! Johnny!
"I'll grog them all three times a day,"
Oh, whisky for my Johnny!

An Inside Picture of Essen

How the Krupps Have Established a Feudal State.

THE town of Essen presents itself to the world as the centre from which emanate the ingenuous monstrosities of German war aggression. The name Krupp is almost synonymous for everything diabolic. The popular conception of Essen and the Krupps goes little beyond this. Nevertheless there are many things about the munition centre of Germany and its rulers that are distinctly interesting, entirely separate from any connection with the war. Robert Hunter contributes an interesting article on this subject to the English *Review of Reviews*. He says in part:

One aspect of Essen is that the Krupps are said to have a perfect system of industrial feudalism: that for all practical purposes the people of Essen are body and soul the property of the Krupps just as if they were serfs back in the middle ages on the domain of some feudal baron.

It is not my concern to decide whether

the Krupps were animated by purely philanthropic motives in establishing a model community with sanitary houses, wholesome surroundings, pensions and asylums, or whether it was simply with shrewd business acumen, or with the deliberate malpreppense, they evolved a system of "benevolent feudalism."

Here is practically a national concern in private hands. It might almost be called the German Arsenal. To have the regular working of this great place subject to the disputes, strikes, and stoppages incidental to industry, would be to jeopardize the interests of the Fatherland in case of war. This was all the more necessary because of the extensive growth of the anti-militarist sentiment among the working class of Germany. It was, therefore, essential that as many of these drawbacks, or the reasons for them, should be eliminated.

The work they had for them to do was highly skilled and often very dangerous. They wanted an army of the most sturdy and efficient men—stalwart sons of Vulcan—men who could always be relied upon

for service and who would not be susceptible to the influences and disturbances of industrial or political life.

And so the conditions of employment must be better than anywhere else. The wages must permit of the highest standard of living, there should be security for life—in short, the conditions should be such that it paid any disgruntled man better to stay right on.

Mr. Hunter goes on to tell about his visit to Essen, showing how different it is from Pittsburg and Sheffield, in that it lacks the cloudy overcast smoky atmosphere of these two great centres. He found a blue sky overhead, a clean town, with houses bright and cheerful—there were no hovels, no wretched alleys, no vile tenements, and no hideous courts. He then proceeds to show how the feudal idea was gradually built up:

In 1861 Alfred Krupp built homes for some of his workmen. These were known as the foremen's lodgings, but soon they had to be removed in order to give ground space for the rapidly growing factory. New housing attempts were then projected. In 1863 the first "labor colony" was erected. It still exists and is known as the Old West End Colony. There are eight rows of two-storeyed houses—containing altogether 136 tenements.

Another large colony built in the seventies covers over fifty acres of land and consists of 226 large, four-storey, brick tenements. Each house has ample space and a garden plot surrounding it. The streets are lined with fine Lindens and there is a beautiful park with a large open space adjoining for games and sports.

At one side of the busy market place stands a large building, containing a restaurant, library and reading room.

But it is in their provision for the disabled and aged workmen that Krupp's have excelled themselves. Altenhof is an exclusively designed little community of thatched cottages on a particularly attractive site. It overlooks the silvan valley of Ruhr and nestles up to a little wood of beech trees quite at the edge of the town. It is intended that all the workmen who have grown old in the service of the firm shall be cared for in this colony. The old couples live together, but there are special homes for the widows and widowers, both of which are comfortable buildings. At present this colony contains 125 houses.

A rough idea of this great housing scheme will be gained when I say that over thirty thousand persons are now housed in the various Krupp colonies.

The Krupp's next turned their attention to feeding and clothing their people and supplying them with furniture and household requisites. Thus a number of supply stores have been developed. At first the supplies were sold at cost price, but naturally difficulties soon arose with the local storekeepers. Now goods are sold at market prices to everyone, whether employed by the firm or not. Then, in order that the employees should not be robbed of their money, a system of rebate was devised and now every year, in December, bonuses are returned to the work people in cash.

Mr. Hunter goes on to show how well provided for the workmen are in the matter of amusement, insurance, hospitals, etc. Their lot is made as smooth as human ingenuity can cope with the conditions of modern life. But there is another side of the picture which he proceeds to outline in the following paragraphs:

The workmen at Krupp's are fully provided for from birth to old age. They are free from the anxieties of the ordinary laborer, so long as they are faithful servants of the Krupp's. What more could be desired?

Yet there is one big fly in the amber. And here it is that some people think they can detect the cloven hoof of feudalism. The men who are employed by Krupp have to sacrifice their political liberty and this is undoubtedly a source of great irritation.

The men are not allowed to join a trade union. Instant dismissal is the lot of anyone found doing so. No one connected with the firm can openly belong to the social democratic party, which, despite of and perhaps because of, the bitter hostility of this powerful firm, has made astonishing progress in Essen. Anyone found agitating for the Socialists is immediately forced to quit. The firm simply

will not have anything or anybody about the place favoring of labor organization or socialism.

Notwithstanding the philanthropy of the Krupp's and the comparative comfort of their existence, the workmen do consider themselves in helpless bondage to their employers and unquestionably Krupp's have an extraordinary power over their vast army of employees, because of their welfare institutions. Strikes are rendered hopeless by the men's fear of losing the benefits they have, the good houses, cheap goods and old age pensions.

The German workman has a rope about his neck and is to-day being driven to battle. The German military machine is the Krupp feudalism on a gigantic scale. It is yet to be seen whether the feudalism of modern Germany is a system perfect enough to overpower the inchoate democracies of Western Europe.

The Submarine Blockade

The World's Opinion on the Results of Von Tirpitz's Operations.

THE German submarine blockade of the British Isles has resulted in the sinking of many ships and heavy loss of life, but it has failed utterly in its purpose of isolating the Island Empire. *Current Opinion* presents opinions on this point from the press of the world, summing it all up in the heading, "Collapse of the German Submarine Campaign Against England." The article reads:

When the resolute von Tirpitz promised the German people a victory over England at sea in no long time, he indulged in no insincere boast, according to an expert in the *Rome Tribuna*; but he did deceive himself. The Germans thought the submarine a contrivance for which the English were unprepared. But, according to the *Paris Figaro*, few have any adequate conception of the pains taken by the British Admiralty with the submarine. Admiral Jellicoe is deemed one of the highest living authorities on the tactics of the submarine. He first drew the attention of the British Admiralty to the fact that submarines cannot be fought with submarines. That was prior to the outbreak of the war. Nevertheless, the British developed their own submarine equipment on an even greater scale than that of Germany. They experimented also with devices adapted to foil the submarine. That is why the transports have succeeded in taking General French's army safely to the mainland. In the list of Admiral von Tirpitz's miscalculations, as compiled by the allies, the torpedo tube is given a conspicuous place. The *London Times* professes to know that this torpedo tube has no flexibility of aim even in the latest type of German submarine. A hit by a submarine torpedo is often a matter of luck, unless the target be stationary. The submarines, moreover, will not face the destroyers and light cruisers with which the English police their waters. This has proved a bitter disappointment to Berlin, says the *Paris Temps*. Hints appear that the English harbors are defended by vast network contrivances in which a submarine enmeshes itself. There is reason to infer that Admiral von Tirpitz has lost important units from his squadron.

Not once since the beginning of the war, according to the *London Times*, has a Ger-

man submarine made a hit from a shot under water "in any colorable reproduction" of the conditions of actual warfare. There is much melodrama in the von Tirpitz "blockade" and much terrorizing of non-combatants; but there ensue no results from the standpoint of the science of naval warfare. Admiral von Tirpitz is said to ascribe some of his disappointments to inadequate co-operation of seaplanes, whose observations were counted on to aid in the actual aiming of torpedoes. The *London Times* insists, in direct contradiction to the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin), that not once has a German submarine been able to enter a British harbor when an effort was made to obstruct its passage. While the allies thus speak of the collapse of the German submarine campaign, the press of the Fatherland still speaks of England as practically bottled up. The *Görlitzer Volkszeitung*, a Socialist organ which protested against the sinking of the *Lusitania*, cannot, indeed, see what Admiral von Tirpitz has gained as a set-off against the increase he has caused in the number of Germany's foes. This paper, however, was suppressed. German dailies generally cherish no doubt of the triumph of the submarine in effecting the blockade of Great Britain. The *Paris Radical* deprecates the tendency of the allies to make light of the German submarines. The *Rome Messaggero*, on the other hand, notes that the plans of Admiral von Tirpitz for sinking Italian ships off the African coast proved a fiasco, though the German press had hailed it as an important development of the war. Austrian submarines, it adds, keep in home waters, fearing to fall before the allied fleet. So far Norwegian commerce seems to have been the chief victim of the operations of von Tirpitz.

Additional evidence of the collapse of the German submarine campaign is seen by the British press in the abandonment of the German plan for the invasion of England. This invasion was a well-settled thing in Berlin military circles, according to the *London Spectator*, which believes that it must always be regarded as a possibility. There is still occasional mention of the coming invasion in the comments of military experts who discuss the war in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, but the scheme is by no means to the fore as it was a few

months ago. That explains to the French dailies the nature of the rising feud between the military magnates in Berlin and the champions of Admiral von Tirpitz. The great general staff in Berlin, observes the *Temps*, consoled itself for the loss of Paris by the prospect of entering London. Admiral von Tirpitz need only retain the command of a narrow strip of sea for eight hours to make possible the landing of two whole army corps. He has not achieved that feat yet and, in the opinion of the French daily, he never will achieve it. Admiral von Tirpitz retorts to this by the publication of maps of Great Britain and Ireland surrounded by numbers indicating the places at which ships have been sunk by submarines.

The Sentiment of the German Minority

From the Manchester *Guardian*.

ALL Germans do not subscribe to the "Hymn of Hate." A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* shows that there is a minority sentiment in the land of the Kaiser. The voices of the dissenters do not reach the outside world but sometimes the beliefs of the minority find their way into print. The *Guardian* says:

"The first two numbers of the *Friedens-swarze*, the organ of the German pacifists, was reduced to half its size by the censor, but in a supplement which is published monthly in Zurich under the title of *Blatter für Zwischenstaatliche Organisation* ("Leaflets for International Organization") there is abundant evidence of the vitality of the dispassionate minority in Germany.

"One of the most striking features of the third number of the *Blatter* is an extract from a book which is to appear shortly on 'England in the Estimation of Great Men of All Times.' The writer, Herr Helmut von Gerlach, protests against the blind hatred of the English which has prevailed since the war. Humanity in general, he says, owes England extraordinarily much, and he cites, for example, the abolition of slavery, the freedom of foodstuffs from taxes, and the hospitality extended to political refugees. 'England's home policy, like that of any other great nation, contains many a dark chapter. Her colonial policy in especial is full of black spots. But, on the other hand, it can not be denied that her rule has almost always made for the good of the subjugated countries. I need only mention the overwhelming economic work of culture which they have accomplished in Egypt.'

"Herr von Gerlach also deals with the charge of 'mean commercialism' brought against the English. Nothing could be more unfounded, he declares. They are animated by the spirit of broad-minded business men. 'And that is why I think that after this war an understanding with England will be possible and advantageous for both nations. With emotional fanatics it is difficult to come to an agreement on *real-politisch* grounds. Sagacious business men can always be convinced that a



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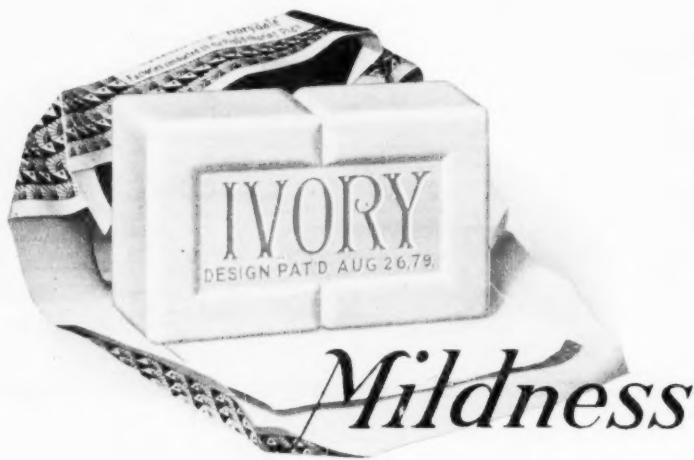
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permanent peace on a reasonable basis is the only desirable state.'

"Herr von Gerlach's article forms part of a symposium condemning the principle of hatred. Other contributions are from Frau Ebhardt, who says it is only legitimate to hate the hatred which incites nation against nation; Professor Förster, of Munich, who demands that the younger generation should be taught to make good the horrors of war instead of rejoicing over them and doing injustice to the enemy; Herr Eduard Bernstein, who points out that hatred breeds hatred; and Herr Karl Vorlander, who pleads that the fight should be carried on according to principles which make possible the return of a future state of justice.

"The editor of the *Blatter*, Dr. Fried, publishes extracts from his war-diary—a remarkably interesting document. In this he touches upon a future friendship between England and Germany. 'The ideas of a hegemony in Europe are already gone by. The only thing left—if we do not desire further decades of war—is to form a European harmony, and this can only be realized by the co-operation of the Central Powers with the Western Powers.'

"Dr. Fried also publishes an article on the sinking of the *Lusitania*, in which he accepts the justification of the German Government (that the ship was a warship, that it was laden with munitions, and that warning was given to the passengers); but he asks, 'Could not anything have been done to save the innocent?' He mentions some suggestions. Perhaps they were impracticable on account of military considerations. 'Then it is war which is guilty. It drives people to commit deeds which run contrary to our inmost feelings, to our civilized consciousness.' And he looks forward to the day when they will have to deal with those 'enemies of mankind' who conceive war to be a healthy thing for people and States."

Mediocrity in America

Yale Professor Deals With the Leveling Effect of U.S. Democracy.

IN the course of an article on "The College and Mediocrity" in *Harper's Magazine*, Henry Seidel Canby, assistant professor of English at Yale University, gives an interesting summary of the conditions underlying the national life of the United States. He says in part:

There are no contented poor on this side of the Atlantic except in the backwaters of the East. There is no single class content to recognize the intellectual or material superiority of the rest. Every one is pushing onward and upward. The poor man, as we are told every day, may be rich to-morrow; the ignorant goes to night school and will learn; the drummer hopes to run the business for which he is traveling; the hired man will own land as good as that he plows; the clerk will be a partner in the firm. Even in the universities no institutions like the fellowships of Oxford and Cambridge can exist. In America not even the scholar is willing to

Continued on Page 59.

No Stropping
No Honing

The Gillette on the Firing Line

OUT of the war-torn trenches there comes a remarkable letter, written by a young officer to his uncle, who had sent him a Gillette Safety Razor.

"I thank you very much for the welcome Gillette Razor," he writes.

"Not only myself but nearly all of my men are using this razor. It is passed around among them, and one may see men using it at any time of the day or night."

"Sometimes there is no hot water, but the razor works well without it."

"The razor has been used many hundred times, but it still looks like new and will outlast the war if it is not blown to pieces by some of the flying fragments of bursting shells which often whistle about our heads."

Thousands of men under all the warring flags are using the Gillette Safety Razor—on the Western and Eastern Fronts, at the Dardanelles, and with the Fleets.

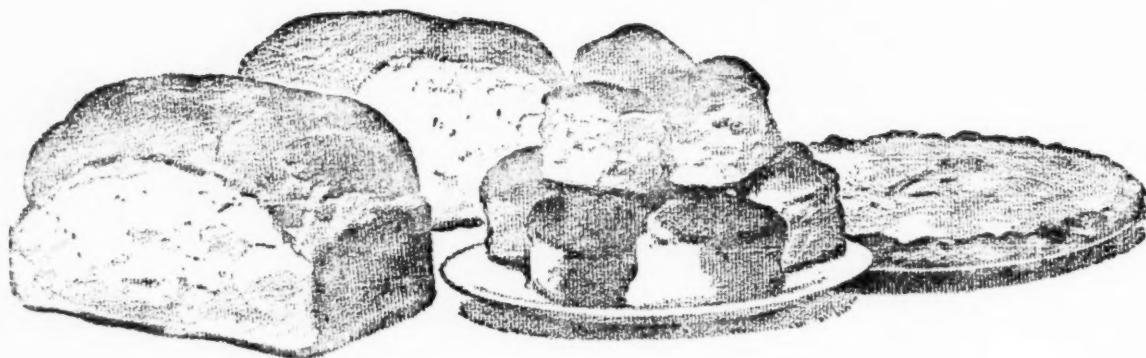
It illustrates the adaptability of the Gillette to every man's habits, needs and circumstances. In little more than ten years, the Gillette Safety Razor has been adopted by men all over the civilized globe.

Gillette Safety Razors and Blades are sold in 145,000 retail stores throughout the world. Gillette dealers in every community. Gillette Razors, \$5 to \$25 Gillette Blades, 50c and \$1 the packet—No Stropping, No Honing.

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A WONDERFUL LITTLE BOOK ON CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION

A GREAT PHILOSOPHY AND A REMARKABLE PERSONALITY

By DONALD RICHARDSON

TREMENDOUS events often hang on insignificant trifles. "Enterprises of great moment" are stifled in their early stages by infinitesimal objects, and thus, in the words of Hamlet, "lose the name of action."

Why emphasize the importance of the little thing? Because it is the infinitesimal cell of the human body which has such a potent influence in shaping the actions and governing the life of the individual, of whom it is a part.

The simple fact that the human body is built up of billions of cells, all resulting from the evolution of one original cell, is in itself interesting, but little more to the average person. The further declaration that health of the body depends upon the condition of each individual cell compels notice.

A GREAT SECRET OF LIFE.

When, however, along comes an individual who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell with the discovery of the means to insure its health and develop unusual potency, who by reason of study, experience and a certain genius, shows us how we can put health and uncommon life into every one of our vast multitude of cells, thus giving the human body its maximum health and power, and do this in a perfectly natural, easy and practical way, then we are all attention.

This is the marvelous secret uncovered in a wonderful little book by Swoboda, a great pioneer on the realm of physiological science. Some day, perhaps, the complete history of "Conscious Evolution" and its discoverer will be recorded, with all its immense significance and far-reaching ramifications. This brief article can only sketch the rough outlines.

AND ITS DISCOVERER.

The story of Alois P. Swoboda is one of the romances of human history. As the discoverer of the origin and nature of the laws governing "conscious energy" and of a scientific system for applying those laws in a manner that has operated successfully on over two hundred thousand cases, Swoboda occupies a peculiar niche in earth's hall of fame. He did not merely write a great book, paint a great picture, invent some useful device, or win some particular battle. His fame is built on a far more substantial foundation. He is the wizard of the human body. He is the apostle of the greater, the successful life. Swoboda not only re-creates men and women; he makes them more powerful, capable, and happy than they were before. He advances them a tremendous way along the line of human development. The man himself—as well as his hosts of enthusiastic clients—is a most convincing example of the effectiveness of his methods.

HIS ACTIVITIES, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL, ARE AN EXAMPLE OF HIS WORK.

Swoboda fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body: he is tireless. He discourses with learned fluency on the sciences of "Conscious Evolution" and physiology, entering with equal ease and facility on any phase of this all-important subject. Start him on this particular specialty—the development of human powers—and he pours out a veritable flood of illuminating exposition. Earnest and vehement, he rises to eloquence as he unfolds in his masterful manner the magnificent possibilities of man under the guidance of "conscious energy." You are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda system of man-building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person the best proof of the correctness of his theories and of the success of his "Evolutionary Exercise."

A NEW MEANING FOR THE WORD EXERCISE.

Unfortunately the word "exercise" carries with it visions of running, bag punching, club swinging, dumb-bell lifting, athletic training; in fact, straining of every character and over-taxation of the human system. This will gradually be overcome, says Swoboda, as people learn of the scientific nature of Conscious Evolution and Evolutionary Exercise. Swoboda's book deals with this subject in a manner which at once enlightens and compels conviction.

Mr. Swoboda must not be classed with ordinary physiologists, physicians, athletic instructors or with those whose aim is merely the development of muscle only. Neither his philosophy nor his science is confined to such narrow limits. Swoboda's plan comprehends the complete development of the human being—increase of internal force, more body power, more brain power, mind power, and, in fact, greater capacity in every way. He is primarily interested in those influences which make for a fuller and more potent life. He has revolutionized exercise and the methods of energizing the body and mind.

One cannot remain long in the presence of Swoboda without realizing that he is mentally and physically a superman. He makes you feel that you are only partially well, and vigorous and ambitious, only partially developed, that, in short, you are only half as alive as you must be if you wish to enjoy to the full the benefits of living—that you are leading an inferior life. No one can read his book without becoming conscious of his wonderful power and personality.

Swoboda is a man who is centuries in advance of his time. His discovery of conscious evolution is itself of epochal importance. But its scientific and successful application is more wonderful still.

The feat of Franklin in drawing the electric spark from the clouds was a wonder of the time. Yet it took a hundred years to master the secret of that electric spark and harness the giant

force of electricity to the uses of mankind. Swoboda not only discovered the marvelous secret of Conscious Evolution, but applies it to individuals with results that are incalculable. Swoboda might, indeed, be called a specialist for the human race.

A single electric spark is of little importance. But intensify that spark and multiply it a billion-fold, and you have the power, the heat and the dazzling lights of a great city. So with our cells, says Swoboda. Quicken one, and it makes little difference. But energize and intensify them all, and you have a "live-wire" human being, with mental and physical potency plus—the Swoboda kind of body and mind. This is all explained in his new book.

THE HUMAN BODY IS A "WAR MACHINE."

The commander who goes into battle with an incapable army is handicapped at the start. The man who goes into the battle of life with his physiological forces far below par is foredoomed to failure. The great bulk of us are hardly drawing on our tremendous stores of energy and vitality. We are letting our cells grow stale and sluggish. Our human machine should be running in perfect condition in order that we may get the most out of it—before we can enjoy its full powers in complete and rounded fashion. Strengthen the vitality of these cells and you not only make the body more alive but the brain more susceptible to new ideas from without, as well as greatly increase its own power to generate ideas. Many a man is getting a great deal of pleasure out of his mind but nothing out of his body.

Swoboda demonstrates that no matter how old we may be we can make ourselves full-powered dynamos, with every part and wheel and power-belt thoroughly in trim, working smoothly and at maximum capacity—100 per cent. efficient.

More life is the need and will be the salvation of the present generation. The problem has always been how to get it. Eagerly we try each solution offered, swarming like the Athenians after every new thing. And yet the means lie right within us, as Swoboda in his book demonstrates.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GROW "OLD."

That one must needs become decrepit with increase of years, is a delusion, says Swoboda. What passes for "old age" is simply the loss of plasticity in the organism. This plasticity can be restored and maintained to a remarkable extent in elderly people when proper use is made of the adaptive ability of the human body.

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This free book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution of the human body as it has never been explained before. It startles, educates and enlightens. It tells how the cells came to build the body and how to organize them beyond the point where Nature left off, for each one of us. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course, the information which it imparts cannot be duplicated elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities through conscious evolution of the cells; it explains Swoboda's discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. It tells of the Dangers of Exercise and the perils of Conscious Deep Breathing. Swoboda's book shows how any one may possess unusual health and vitality.

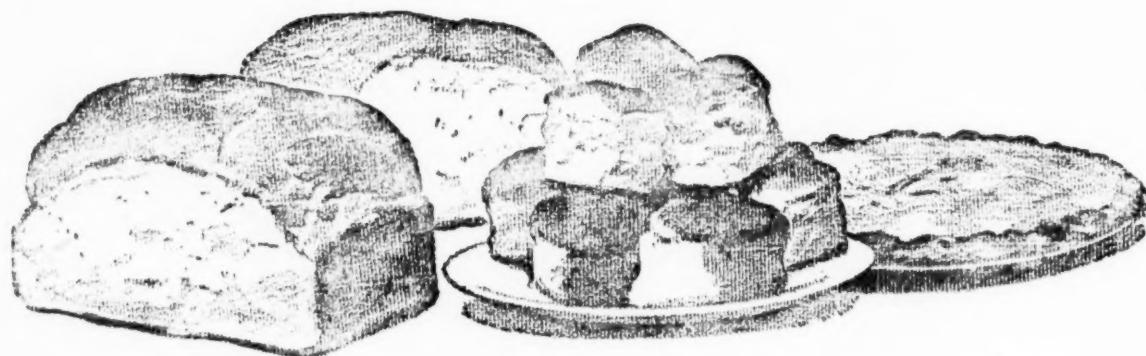
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A WONDERFUL LITTLE BOOK ON CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION

A GREAT PHILOSOPHY AND A REMARKABLE PERSONALITY

By DONALD RICHARDSON

TREMENDOUS events often hang on insignificant trifles. "Enterprises of great moment" are stifled in their early stages by infinitesimal objects, and thus, in the words of Hamlet, "lose the name of action."

Why emphasize the importance of the little thing? Because it is the infinitesimal cell of the human body which has such a potent influence in shaping the actions and governing the life of the individual, of whom it is a part.

The simple fact that the human body is built up of billions of cells, all resulting from the evolution of one original cell, is in itself interesting, but little more to the average person. The further declaration that health of the body depends upon the condition of each individual cell compels notice.

A GREAT SECRET OF LIFE.

When, however, along comes an individual who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell with the discovery of the means to insure its health and develop unusual potency, who by reason of study, experience and a certain genius, shows us how we can put health and uncommon life into every one of our vast multitude of cells, thus giving the human body its maximum health and power, and do this in a perfectly natural, easy and practical way, then we are all attention.

This is the marvelous secret uncovered in a wonderful little book by Swoboda, a great pioneer on the realm of physiological science. Some day, perhaps, the complete history of "Conscious Evolution" and its discoverer will be recorded, with all its immense significance and far-reaching ramifications. This brief article can only sketch the rough outlines.

AND ITS DISCOVERER.

The story of Alois P. Swoboda is one of the romances of human history. As the discoverer of the origin and nature of the laws governing "conscious energy" and of a scientific system for applying those laws in a manner that has operated successfully on over two hundred thousand cases, Swoboda occupies a peculiar niche in earth's hall of fame. He did not merely write a great book, paint a great picture, invent some useful device, or win some particular battle. His fame is built on a far more substantial foundation. He is the wizard of the human body. He is the apostle of the greater, the successful life. Swoboda not only re-creates men and women; he makes them more powerful, capable, and happy than they were before. He advances them a tremendous way along the line of human development. The man himself—as well as his hosts of enthusiastic clients—is a most convincing example of the effectiveness of his methods.

HIS ACTIVITIES, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL, ARE AN EXAMPLE OF HIS WORK.

Swoboda fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. He discourses with learned fluency on the sciences of "Conscious Evolution" and physiology, entering with equal ease and facility on any phase of this all-important subject. Start him on this particular specialty—the development of human powers—and he pours out a veritable flood of illuminating exposition. Earnest and vehement, he rises to eloquence as he unfolds in his masterful manner the magnificent possibilities of man under the guidance of "conscious energy." You are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda system of man-building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person the best proof of the correctness of his theories and of the success of his "Evolutionary Exercise."

A NEW MEANING FOR THE WORD EXERCISE.

Unfortunately the word "exercise" carries with it visions of running, bag punching, club swinging, dumb-bell lifting, athletic training; in fact, straining of every character and over-taxation of the human system. This will gradually be overcome, says Swoboda, as people learn of the scientific nature of Conscious Evolution and Evolutionary Exercise. Swoboda's book deals with this subject in a manner which at once enlightens and compels conviction.

Mr. Swoboda must not be classed with ordinary physiologists, physicians, athletic instructors or with those whose aim is merely the development of muscle only. Neither his philosophy nor his science is confined to such narrow limits. Swoboda's plan comprehends the complete development of the human being—increase of internal force, more body power, more brain power, mind power, and, in fact, greater capacity in every way. He is primarily interested in those influences which make for a fuller and more potent life. He has revolutionized exercise and the methods of energizing the body and mind.

One cannot remain long in the presence of Swoboda without realizing that he is mentally and physically a superman. He makes you feel that you are only partially well, and vigorous and ambitious, only partially developed, that, in short, you are only half as alive as you must be if you wish to enjoy to the full the benefits of living—that you are leading an inferior life. No one can read his book without becoming conscious of his wonderful power and personality.

Swoboda is a man who is centuries in advance of his time. His discovery of conscious evolution is itself of epochal importance. But its scientific and successful application is more wonderful still.

The feat of Franklin in drawing the electric spark from the clouds was a wonder of the time. Yet it took a hundred years to master the secret of that electric spark and harness the giant

force of electricity to the uses of mankind. Swoboda not only discovered the marvelous secret of Conscious Evolution, but applies it to individuals with results that are incalculable. Swoboda might, indeed, be called a specialist for the human race.

A single electric spark is of little importance. But intensify that spark and multiply it a billion-fold, and you have the power, the heat and the dazzling lights of a great city. So with our cells, says Swoboda. Quicken one, and it makes little difference. But energize and intensify them all, and you have a "live-wire" human being, with mental and physical potency plus—the Swoboda kind of body and mind. This is all explained in his new book.

THE HUMAN BODY IS A "WAR MACHINE."

The commander who goes into battle with an incapable army is handicapped at the start. The man who goes into the battle of life with his physiological forces far below par is foredoomed to failure. The great bulk of us are hardly drawing on our tremendous stores of energy and vitality. We are letting our cells grow stale and sluggish. Our human machine should be running in perfect condition in order that we may get the most out of it—before we can enjoy its full powers in complete and rounded fashion. Strengthen the vitality of these cells and you not only make the body more alive but the brain more susceptible to new ideas from without, as well as greatly increase its own power to generate ideas. Many a man is getting a great deal of pleasure out of his mind but nothing out of his body.

Swoboda demonstrates that no matter how old we may be we can make ourselves full-powered dynamos, with every part and wheel and power-belt thoroughly in trim, working smoothly and at maximum capacity—100 per cent. efficient.

More life is the need and will be the salvation of the present generation. The problem has always been how to get it. Eagerly we try each solution offered, swarming like the Athenians after every new thing. And yet the means lie right within us, as Swoboda in his book demonstrates.

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stop at such a position. He must go on—or try to go on—as far as the rest. Never before has a nation exhibited so complete a spectacle of millions of insects all swarming upward toward the light.

This view may be optimism. I do not think so. For in nine hundred cases out of a thousand the goal of all this striving is mediocrity. Your son nowadays does not hope to be President. He climbs toward much lower round in the ladder. The laborer wishes to reach the middle class. The middle class wishes to be richer. The upper class—if we have one—hopes to make sure of its perch. Our cities reflect the spirit. They rise like the wind from the empty prairie or the dense forest into a reasonable similitude of the "business district" of St. Louis or Chicago, and then stick at a level of ugliness which is not the less ugly for being metropolitan. Our homes show it. A semi-colonial with porcelain tubs and hardwood floors bounds the imagination of all but the artistic temperament or the millionaire. Our literature shows it most distinctly of all. American newspapers and magazines maintain a higher average of composition than is to be found elsewhere, perhaps, and seldom rise above that average. We show it ourselves; for consider how much the speech of one American business man resembles that of another. You can sojourn for days in smoking-cars, hotel corridors, or cafés without encountering an idea which descends to the naive ignorance of the peasant or rises above mediocrity. Even our multimillionaires, the characteristic "great men" of America, although in the manipulation of natural resources they have risen above the ordinary, seem to be mediocre as personalities. The newspapers are generous of space to every episode in their domestic history; yet what could be flatter than their remarks to strangers who entertain royalty unawares in a broken-down automobile; what less illuminating than their comments on success in life; what less interesting than their lives when once the millions have been made? As a nation we are mediocre.

This may be pessimism. I do not think so. It is the very essence of the American experiment that a vast body of men and women should be raised *as a whole* to a level of comfort, of intelligence, of happiness, which, if far below the best, should be also far above the worst. And this involves, this requires an enormous increase in the total amount of mediocrity. Democracy and free immigration combined inevitably make for such a result. It had to come; and our day's work is still to bring more and more of the illiterate, the incapable, the unfortunate up to the level of the mediocre, even though the burden weighs us down, and the result seems to point toward a future that is drab and dull and commonplace. No race can escape from its circumstances, and these, in part by choice, in part by chance of inheritance in a rich and undeveloped continent, are ours.

The term star implies to the average mind a luminous heavenly body. It is not generally known that there are dark stars—suns whose temperatures are so low that their radiation does not affect our eyes. Inasmuch as these dark stars do not even register on photographic plates, it follows that any computation of their probable number must be purely conjectural.

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Burrowing Animals

By Percy Collins in the *Scientific American*.

BURROWING animals constitute one of those natural groups whose members, irrespective of their true affinity, are bound together by similarity of habit. They are found in all the more important divisions of the animal kingdom. Many instances might be cited from among the mammals, the reptiles and the birds, but the most striking engineering feats are performed by certain of the invertebrates.

We will take as our first example the mollusc known to fishermen as the piddock. Its scientific name is *Pholas*, but its two-valved shell has been given the pretty, popular name of "angel wings," the reason being perfectly obvious after a glance at the creature itself. Now, the mollusc which resides in this gaping shell is very much like an oyster or a clam, so far as its bodily aspect is concerned. It seems to be very flabby, and very much lacking in what we term "brain power." Yet this tenant of the "angel's wings" is capable of burrowing into hard rock, sinking downward gradually as its shell grows, just as though it were merely working itself into sand. As most people know, a great many kinds of shellfish burrow into sand, and this habit renders them safe from many enemies. Certain fishes, however, plough up the sand, and crack and eat all the molluscs they can discover. And it is probable that the persecution of these fishes, or rather, of their ancestors, brought about the rock-tunneling habits of the piddocks. Sand burrows were unsafe. Hence the piddocks began to burrow into rocks and stones instead. Commencing in youth, they pass the whole of their lives in working their way into these hard-grained substances, and are thus able to set their would-be enemies at defiance.

As it works its way into the rock the piddock becomes a lifelong prisoner in its own tunnel. Increasing in size, it works its way deeper, the hole gradually becoming larger. But as the lower part of the piddock's shell is much greater in circumference than the upper, and as the creature is constantly growing, the entrance of its tunnel is soon too small to admit of its egress. This, however, does not matter to the piddock, whose sole concern is to hide. It takes all its food in solution. In other words, it sucks in sea-water through one tube, and discharges it through another, relying for its sustenance upon the minute scraps of foodstuff that chance to be in the water around it. Thus the piddock is quite happy and content in its self-made dungeon.

Another marine tunneler nearly related to the piddock is the *Teredo*, or "shipworm." This creature works its way into wood; not rotten wood, but good solid oak or teak. In past years it was a menace to the shipping of the whole world, but the advent of the steel ship put a limit to its depredations. Still, it menaces submerged timber of all kinds, if unprotected, and in Holland it is regarded almost as a national danger. Like the Piddock, the shipworm makes its tunnels wholly for protection, for it does not feed upon the wood chips which it rasps away.

No one—not even men of science—can tell exactly how the Piddock and the Shipworm accomplish their wonderful boring feats. Some have thought that the work was done by means of constant rasping, produced by the movement of the shell,

others that the fleshy, muscular "foot" of the animal represented the chief tool; while still others have held that the constant action of the water, pumped, as it were, through the body of the mollusc against the sides of its crypt, effected the gradual enlargement necessary as the creature increased in size. As a matter of fact, it is highly probable that a combination of all these means render the shipworm and the Piddock the expert tunnelers that we see them to be.

One point about the Shipworm's tunnels is of especial interest. It is that they are lined with a layer of hard, shelly material in exactly the same way that human engineers line their borings with stone or brickwork, or with a tube of steel. This shelly lining prevents the wood from swelling and bulging inward, and insures the free passage of water along the tunnel. This is very necessary; for, as we have seen, the Shipworm relies upon a constant supply of sea-water in order to feed. And as its tunnels are often of great length, it must make sure that no stoppage shall occur, or else run the risk of being starved to death.

A much thicker shelly lining is constructed by a cousin of the shipworm known as *Cyphus*. It makes long tunnels, not in wood, but in the sand of the sea-bottom. Thus, if it did not construct a reliable casing within its burrow, it would very soon be cut off by a "fall" of sand behind it and perish like a miner imprisoned by a sudden subsidence of rock or earth. In fact, the Shipworm and the Cyphus "shore up" the sides of their tunnels in exactly the manner which modern engineers agree to be the best—namely, by constructing a tube within the boring as the work progresses.

These shelly tubes are sometimes dug out of the sand by the South Sea Islanders in sections varying from four to six feet long and are valued highly by the finders as charms. They are placed above the doorposts of the huts. Vertical shafts are sunk by certain molluscs termed *Aspergillum*; and these, too, are lined with shelly material. The tops are roofed over in a very pretty way, the edge being frilled, and the covering studded with holes like the rose of a watering pot. In this way undesirable intruders are kept out, while a free passage for water is preserved.

Among insects, we find an extraordinary number of larval forms that are fitted for burrowing. The most interesting are the wood-borers, many of which are able to drive long tunnels into the hardest timber. They subsist upon the fragments of wood which they rasp away with their powerful jaws. Of course these same jaws are the tools with which the actual work of burrowing is accomplished; but the methods by which the soft-bodied animal obtains its purchase and maintains its surprisingly rapid advance, are very imperfectly understood. Some of these larvae (e.g., those of the *Lucanidae* or Stag-beetles) have a curious sickle-shaped form, the hinder end of the body being curved downward beneath the head, where it acts as a lever by means of which the insect is thrust forward. But the cylindrical larvae, such as those of the *Cerambycidae* or long-horn beetles, must gain their leverage by muscular expansion of their body-segments acting upon the walls of the burrow. In each case,

however, the details call for further investigation.

The grubs of long-horn beetles play an important part in virgin forests by attacking the trunks of dead and dying trees, which they soon reduce to pulp. In this way they not only break down the effete organic matter, but rapidly return it to the soil, where it acts as manure to new generations of plant life. It has been said that but for the activities of these and other wood-feeding grubs, all natural forests would gradually become blocked up with dead timber. But from the standpoint of forestry, the majority of wood-boring insects must be regarded as pests, although their powers to injure have probably been somewhat exaggerated in the past, since many of the species confine their attacks to dead or sickly trees.

The great family *Scolytidae* (popularly termed bark beetles) has of late years been closely studied, and their economy proves to be of great interest. Some genera are monogamous, while others are polygamous, and this distinction is indicated by the characteristic markings which each species leaves upon the surface of the wood, immediately beneath the bark. In the case of a monogamous species, the female, after hibernation, scoops out a small chamber in the bark of a suitable tree. She then takes a short flight, and returns with a mate, pairing taking place within, or close to, the chamber. The female now sets to work in earnest, drilling a long, straight tunnel between the bark and the wood, and depositing her eggs along it to right and left alternately. When the grubs hatch, each eats its way outward, more or less at right angles to the "mother gallery," and when full-fed pupates at the end of its burrow. In this way curious and beautiful patterns are traced upon the surface of the wood. It has been found, moreover, that the particular angle made by the junction of the larval with the maternal galleries differs in the respective species, and is thus serviceable as a means of identification.

In polygamous species, the male first excavates a roughly circular chamber beneath the bark, and therein receives from four to six females. After pairing, the females construct their respective tunnels, which all radiate from the nuptial chamber; and as the grubs in their turn bore outward from the egg-tunnel at all angles, very complicated patterns usually result.

Handling the Mails in War

How Communication Is Kept Up Between The Nations.

BEFORE the outbreak of the war, says *Popular Mechanics*, the Atlantic Ocean was interlaced with the paths of steamers carrying mail to and from Europe. This well-organized and efficient service was disarranged and all but destroyed, practically in a day, when the bulk of the international shipping was driven from the sea at the beginning of hostilities, and with the progress of the war the problem of maintaining any kind of regular service is becoming increasingly difficult. There are now only five routes regularly available for carrying the mails between this country and European ports. Most of the fast steamers have been withdrawn, sailings are frequently canceled, and of the ships



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remaining in the service few are able to maintain regular schedules. At the same time there has been only a slight decrease in the volume of mail transmitted, a feature that adds greatly to the problem confronting the postal authorities. The decrease in commercial mail has been offset by an increase in mail of a personal nature, and as a result the total amount handled is almost as great as it was before the beginning of hostilities. Increased correspondence between residents of the United States and friends and relatives in countries engaged in the war is given as the main reason for the enormous increase in personal mail.

In spite of the reduction in facilities for transmitting the mail, a fairly regular and thoroughly reliable service is being maintained, and this service extends not only to the allies but to Germany and Austria, countries that are practically hemmed in by their enemies. The reliability of the service is indicated by the fact that the eighty-two bags of mail that went down with the *Lusitania* was the first mail to be lost at sea by the United States as a result of the war.

With the allies in control of the sea, the transmission of mail to Germany and Austria is made possible only by the observance of international law by the allies. Such mail can only be landed at a neutral port. Mail matter carried on a neutral vessel bound for a neutral port cannot lawfully be interfered with, and the vessel carrying it, unless it also carries contraband of war, is subject only to the unavoidable dangers connected with traversing the war zone. If a vessel carrying such mail goes into a port of one of the belligerents, however, all mail matter bound for an enemy nation may be lawfully seized. For this reason any ship bound for Rotterdam, Holland, or a Scandinavian port and carrying mail for Germany or Austria is in effect barred from putting in at Liverpool or any French port.

Two old-world ports, Liverpool and Rotterdam, are now handling the greater part of the mail for the whole of Europe. All of the mail for England and most of that for France is landed at Liverpool, the latter being forwarded through London and across the English Channel. There is an occasional shipment direct from this country to Havre, France. All of the mail for Germany and Austria must now go through Rotterdam, Christiania, or Copenhagen, the greater part going through Rotterdam, from which port it is forwarded by rail to its final destination. Before Italy entered the war a large part of the mail for Austria went through Naples, but that avenue is now closed. Practically all mail for Russia goes to Christiania and thence overland to its destination. So far as the handling of the mails is concerned, Luxemburg and that portion of Belgium in possession of the Germans has the same status as German territory, the mail being landed at Rotterdam.

Contrary to popular belief, none of the mail matter sent abroad from this country is censored by the United States postal authorities, the situation in this respect being exactly the same as it was before the war. The letters for a belligerent nation are simply placed in bags and these bags are sealed before they leave the country. On the arrival of the mail at its destination the responsibility of the United States ceases and any question of opening and examining the mail, like that of censoring outgoing mail, is a matter subject to the military regulations of the country to which it is sent.

Switzerland and the War

How the Swiss Are Maintaining Their Neutrality.

REGARDING the actions and sympathies of the neutral nations much has been said and written; but at no time has any doubt been expressed in any quarter of the absolute neutrality of Switzerland. The Swiss, ensconced behind their mountains, have watched the mighty conflict closely and prepared to hold off all belligerents from Swiss territory. An interesting article on the position of the little republic from the pen of John Martin Vincent appears in the *American Review of Reviews*. Regarding the neutrality of Switzerland Mr. Vincent says:

The neutrality of Switzerland is recognized by international treaties and by political practice since 1815, but the tradition is still older. For two centuries before this the state had ceased to take sides as a nation, yet the enlistment of Swiss soldiers in foreign armies had continued, and at times the country was so dominated by outsiders that its neutrality was hardly visible. Such was the case in the time of Napoleon I., and in consequence the powers in 1813 demanded that Switzerland should show her good faith by maintaining an army of at least 30,000 to prevent the use of her territory for military operations. For a century, therefore, the Swiss have been in co-operation with the other nations of Europe in upholding a principle which is vital to their own existence and important to the welfare of their neighbors.

National defence is no light burden upon a state of less than four million inhabitants, although the nature of the country lends assistance. The mountainous boundaries which surround the Swiss on three sides are valuable allies, but the low-lying country on the north from Basel to the Lake of Constance is seriously exposed. This is the part which in the past has tempted the Germans and French to try flank movements, and where the Rhine would be only a hindrance, not a prevention of invasion. Between 1663 and 1710 at least seven expeditions of considerable military importance marched across that portion of Switzerland, without regard to the feelings of the inhabitants. Since 1815 the neutrality of that region has been, on the whole, observed, but the Swiss have maintained the greatest possible watchfulness during periods of war.

Mr. Vincent goes on to show that the Swiss have been under heavy expense since the war started. From the outset the War Department practically took charge of the railway. The troops have been kept mobilized on the frontier and already the Swiss Government has placed one loan of thirty million francs and another of fifty million.

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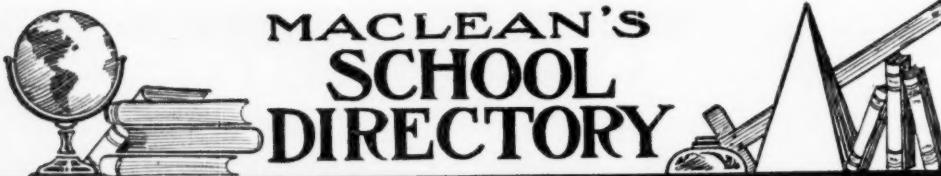
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Despite everything as Mr. Vincent points out:

The attitude of the Swiss Government towards all belligerents has been absolutely correct. Its definition of the policy has been slowly perfected during the past half century. Every trace of the historic military capitulation with outside nations has been removed. The passage of foreign troops is prohibited. The new Confederation of 1848 attempted at first to stop the passage of persons not in uniform, but in view of the risk of thus acting in the service of one or another belligerent, it is now left to each country to prevent the escape of hostile reservists.

In other countries of Europe the sale of arms and war material by neutral contractors to warring nations is permissible. Switzerland has attempted to prevent this but the prohibition has been largely limited to guns and ammunition. Ordinary provisions are not stopped and even the sale of horses and harness is unrestricted.

As to communication, the Government has not attempted to stop the mails, but is better able to regulate the use of the telegraph and telephones. Swiss territory may not be used as a base for obtaining or getting information for hostile purposes, either by wire or by aviators. The Allies have already apologized for unintentional trespass over an invisible atmospheric frontier.

However, Switzerland's difficulties are not limited to maintaining her neutrality as Mr. Vincent points out:

The most serious question is the maintenance of the food supply, for Switzerland does not raise enough for her own use. Not a pound of coal or iron is produced in the country. Supplies of cotton and wool must come from outside to keep the industries busy and Switzerland must depend on the good graces of one or another of the belligerents. Newspapers last month reported that arrangements had been made with Italy, permitting materials to come through from the Mediterranean.

After reviewing the work which Switzerland has done in looking after fugitives from all countries and in the matter of exchange of prisoners, the writer goes on to show that, if the necessity arose, Switzerland would be able to give a good account of herself. He describes the militia system as follows:

The national militia calls into service every able-bodied youth in the confederation, and those who are exempted through physical disability must pay a tax instead. Actual training begins at the age of twenty with the school of recruits, which lasts from sixty-five to ninety days during the first year, according to the branch of service. For the subsequent seven or eight years the ordinary recruit is called out for eleven days annually and is then excused from further training. Officers continue longer as instructors. For twelve years the soldier is classed in the "Auszug" or "Elite," for eight years more in the "Landwehr" or second defence, and for another eight years in the "Landsturm." Liability for service ends



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at the age of forty-eight, but all males may be called out in case of dire necessity.

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The financial and industrial burden is reduced by the short periods of service, and at the same time every citizen is instructed in the art of war. No military

class is created by this process, for no standing army is required, and the professional officers are comparatively few. Switzerland can mobilize about 200,000 men for actual combat, with about 60,000 more in the Landsturm. The same percentage to population would raise an active army of 6,000,000 in the United States.

Swiss neutrality is based on the traditions of six hundred years of independence and a century of freedom from entangling alliances, but the people do not for an instant leave it all to the good will of their neighbors. A citizen army to which every man belongs stands ready to discourage war by visible and adequate preparation.

The Cost of Living

Official Figures on Conditions in the United States.

THREE is no question which comes closer home to the average person than the cost of living. Some interesting facts on this question are given in an article by William C. Wilson, Secretary of Labor of the United States, in *Munsey's Magazine*. It is not possible, of course, to draw a direct parallel between the United States and Canada, but conditions in the two countries are not dissimilar and the statements made by Mr. Wilson will apply to some degree to conditions in Canada. It is probable that the advance in the cost of foodstuffs which is demonstrated in his article has been even more marked in Canada. The article reads in part:

Based solely upon food consumption, the cost of living was two per cent. higher in 1914, compared with prices current in 1913. These figures deal with the relative prices of fifteen leading articles of food, weighted according to the average consumption in working men's families. The fifteen articles selected are sirloin steak, round steak, rib roast, pork chops, bacon, ham, lard, hens, flour, corn meal, eggs, butter, potatoes, sugar and milk.

Governmental statistics show that the average income of the average American family is \$15.90 a week or \$827.19 a year, each family consisting of five persons. This means an income of \$2.27 a day, inclusive of Sundays and holidays.

These data were obtained in detail from 2,567 families, including 13,643 persons, selected from different sections of the United States. The average income of these families is—or, to be precise, was at the time the report was in course of preparation—\$827.19 a year, with an average expenditure per family for all purposes of \$768.54, leaving a surplus of \$58.65.

The average amount expended in one year for each of the principal items entering into the cost of living was, for the family of five persons—food, \$326.90; rent or payments on property, \$117.41; fuel and light, \$40.38; clothing, \$107.84; insurance, \$20.97; furniture and utensils, \$26.31; periodicals, \$8.35; amusements, \$12.28; sickness and death, \$20.54; church, lodge, and other fees, \$19.06; liquors and tobacco, \$23.37; miscellaneous, \$45.13.

I am sure that these averages are quite

conservative, and that the average family in the United States maintains the stated ratio of expenditure on each item, in proportion to its income, with the possible exception of rent. It would appear, offhand, that the amount set aside for rent seems too low, as it is less than ten dollars a month; but inasmuch as this is the officially established average it cannot be questioned.

We might also find fault with the clothing item, and consider it, in comparison to other items, too high. In fact, there are several items that would seem too high in comparison to rent. But the most essential fact is that the average family's total yearly expenditure is nearly sixty dollars less than its income, which leaves a fair margin of savings.

But to return to the prices of foodstuffs. The Bureau of Labor Statistics, in its consideration of the subject, has placed the average of one hundred per cent. for 1913, and gives the following figures for the last eight years:

1907—	81.9	per cent.
1908—	84.2	per cent.
1909—	88.6	per cent.
1910—	92.9	per cent.
1911—	91.9	per cent.
1912—	97.4	per cent.
1913—	100.0	per cent.
1914—	102.0	per cent.

The highest point during 1914 was reached in September, a month after the war in Europe started, when the price of all food was five per cent. higher than the average price for the year. The lowest point was reached in April, when the price was 5.4 per cent. lower than the average for the year.

Although the foregoing table of yearly averages shows that the highest prices were reached in 1914, while the lowest prevailed in 1907, this is only true of all the articles combined, but not of separate articles. Flour, for instance, was 5.3 per cent. higher in 1909 than in 1914. Sugar, which reached a remarkably high point last August—145.3 per cent.—stood, nevertheless, 7.9 per cent. lower than it was in 1911. In fact, sugar was higher in 1910, 1911, and 1912 than it was in 1914.

Considering that a terrible war was in progress during the second half of 1914, an increase of two per cent. in the cost of foodstuffs for the average American family is low indeed. It was a considerably smaller advance than the average in-



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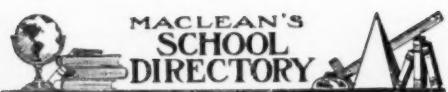
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crease of the six previous years, all of which were, moreover, normal years. Under the circumstances it is not too much to say that if it had not been for the war, there would have been no increase in the cost of living in 1914, compared with the preceding year.

Moreover, the last months of the year showed such a decline from the maximum figures of September that the retail price of the fifteen principal articles of food which represent approximately two-thirds of the expenditure for food by the average wage-earner's family was the same on December 15, 1914, as on the same day in 1913.

In this connection it is not amiss to remark that, according to the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, a general tendency has been manifest in all trades toward a reduction of hours of labor and an increase in the scale of wages since 1907, the year which began to mark the high yearly increase in the relative retail prices of food.

Whether or not the increase in wages has kept pace with the increase in price of foodstuffs is a question beyond precise statistics, because the comparison is one which concerns the individual family, and which varies with each family in each community, in unison with general fluctuations that are next to impossible to average.

There has been a tendency to confuse the increase in the prices of commodities with what is known as "the high cost of living," to a point where general misconception exists of the one as well as of the other. The average cost of living, to be exact, represents the amount of dollars and cents that must be expended during

a given period by the average family depending on a moderate income. The maximum or minimum cost, however, is another phase of the problem; it no longer involves the amount of dollars and cents necessary to buy and pay for life's necessities, but involves questions of home management and housekeeping skill, which cannot be standardized, even for purposes of argument.

A general summary of the union scales of wages and hours of labor denotes, as I have mentioned above, a general tendency in all trades toward a reduction of hours of labor and an increase in wages. This does not mean an increase in wages through the reduction of the hours of labor, except in the case of those occupations which are paid by the hour-rate. An increase in rates of wages per hour, in these cases, was nearly counterbalanced by the reduction of working hours per week, so that while the time required to make a week's earnings was reduced, the income would be slightly increased.

The relative rates of wages per full week in 1907—the first year for which figures were collected concerning the union scales of the country—were 97 per cent. of the rates of wages per full week in 1913. This statement is based upon a survey of forty cities—all important industrial centres—located in thirty-two states. Within these cities live one-fifth of the total population, two-fifths of the urban population, and approximately one-third of the total number of persons engaged in gainful occupations, agricultural pursuits excepted, in the continental United States. The same cities are included in the retail-price statistics.

Race Segregation in the South

The Negroes are Drawing Farther Apart All the Time From the Whites.

THE Southern States are passing through a period of marked change in economic, social and religious life. The outstanding factor is the manner in which almost complete segregation of the races is being brought about. More and more is the tendency for the negroes to live apart showing itself in every phase of life. Philip Alexander Bruce contributes a strong article on the subject of race segregation to the *Hibbert Journal*. At the outset he shows how rapid has been the progress that the Southern States have made recently. He says:

There is no division of the Union which, in proportion to its population, has in the course of the last thirty years, shown a higher degree of progress than the Southern States have done. The old towns and cities have greatly expanded in size and there has been an extraordinary increase in the number of new. Manufacturers have sprung up everywhere until now, in some varieties—particularly in cotton, cloth and iron—several of the Southern States, notably Alabama and the Carolinas, are second in production to Massachusetts and Pennsylvania alone. The vast deposits of coal there are now mined to an extent that exceeds the output of any other part of the country. Railways have been constructed into the remotest region; and among the greatest railroad systems operating in the United States, at least three have their lines entirely in the South and ramify thousands

of miles in every direction. The growth of agriculture has grown with the expansion of railways and manufactures. Not only has the volume of the staple crops of the South, tobacco, corn, rice, been enormously increased, but new crops have been cultivated on a scale unequalled elsewhere.

With the increase of prosperity and a general improvement of conditions, the white and negro races are becoming almost totally separated in every department of life except the industrial. Taking up each phase of life in turn Mr. Bruce follows out this tendency towards segregation.

Before the close of the great Civil War all the churches of the white people in the plantation communities possessed galleries which were reserved for negro worshippers and on Sunday the seats in these galleries were filled with an attentive black audience who with moving fervour joined in the devotional singing and with every evidence of pious feeling partook of the communion. One may now travel many miles through the urban and rural districts of the Southern districts without observing a single white face in the churches of the black people. Of all the white denominations, the Protestant Episcopalians alone have a negro annex—a body of small numerical importance whose churches are periodically visited by the white bishop for purposes of confirmation and general inspection; but it is indicative of the present trend of racial relations in the Southern States that it is now proposed to appoint black bishops

to overlook and administer to the needs of the black congregations.

The separation of the two races in their religious organizations is entirely voluntary on the negroes' part. There is no formal law to compel it. On the other hand the separation of the two races in the schools, supported by public taxation, is required by the statutes of all the Southern States. No black pupils are admitted to the schoolhouses of the white; and the reverse is enforced with equal strictness. The fact alone that all the teachers in the black schools are black would be sufficient to make the present system of division acceptable to persons of that color. These teachers are obtained from the most influential sections of their people; they are men and women who have enjoyed the best education now in the reach of their race. They are fully aware that, if white and black pupils were permitted to be instructed in the same schoolhouses, the only teachers who would be appointed would be white. Every practical instinct, therefore, causes them to sustain the policy of separation most suitable for children of their color.

On all the steam railways there are now different coaches for white and black passengers. No white person is permitted to occupy a seat in a coach assigned to negroes; no negro is permitted to occupy a seat in a coach assigned to white persons. It is required by law that there shall be no difference, whatever, in the comfort and safety of the cars reserved for each race. On the urban tramways where the traffic is not sufficiently great to justify the use of separate cars the objections to indiscriminate co-mingling are met in part by reserving one portion of each car for black persons and one for white.

With equal strictness the separation of the races is enforced in all places of public amusement. In some of the theatres and in most of the numerous halls and picture shows operated for the diversion of the whites, no provision, whatever, is made for a black audience; or such provision as is made is so poor in character that the most respectable class of negroes feel small temptation to attend the performances there. In all the towns the negroes now possess theatres of their own and also halls for picture shows and assembly rooms for dancing. The actors and actresses are always black.

But undoubtedly the most significant aspect of race segregation in the Southern States to-day is the rigid line of division which has been drawn in all the important cities between the residential areas occupied by the white and black population, respectively. The ordinances requiring the confinement of each race to its own residential area has so far been of municipal origin only. They apply to the city alone. No Southern State has yet passed a law which provides for segregation not only in the urban districts but also in the rural.

Mr. Bruce then goes on to show how the negro sections of Southern communities are gradually depending for service from within; that is, they have their own restaurants, banks, insurance companies, lawyers, doctors and dentists. The tendency towards segregation has even resulted in replacing the negro domestic in the white homes with white servants.

There is not a State in the South which has not passed a law making it a criminal offence, punishable by long imprisonment, for a white man or woman to marry a

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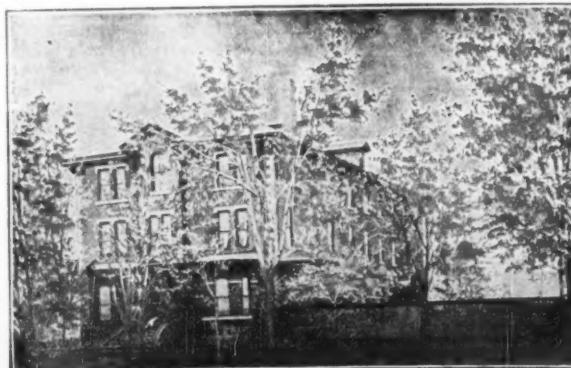
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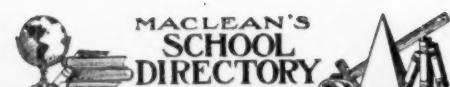
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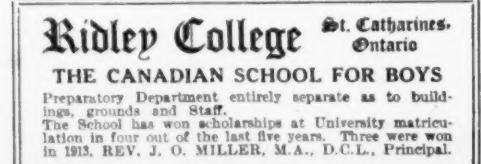
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

black person; and this statute is enforced with such rigid fidelity that it is now practically never violated. The negroes of the Southern States are reverting slowly but surely to a physical type that closely resembles the general type of their African ancestors. This fact, by promot-

ing their homogeneity, and further accentuating the racial difference between them and the white, tends to increase the power of all those influences which are now springing from the operation of both the written and unwritten laws of segregation.

Why Poland Stands With Russia

The Poles Want a Reunited Country and They Fear the Teutons.

THE world, fed with stories of Russian cruelty and oppression, has wondered why Poland stands so resolutely by the Czar through the war. Not only has Russian Poland fought with the forces of Russia but the sentiment in the German and Austrian sections of the dismembered kingdom has been anything but enthusiastic for the Teutonic cause.

The truth of the matter is that the Poles still long for their independence and they believe they have more to expect from Russia than from either Germany or Austria. Despite the fact that it is over a century since Poland ceased to exist as a separate nation, there is still a strong longing in every Polish heart for the re-establishment of their once powerful and wealthy country. There is a paper published in America, *Free Poland*, which typifies and expresses this aspiration. In the last issue an American Pole, A. M. Jasienski, tells why his people have sided with Russia:

Probably no one was more astonished by the attitude of the Poles toward Russia at the beginning of the present war than the Austrian Government.

The Germans and the Austrians, who subsidized the Polish Socialist Party—an organization which claimed to secure the liberty of Poland with the help of socialism and which tried to play the part of Socialists as well as that of Polish patriot—were sure that the day war was declared on Russia would find all of Poland rising against Russian rule.

They believed that the Poles hated Russia so much that they would forget their national interest, and at the same time they overlooked the fact that they themselves did not possess such strong sympathies among the Poles as to be able to draw them to their side without promising something in return.

But to tell the truth, it would be only fair to say that the Russians themselves believed that a revolution in Poland was imminent. That was the reason why they at once withdrew their troops from a large part of Poland—that part now occupied by Germany and Austria—and were even prepared to evacuate Warsaw and defend only the line of the Vistula, or even of the rivers Bug and Narew.

The common sense of the Polish peasant, who could not be reached by Austrian agents, when left to a choice between the devil and the deep sea, selected the devil—Russia, whom they knew—rather than to be drowned in the deep sea. They thought they would have a chance to escape from the devil, while to be drowned in the sea of Germanism was merely a question of time.

Besides, neither Germany nor Austria has ever made any promise to the Poles. Even when professor Globinski, deputy to the Reichstag and one of the leaders of

the Polish nationalists (the nationalists are an organization covering all of Poland) came to Count von Berchtold, Austrian Secretary of State, a few days after the war began and asked him what the Austrian Government intended to offer to the Poles, the count said: "Why do you ask me such a question? There will be plenty of time when the war is over."

When Prof. Globinski said: "No, sir; it will be too late then—now or never," Count Berchtold started to laugh and said: "Why, sir, in a few days the whole of Poland will be in a state of revolution."

"Sir, your information is wrong. There will be no revolution in Poland—I give you my word of honor that Warsaw and all of Poland will be quiet," was the reply.

A few days afterward the speech of Deputy Jaronski, although a nationalist, in the Russian Duma, told the world that the Poles would stand with Russia for good or evil in the war. At the meeting of the German Reichsrath shortly after, not a single Polish deputy was present.

Austria and Germany controlled the "Polish Socialist Party," and were sure that they controlled the nation—but the nation was controlled by the Polish Nationalists, whose full political name since 1905 has been "Polish National Democratic Party." This party was formed in 1886 as a secret society under the name of the "Polish National League," popularly known as "All Poles." The one principal object of the party was to unite all Poles of all three partitions into one political body for national purposes.

When the Czar Nicolas II. gave the constitution to Russia, at the first election in Poland this party carried nearly all seats. In Austrian Poland, at the last election to the provincial Diet, the party was able to carry a majority of seats, defeating the Government's staunch supporters.

The Austrian Poles, with the exception of the extreme Conservatives and the Polish Socialist party (not Social Democrats), seeing that the Austrian Government did not wish to promise them anything, remained only passively loyal.

Then the Germans entered Poland and everywhere inquired if the Poles were going to begin a revolt against Russia. When they found that no one intended to start an uprising in Germany's favor, they angrily started to burn villages and cities, like Kalisz, towns like Klobuck. When this began the peasants, with scythes, went after the malefactors and in this way guerrilla warfare began in the whole of Poland.

This movement was so great and so important that General von Ewert, commander of one of the Russian armies operating in the Government of Radom, publicly expressed his thanks to the Polish peasants of that province, and the Russian Government distributed a score of Saint George crosses for display of valor.

Austria's loss was Polish gain, for many thousands of people who remained at home and are now behind the Russian lines, are safe. And the popularity of the

war against Germany, among the Polish people, and in order to save the country from bands of robbers in the guise of volunteers, forced the Poles to form volunteer regiments to serve with the Russian army.

The Grand Duke Nicolas, author of the Manifesto in which he promises the reunion of all parts of Poland and autonomy under the Russian rule, granted the permission to form such regiments. The Polish volunteers with the Russian army have the privilege of having Polish uniforms, the Polish language as an army language recognized, as well as the Polish flag. Polish officers, drawn from the Russian army, will form a full-fledged army, with infantry, cavalry, artillery, etc., the Russian Government supplying the necessary arms.

It seems that circumstances have greatly helped the Poles in this terrible ordeal, as now the nation is practically united and standing with Russia against Germany, bound by mutual hatred of German arms.

A German victory now would mean the complete annihilation of Poland. The cities and towns of Poland, with 75 per cent. of Jews and Germans, would be German twenty-four hours after annexation—as the Jews speak German and always stand with the Government. The villages and farms of landowners, under forced expatriation, would soon pass into German hands as in Posen and West Prussia.

To be a buffer state, or as Maximilian Harden in "Zukunft" calls it, "Wahn-Gerippe" (a skeleton) would mean the loss forever of Posen, West Prussia, Dantzig, and Galicia, or perhaps some day another war like the present.

As to whether Poland will lose or win by trusting to Russia is a hard question to answer. But certainly Poland cannot trust Austria. History shows that that country does not know the meaning of gratitude. And Prussia (Germany) who owes everything to Poland, perjured herself in 1791.

Poland knows the Russian Bureaucracy, but she does not know much about the Russian people—perhaps they deserve to be trusted.

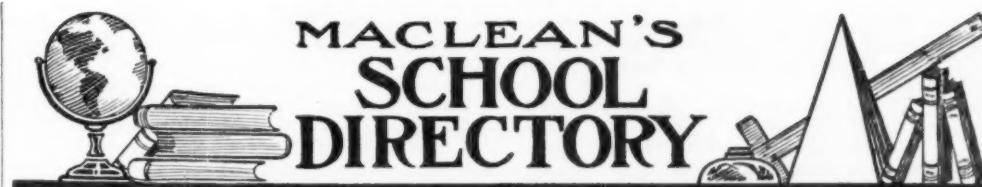
Carrying Reform to Germany

Will History Repeat Itself in the Arrangement of Terms of Peace?

THE question is often asked as to whether the conclusion of peace will be accompanied by social reforms in Germany; and how such reforms would likely be worked out. An answer is tentatively suggested in the accompanying article from the *World's Work*:

The German Socialists printed a full page appeal in their paper, the *Vorwärts*, in which they demanded "that as soon as guarantees of national safety are secured and the enemy shows an inclination to make peace, the war be brought to an end on conditions admitting of friendly relations with neighboring nations." The protest continued: "We protest again with all possible emphasis against all efforts looking to the annexation of foreign territory and the oppression of other peoples—measures now demanded by the great organizations and influential political leaders. The people want no conquest of land, they want peace."

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Herr Liebknecht, perhaps the ablest Socialist in the Reichstag, had already been drafted to the front for service for his anti-war utterances.

This manifesto led to the suppression of the *Vorwärts*.

These events, though interesting indications of the German Socialists' feeling, have little effect on the conduct of the war. Once in the war there is little else for Germany to do but to see it through to the bitter end, for despite the German success the Allies are not showing "an inclination to make peace." Moreover, the most favorable terms to Germans which the Allies would be willing to consider would be far too severe for contemplation by a Germany holding advanced lines in Russian Poland and in northern France, and in all but entire possession of Belgium.

But though the Socialists are not likely to stop the war they might have a very important role to play were the Allies to win decisively. The Allied war is not directed toward the ruin of Germany as an industrial or commercial power, it is not aimed at German land except for the

not altogether Germanized provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Their efforts are directed primarily against the combination of a war and industrial machine which they believed was bent upon attaining world domination. It is this same combination of "great business organizations and influential political leaders"—the war machine—which the Socialists oppose.

In 1870 the Prussian victors refused to make peace with the French Government which had been defending Paris, and insisted that the French people freely elect a National Assembly to make the terms of peace. If Germany were defeated in this war and such a plan were followed, the Social Democrats would be the logical party for the Allies to make peace with. If the Allies could thus give to Germany the democracy which Germany forced on France the German Empire would naturally lose its Hohenzollern Middle-Ages aspect which has kept it apart and out of sympathy with its neighbors. Toward such a Germany the world could look with all former friendship.

began Swedish sympathy was still further alienated. Such deeds are not in the tradition of the eminently humane and gracious people of Sweden, who have an instinctive and traditional horror of *kultur* of this sort. After the last Norfolk raid the Swedish press did not mince matters. It was unanimous in disapproval, and *Dagens Nyheter* plainly told its German friends that if they persisted in the murder of babies Swedish sympathy would "turn away in disgust."

On the other hand, Sweden was made sore by our prohibition of the export of iron ore, but pacified when we rescinded it. Germany also gave deep offence by putting wood on her prohibited list, and this embargo she has not removed.

The article goes on to point out that conditions in the past have tended to bring Sweden and Germany together while everywhere obstacles have been put in the way of increased intimacy between the people of Britain and Sweden. It adds:

These favorable conditions for a general Germanophil sentiment throughout the Swedish nation have not, however, met with the success which might have been anticipated. In spite of all the obstacles which have blocked the way for a proper comprehension of English life, English thought, and English institutions, the Swede, who can boast that his nation was the first self-governing people in Europe, has always had a weak spot in his heart for the home of democratic institutions, the land of Dickens, Darwin, Mill, and Gladstone. While duly appreciating the energy and the methodical work of the German, he has never been able to pump up any great enthusiasm for him as an individual. To take an instance from business life, an English commercial traveler would always, circumstances and conditions being equal, have preference over a German rival.

The conclusion arrived at by the writer is that Sweden is strictly neutral and certain to remain so until the very end. The article goes to some length, however, in showing how the increased good-will of Sweden could be secured.

To sum up, the main cause of any want of sympathy with England and France which is to be detected to-day in the attitude of Sweden is due to her ancient haunting fear of the aggressiveness of Russia. This is a matter which it behoves us to approach with the greatest delicacy, but it is obvious that no appreciation of Scandinavian opinion can be formed if it is ignored. The happy conclusion of the Aland Islands scare in 1908 greatly relieved the tension, and Sweden remains grateful to us for our share in that relief. But it is idle to deny that there remained other causes for a certain apprehension. The Bobrikoff régime in Finland, and the efforts to nullify that Finnish constitution which every Czar since 1809 had sworn to uphold, cannot be pleasant for the Swedes, whose language is spoken and written by the educated classes of Finland, and who have close intellectual and moral relationship with the Finns. Sweden may misjudge the intentions of Russia, but she is agitated to see her gigantic neighbor pushing closer and closer to that ice-free port on the Atlantic which Peter the Great emphasized in his celebrated will as one of the essentials of Russian domination.

The probability is that the fears of Sweden are unfounded, and that the dread of Russia which warps all her political judgment is a mere bugbear. But would it not be in the interest of Russia herself

Where Sweden Stands

A Consideration of the Attitude of the Swedish People.

WHERE does Sweden stand at this world crisis? Sweden is peace-loving, fair-minded and democratic; Sweden must give her sympathies to the Allies. Such at least is the conclusion that one reaches on first thought. And yet, coming to consider the facts, we find that Sweden, impartial and impeccably neutral from first to last, was at first inclined to favor the cause of Germany. There were reasons for this, just as there are reasons for the change in sentiment being manifested in that country to-day. These reasons are given in the *Edinburgh Review*, parts of which are reproduced:

It is useless to deny that there existed a clique almost a party, in Stockholm, whose sympathies were so strongly with Germany at the very outset as to create an element of anxiety for the Swedish Government. What this clique consisted of, and why it possessed a certain importance, may presently be made clear. For the moment, it is enough to say that its action was based upon the old dread of Russian aggression, which has been for a century past the bugbear of Sweden. The Government never wavered, but it is vain to deny that a certain disquietude reigned as to what would be the consequences to Sweden if the Allies were victorious and Germany were crushed. Would any power on earth, it was anxiously asked, be able to stem the advance of Russia on her way to the high seas?

At the first moment of the crisis, nothing could have been more adroit than the conduct of Germany, or have given clearer evidence of her wide scheme of preparedness. Nothing had been left to chance; all was arranged beforehand on a perfect plan. Germany knew that a little seed of flame, a spark of anti-neutral prejudice, lay at the heart of the military and aristocratic society of her northern neighbor. That Germany did everything she possibly could to fan this flame into a big fire is a well-known fact, and the means she

took are patent. She had formed close and long-standing connections with the Swedish press, connections that were of quite an honorable nature, but much more intimate than any which England had dreamed of. German newspapers reached Sweden as abundantly and regularly as usual, and the more or less official German news agencies poured in a constant flow of highly colored information. Sweden was immediately overrun with emissaries of all sorts and conditions, from the professor, with his Nobel Prize diploma as his passport, to the Social-Democratic deputy.

Sweden had at first nothing to read but the German pamphlets and the German newspapers. But after some time she got access to news from the other side as well. The German White Book was followed by the English Blue Book, the French Yellow Book, the Russian Orange Book, and the Belgian Grey Book. Not that Government publications in all the colors of the rainbow could alter Sweden's decision to remain neutral, but she had, at last, an opportunity of judging matters on the evidence of the opposing parties. The result was a marked change in the general tone of the Swedish press, and Wolff's Bureau was no longer looked upon as an immaculate purveyor of nothing but the truth. The largest and most influential of the journals of Sweden, *Dagens Nyheter*, a paper which is admirably conducted and which boasts of a daily circulation of over 90,000, has been eminently fair to the Allies throughout; it has given all the news, from London, Paris, and Petrograd, as well as from Berlin, and it is impossible to detect in its opinions any bias for Germany. At the other extremity of journalism, the *Svenska Dagbladet* was at the beginning of the war an outspoken defender of the Prussian cause, but even this paper has never advocated a participation in the struggle, while every month there is apparent a cooling in its zeal for Germany.

The blowing-up of Swedish ships by German mines instantly lowered the temperature of the pro-Germans, and when the attacks on English non-combatants

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to remove the cause of that fear and mistrust? A stroke of the pen by the all-powerful Tsar, giving back to Finland at the conclusion of the war her constitutional liberties, would not only make that country once more the most loyal part of the great Russian Empire, and unify her with Russia far more than could be done by any ukase of restrictions and suppressions, but it would be hailed by Sweden with enthusiasm as the most perfect proof that Russia harbors no designs on her neighbor across the Baltic. It would inaugurate an era of sincere friendship between the two countries, and it would increase the commercial, industrial, and intellectual intercourse between them, to the immediate benefit of both.

And why not improve upon the occasion? Why not say to Sweden: "These Aland Islands, which have worried you so much, take them back. We got them by a diplomatic accident, without having asked for them; we do not want them. Let them lie there, unfortified, of course, and permanently neutral."

An Unnavigable Sea

A Case in Which Truth is as Strange as Fiction.

MANY people will imagine, says *Chambers' Journal* that in modern times anything in the nature of a lost continent or an unnavigable sea would be the merest fiction originating in the fertile brain of some inventive author worthy of the laurels of Jules Verne. In the latter case, that it is not imagination, but an indisputable fact, has been fully proved in connection with the treacherous Sargasso Sea, where Columbus and his ships were first held unwilling prisoners for nearly three weeks. A great many other incidents since that time have been forthcoming, almost the latest of which is the case of the steamer *Thistledor*, plying between the United States and Rio, which was caught by the weed-fields, and was unable to free itself for more than a week. Regarding the former case, there is no absolute proof of the one-time existence of Atlantis, the supposed submerged land in the Atlantic Ocean. It has frequently been adopted by novelists as the scene of submarine exploration and adventure, in which there are the usual search for and discovery of treasure. Dealing as these tales do with a topic little known to the general public, it is regrettable that few writers trouble to give adequate information regarding the continent, and (although perhaps mythical) its position and history. They generally content themselves with describing an ingenious submarine vessel by which their heroes reach the theatre of operations; and, having brought them there after many thrilling adventures, they depict in glowing terms the superb architecture of the buildings that have been met with.

Atlantis is first mentioned by Plato, the great Greek philosopher, in his dialogue *Timaeus*, in which he dissertates on the construction of the universe. In this book Atlantis is reputed to be a huge island continent, equal in extent to the Libyan Desert of Africa and Asia Minor combined. Its geographical position was described as somewhere beyond the Pillars

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of Hercules—that is, Gibraltar and Ceuta—and it is supposed to have included the Azores, Madeira, and the Canaries. The Phoenicians were recorded as having carried on a great trade with it; and when at the zenith of its power Atlantis is stated to have been overwhelmed by a tremendous volcanic disturbance, and completely engulfed in the sea.

Not even the most learned professors of archaeological subjects can, however, vouch for the truth of the report; whilst many are of the opinion that the Phoenicians were in reality driven across the Atlantic to the shores of the New World. Should this be the case, the discovery by Columbus would seem to have been forestalled. The scientific "dragging" that has been carried on in recent times in the Atlantic Ocean serves to strengthen this theory, for the deep-sea life and vegetation that have been obtained appear to have originated in ages far earlier than those of ancient Greece. Further, we are told by scientists that the British Isles were in prehistoric periods a part of northern Europe, and that land stretched farther westward than the present west coast of Ireland.

There is yet another aspect which has many supporters. It is the belief that the whole idea of a lost continent is legendary. Plato is stated to be unequalled in the fabrication of a "noble lie," and the story he relates may quite possibly be the result of his imagination. Perhaps in the future, when the hoped-for Utopian state of affairs prevails, and the sword is fashioned into a plowshare, some resourceful inventor will direct his genius to a less war-like purpose, and construct a submarine whose efficiency will not consist of torpedo-tubes and collapsible machine-guns, but an outside shell strong enough to withstand successfully the tremendous strain which would be entailed by deep-sea exploration. Then may the truth of the tale be ascertained. Man has achieved many wonderful things. He has conquered the seemingly impregnable air; therefore, why should success not await him in this direction?

New British Dirigible Has Novel Features

A new type of airship recently patented in England, of which several are being built for the British military authorities, according to report, embodies an attempt to combine the advantages of the rigid or Zeppelin type of dirigible with those of the nonrigid type. In this new air craft, the cigar-shaped outer air-tight covering contains a number of gas bags which, when filled with gas, completely fill the envelope, expanding it to its elastic limit and so rendering the whole structure rigid enough to navigate accurately. As the bags become deflated, through leakage or condensation, air is pumped into the outer envelope, thus maintaining the necessary rigidity. The main advantages claimed are simplicity of construction and ease of transportation when deflated.

German War Literature

What the Teuton People Think About the War as Reflected in Their Writings.

SINCE the outbreak of the war Germany has been flooded with war literature; and the temper of the German people can be judged by the tone of the pamphlets and books that are produced so prolifically and read so voraciously. An article on German war literature is contributed by A. Shadwell to the *Edinburgh Review* in which he indulges in some interesting speculation as to the present state of mind of the people of that country. He says:

A study of German war literature might have saved us from blunders, and from such surprises as the gas attacks. This weapon is no sudden device adopted by a desperate enemy to make good his weakness in other respects. It has been in preparation since the beginning of the war, and has only waited for complete elaboration and a favorable opportunity. German writers boasted of these things at an early date, and the technical department still has other surprises up its sleeve.

In a war of peoples like this it is peculiarly desirable to know the enemy's point of view. If part of the energy expended on explaining—for the thousandth time—the origin of the war and on empty denunciations and foolish jeers had been devoted to studying the German state of mind it would have profited us more. However, there is one consolation, and that is the fact that the Germans are even more astray about us than we about them. The conceptions even of learned men about our history, our political and social institutions, our ways of living and thinking, and our national character betray a grotesque ignorance. But it is part of a general ignorance. They misunderstand all other peoples, as indeed the course of the war has abundantly shown. They seem incapable of understanding any other people and their war literature reveals both the defect and its cause. It is a primary, irretrievable and fatal defect, and it will be their undoing.

The dominant note of the German war literature throughout is the transcendent superiority of everything German and the measureless inferiority of all other nations. Not only is this set out explicitly with the utmost emphasis and in great detail, but the consciousness of it permeates every corner and cranny of the German mind and colors the German view of everything. It is difficult to realize the full magnitude and intensity of this influence without reading through all these German publications, because the effect is cumulative. They treat many different aspects of the war but always with the same result. They touch many strings and play many tunes but the key is always the same. A neutral writer in *The Times* has recently described the effect of travelling in Germany and hearing German talk as hypnotic. A perusal of these pamphlets has exactly the same effect. After a time one begins to wonder if one is on one's head or one's heels, asleep or awake, alive or dead. The whole world seems upside down or whirling in a mad and fantastic dance. One can understand the effect of this atmosphere on the German people. They are self-hypnotized into a state which makes them impervious to external impressions and blind and deaf to sights

and sounds patent to the rest of the world. Here is the touchstone of truth which enables one to regain one's mental balance—the judgment of the world at large. A just-minded man belonging to a country at war with Germany is constrained, on realizing the German view and the intense conviction with which it is held, to ask himself if he is not, after all, prejudiced by his own patriotism. The answer lies in the virtually unanimous judgment of the world, which the Germans themselves perceive to be dead against them. It does not shake their own conviction, which is unshakable, but it puzzles them.

In a way the excessive self-esteem of the Germans revealed by the war is generally recognized here. But its intensity, universality and potency are very imperfectly realized. Isolated utterances are put down to individual extravagance when they are really typical. It is at the bottom of the whole thing—the war itself, the spirit in which it is waged and the methods employed. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that nothing like it has ever been known before. That is difficult to judge. But national self-esteem has certainly never found such free and unbridled expression. The people of every country prefer their own to any other, and in their hearts think it superior. They not infrequently say so. *Deutschland über alles* does not stand alone. We hear pretty often of "God's own country," *la belle France*, *la ville lumière*, "see Naples and die," "holy Russia," *extra Hungarum non est vita*, "Rule, Britannia," and the like. And the inhabitants of every chosen land secretly think themselves a chosen people. But they do not claim superiority in everything; they acknowledge some defects in themselves and some merits in other nations. They are not perpetually exalting themselves and belittling everyone else. They have some modesty and reticence. Not so the Germans. They claim superiority in every quality and every relation of life. They are, in their own eyes, all compact of merits; their opponents are a mass of defects. They are bursting with self-admiration and cannot keep it in. The war has let it loose in a vast and unrestrained flood. Taken as a whole, the German war literature is a symphonic paean of self-exaltation. It rises and falls; there are gradations of sonority and of rhythm; some passages are marked *piano* and *andante*, others *fortissimo* and *prestissimo*; now the strings take up the theme, now the brass, now the wood wind; but it is ever the same theme—Our Noble Selves, the greatness and glory of the German people in the past, the present, and the future; the miserable character and fate of their foes.

No inconsistency is too great for them to swallow. Belgium is charged with two mutually exclusive crimes—with defending her neutrality against Germany, and with not defending it against France. Another instance is the reproach of professionalism against the British Army, which is one of the favorite formulas of abuse. German officers are professional soldiers and the glory of the German Army; but what is a superlative merit in them becomes the vilest of attributes when extended to the whole British Army. It is impossible to reproduce the scorn conveyed by the express *um schnödes Geld*,



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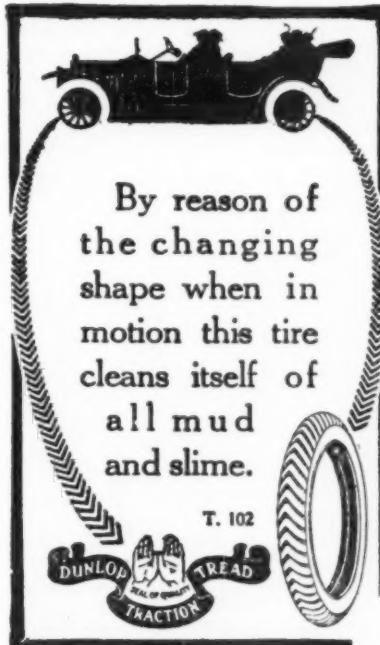
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which is invariably used, whenever British troops are mentioned, to describe their sole motive for fighting. Germans forget that their own word *Soldat*, from which our "soldier" is derived, comes from *Sold* (pay) and originally signified a man who served for pay. As a matter of fact our professional soldiers are not "mercenaries" at all. Mercenaries were troops who sold their services to anyone who would pay them and fought now on this side and now on that. No country furnished so many of them as Germany in the wars of the past, when they were commonly employed. But it is obvious that British troops would be equally abused however they were raised. German volunteers are glorious heroes; British volunteers beneath contempt. If the British Army were raised in the same way as the German and stood on precisely the same footing, it would still present the difference between black and white in German eyes, because the real difference is between German and non-German; it has nothing to do with circumstances, quality or conduct. When Germans drop bombs on undefended watering places and kill civilians it is a glorious feat; when the French retaliate at Karlsruhe it is a monstrous crime.

In short, there is one law for Germans and another for other nations. What suits them is right, and what does not is wrong. There are for them no other rules of conduct than that simple formula, Might is Right—so long as it is German might. The ease with which they surmount some obvious difficulties and glaring inconsistencies is not due to insincerity, but to the peculiar state of mind already described, which has destroyed their logical faculty and rendered them impervious to ordinary reason. They say that the Allies had planned the whole thing for years, and at the same time base the certainty of German success on the hopeless inferiority of their forces and equipment; they maintain that Germany was taken unawares and at the same time boast of her perfect preparations. Why the planner of a crime should be unready, and the unsuspecting victim perfectly prepared, is a question that is easily answered by Germany's immeasurable superiority. Neither are they troubled by the fact that up till the 4th of August they were proving that Russia was the criminal, against whose desire for war Germany was working "shoulder to shoulder with England" in order to preserve peace. The change, disclosed in Herr Ballin's correspondence recently published in *The Times*, is brought out very clearly in a lengthy war pamphlet by Dr. Paul Rohrbach, the well-known advocate of colonial expansion and editor of the weekly review *Das Größere Deutschland*. It is a collection of articles which go back as far as August, 1912, when he thought, by the way, that the reason why France and England did not strike in the Morocco crisis was the fear of German submarines. The same fear should have been much more potent in 1914, but that is a small inconsistency. The main thing is that up to the 4th of August, 1914, Dr. Rohrbach constantly insisted that Russia was Germany's real enemy, and he repeated it in an article published that very day. Nor did he immediately turn round and accuse England of conspiracy and treachery. On the contrary, he explained that England was faced by a very difficult question on the outbreak of war between Germany and Russia and France, and he anticipated her eventual withdrawal from the struggle. But during the month of

August he swung right round to the popular view that England was the real culprit and Germany's chief enemy.

The writer goes on to refer to the terms of peace that Germany will consider—as reflected in the war literature.

They themselves admit that the existence of the British Empire depends on command of the sea. In fact they lay great stress on it when they want to demonstrate our vulnerability; but they fail to see in that any justification for our sea power. *Not kennt kein Gebot* does not apply to us. Destruction of British sea-power involves retention of the Belgian coast; but that is only a beginning, though the most important point. Belgium must be absorbed altogether in the Mid-European economic *bloc* which is to be established. This project is discussed at length by Dr. Hermann Losch, but it was put forward ten years ago by Professor Julius Wolff. Germany and Austria are to form the nucleus, and as many other States as can be induced to join with or without their consent. Another scheme is that of a central European League, to include Holland, Scandinavia, Finland, Switzerland, Italy, Poland, Bulgaria, Roumania, and

Turkey; this is advocated by Dr. Franz von Liszt. Other writers insist on the annexation of Belgium, Lorraine and Poland. Further afield, Germany must command not only the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, but also all the cables, wireless and coaling stations. And to these modest requirements must be added war indemnities which will cover all the losses and costs incurred by Germany.

The last point has a most important bearing on the determination of the Germans to hold out to the utmost. They have cheerfully submitted to sacrifices in the confident hope of full indemnification, and they will not even surrender it until they are compelled. They will not even entertain the possibility. Nor will the diseased vanity, which inspires all their acts, thoughts, arguments and hopes, yield to anything less than unequivocal defeat. This war can only end in one of two ways—(1) the absolute exhaustion of one side or both; (2) an inconclusive peace, which would be merely a truce and a preparation for renewed conflict. At present we are drifting towards the second; to avoid it a far greater effort is needed than has yet been made or even generally conceived.

Are We Winning?

A Review of the War Past, Present and Future.

ARE we going to win? There is no doubt of that in the mind of any staunch citizen of the British Empire. In the end we *must win*. But what have we done, so far, to bring that certain ultimate victory closer? This phase of the war situation is discussed by a well-informed writer under the pen name of Outis in an article in the *Fortnightly*. He says:

To begin with, it is at least true that what the Germans set out to do at the commencement of the war they have not succeeded in doing. Nothing is more certain than the fact that the original German programme was devised on the assumption that the war would be short and sharp. A sudden rush through Belgium was to be succeeded by an impetuous advance in France, and end after a few weeks in the capture of Paris. Germany was fully organized for war, her preparations had been made for a long time past; the Allies were relatively unprepared. It was not unnatural that the German High Staff should have assumed that a brilliant and daring initiative would be crowned with immediate success. In having to fight on two fronts, any competent war staff would try so to arrange matters as to finish with one enemy before tackling the other. While French resistance was being overcome, the Austrians were to be trusted to hold up the Russian enemy until such time as Berlin could turn its attention to the Eastern frontier. No country in its senses would choose to fight on both frontiers if there was any chance of defeating its foes in detail. If such was the original German programme—and we know that it was from the writings of their strategists—we can at once say that it has entirely and irretrievably failed. The German rush on Paris was stayed at the River Marne, von Kluck was driven back to the River Aisne. As everyone knows the second effort of the Germans aimed at the capture of Calais. That, too, was defeated by the almost incredible resistance

offered by devoted British detachments at Ypres. Thus time, an invaluable asset for the Allies, was gained, and the 300-mile front which still contains the German forces was organized from the North Sea to the Vosges.

The influence of sea power introduces other considerations which must not be neglected. In all probability the influence of sea power will become more and not less as the campaign proceeds. Germany has lost the whole of her sea-borne commerce, her ships of war are compelled to remain inactive; and when she wants a German envoy to be transferred from Washington to Berlin, she is compelled to ask for a safe conduct from Great Britain. It is becoming increasingly difficult for her to import any of those materials which she needs. Italy, as an enemy country, still further limits her supplies. We do not for a moment believe some of the pictures which have been drawn for our edification of the internal straits of Germany. At present she is suffering very little more than we are; probably she has no particular lack of copper; there is nothing approaching to a famine in her land; while, unfortunately, the one thing of which she was getting short, petrol, will now once more become available owing to the Austrian recapture of her Galician oilfields. But the stress of war must tell upon her in the long run much more than it is likely to do on the Allies. The process, however, must inevitably be slow, and at present it is not wise to rely too much on this.

The writer, in view of the adamant determination of the Allies, dismisses the suggestion that the war could end in a plenary victory for Germany, adding:

Next to so appalling a disaster for Europe, and, indeed, for all mankind, as is involved in a complete Teutonic triumph, the most deplorable consummation would be a stalemate on both fronts and a cessation of hostilities because both the combatants had fought themselves to a standstill. All the hellish ingredients would still be simmering in the witches'

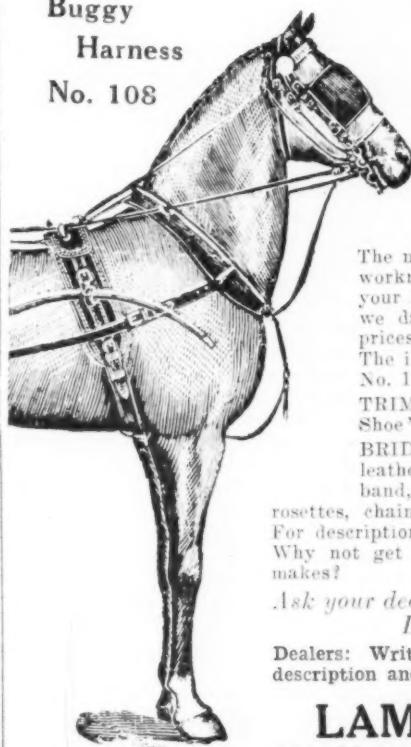
cauldron. The word would still run imminent risks of being asphyxiated.

Short of that calamity, what are we to expect? That Germany will be overcome. But how? We can discuss it in various ways. Our present method of warfare is one of slow attrition, especially, of course, on the Western front. The policy of General Joffre throughout has been to hold the enemy more or less stationary until the time when the possession of larger forces and a much reinforced artillery enabled him to take a deliberate offensive. During the intervening period, which has now lasted several months, the process has been what General Joffre has himself described as "nibbling"—a gradual, steady, progressive wearing out of the enemy's troops by constant engagements in detail. It is clear, however, that, except on the assumption that German's losses are always greater than our own, such a procedure is not only bound to be slow and tedious in the extreme, but, relatively speaking, ineffective. The real drawback of all methods of attrition is that they result in almost equal losses to both sides, and if this be so it becomes a costly and a futile method. In the case before us we believe it to have been successful. It would seem true that German losses have been greater than our own; but then our own have been so heavy as to make us wonder sometimes whether it is worth while.

In conclusion, the writer makes the following summary of what the future holds forth:

It is clear from some of the considerations that have been urged in this article that the issues of the war are dubious and uncertain, and that though in the balance there is an appreciable advantage for the Allies, it is one which can only be made use of by the most strenuous and determined efforts. The moral for us, at all events, is patent. It is that we must go on creating new armies, and especially adding to our stores of munitions. Like sensible men we are not going to lay any stress on problematical hopes, which may or may not materialize. Definite facts are the only things we shall allow to guide us. It not only looks at present as if the war would be very protracted, but as if its main theatre of decision must be found on the western flank. We have got to conquer in the West if anywhere, and a conquest there will be decisive. The enormous wastage of men and material in this tremendous campaign is an appalling feature which carries with it its own consequences. Germany has put all her strength into the field; France has devoted to the war the whole of her manhood. Russia's levies are necessarily slow, and it will be some time before the pressure which she can exercise on the eastern frontier becomes really formidable for Berlin. Great Britain, on the other hand, has not yet tapped the full reservoir of her strength, and it is more than probable that she may ultimately be called upon to give that final exhibition of her tenacity and her resources which will crown our standards with victory. The Allies are winning, but very slowly. If their conquest is to be assured, Great Britain's task is to mobilize every soldier and every workman, in order to prove that whoever may fail, she at least does not intend to desist until the final triumph is won.

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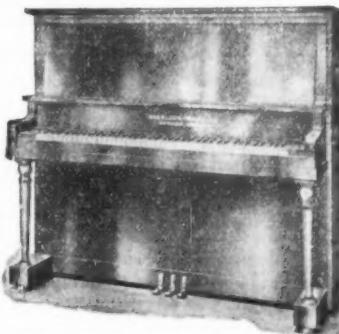
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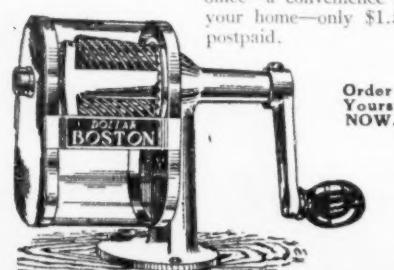
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People and their Bank Accounts

Continued from Page 41.

He was reckoned a good sport and when any fun was going on, he could be relied upon to do his share in footing the bill. After a time, he had to face the problem of preparing his finances for matrimony. With a laudable resolution he set himself to save and though his income was not more than eleven hundred dollars a year at the time, he contrived within a twelve-month to put aside between three and four hundred dollars.

How was it done? Simply by giving up those pursuits which had previously been a drain on his purse and stopping every possible leak. One scheme, which he found an excellent one, was to go for a trip into the country every time a holiday came round. Previously he had preferred to stay in the city. Joined by a crowd of friends he had been accustomed to indulge in a round of expensive amusements that invariably left him poorer than when he started. Now, by going to his home or on a visit to friends, his sole expense was the railway fare and, as the distances were never great, this did not involve heavy cost.

As a rule, the bank clerk, who above all others should realize the importance of saving, rarely practises what he preaches. Of course, he has perhaps less reason for saving than men in other callings. If so be that he is on the staff of one of the big chartered institutions, he is pretty sure of a life-berth and at the same time he has a pension to look forward to, when old age looms in sight. For these reasons, he sees small necessity for saving out of a salary, which he reckons small enough in any case. There are, however, interesting cases of saving among bank clerks and one such instance may be quoted as a suggestion.

ABOUT five years ago, a young bank clerk, who had been thinking seriously of the future, came to the conclusion that it would be a desirable thing to possess some capital. He cast about for means of securing it. It seemed impossible that he could do anything with his salary, which was barely sufficient to enable him to meet expenses and he did not want to borrow. Eventually he made a bargain with himself. At the end of the year, a raise in salary was due. He determined to put aside the extra money that was coming to him and continue to live on his former salary. So that he would not be tempted to spend a cent of the increase, he directed that the money should be paid into a new account which he opened for the purpose.

With admirable determination, this young man has stuck to his compact. He is still living on the salary he was earning five years ago, while his actual income has been doubled and he has between two and three thousand dollars capital saved up and invested. Doubtless he has had to deny himself a lot of the pleasures which his companions have enjoyed in the interval, but he has the satisfaction of know-

ing that, while all these pleasures have vanished into thin air, he has something substantial to show for his self-denial. By and by he too can have his enjoyment, but it will not be on money that he could not afford to spend.

"**I**T is the women who are the great savers," declared one banker, and he illustrated the statement by turning over page after page of a savings ledger. Sure enough, three out of every four names were names of women. Some were stenographers putting by a few dollars from each week's earnings. Some were domestics, likewise salting down part of their wages. Not a few were married women who from their weekly or monthly allowance were contriving to put by a little for the future.

"Men," explained the banker, "would, in nine cases out of ten, feel a certain amount of shame in depositing small sums and that prevents a good many of them from running an account. Women never think of that. Men are perhaps more inclined to fritter away any small sums which they might put by, on shoe shines, cigars, drinks and the other odds and ends that consume so much of their spare cash, while women are more limited in their possible dissipation. Men do not very often have the opportunities in their work to learn in a practical way how to save, whereas women in their housework are constantly on the alert to conserve their resources, even in very small items. For all these reasons, we bankers find that it is the womenfolk who are saving most of the money."

AND why do Canadians save? From an analysis of a certain number of typical accounts, it would appear that the motives are varied. There is seemingly very little thrift for thrift's sake alone. Comparatively few people in Canada are saving money just because they feel it to be a duty they owe themselves and the state to conserve their money and build up a reserve fund. The large majority have certain specific objects in sight, which, while laudable enough, fall somewhat short of this more desirable purpose.

Many accounts are opened to finance matrimonial ventures and it would surprise the public to know how many young women and girls, without any immediate prospects of getting married, are building up their savings accounts with this aim in view. Not a few Canadian savings bank accounts owe their existence to real estate investments, either prospective or accomplished. To meet payments on such purchases, people get into the habit of saving and what they save goes into the bank until such time as the money is needed. There are accounts opened to provide for the future education of children or to secure the advantage of a college course for the young depositor, to obtain the necessary amount for the purchase of a desired article or to afford capital to set a person up in business.



Puzzle: Find Grandma

By H. D. McCORQUODALE

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

HAS anybody here seen Grandma? Twenty-five hundred miles we came from the grandmotherless West, in search of a grandma for two wee boys. But it seems they don't

ripen anymore—not real grandmas—even in Ontario. To be sure, there met us at the station, a bright young thing—but that is ahead of our story. To make it all seem sufficiently startling, we must tell first, about our dreams of grandma.

'Way back in the West, where we are nearly all young married people, we often are possessed with a very lonely, detached feeling. If we have private woes or joys, there is no one to whom we can tell them—no brother or sister; and worst of all, no father or mother. If one could just call up mother in the morning, to find out what to do when jelly wont jell. Or if one could look out and see father strolling over in the evening for a chat about the war. But never a father or a mother to shed benign influences and cool our Western impetuosity. We gang oor ain gait. But we often feel lonely.

But what seems still more tragic is the fact that our children grow up never knowing the magic in "gramma" and "grampa." The words mean usually two photographs, (more or less out of date) on the mantle. And all of us being people tremendously wrapped up in our children, we deplore deeply this grandparentless state. Our parentlessness we have brought upon ourselves, but our children's grandparentlessness has been thrust upon them.

And, in our eagerness that they should not miss all of the joys of our own childhood, we weave stories about grandma. Unconsciously, we conjure up our own baby days.

Remember? Oh, do you! Paternal grandparent, maternal grandparent, what a difference. The grandma spirit was there—that spirit that reached out and understood us as no other grown-ups did.

Remember the presence—the smooth white hair, the black cap for everyday and white cap for the Sabbath; the tranquil, pale face with maybe just a tint of the Old Scotch bloom; and the wrinkles, such a lot of little wrinkles, criss-cross and up and down, in no wise marring the tranquillity, but in some vague way reminding you of those hair-raising, breath-taking stories of pioneer days. For grandma was an Ontario pioneer. How slowly she used to move (no fairy fay was she), and how infinitely long it took her to go from chair to pantry! Remember that substantial roundness underneath her waistline, just a uniform curve all round—almost as convenient as a portable table for grandma. You often envied her that support. When your arms drooped, they just plain dropped, but grandma could lay hers placidly upon her all round curve in a way that was restful just to watch. Her skirts too! Those were the days when skirts were skirts, devised and used for shielding and protecting people; nearly always black lustre or cashmere (the cashmere was cuddlier) those skirts. Seated on the footstool by her side you could envelop yourself in the folds—a refuge, indeed, in troublous times.

And grandma's chair, standing always where it would

catch the evening's best light! You could just naturally find your way there in the dark. And how often you did, and how rarely you were disappointed! Always you found her there, the mother confessor, the one complete understander of children's sorrows and gladness. You sat on the little footstool, and, cuddled against her knees, you explained just why you wanted the old shot gun up in the attic, and just how your life was wrapped up in getting to the fair on Wednesday. And she understood. The other grown-ups, in the zenith of their grownupness, would never listen to reason. But grandma never failed.

Ah, but she had the way with her! She never mentioned bad boys and their horrible ultimate end, but always she dwelt upon the joys and rewards of being a good boy. And good-boying often seemed a highly desirable state as pictured by grandma. At least you could listen without squirming and without feeling that your inside workings were being indecently exposed.

How often you used to come upon her reading her Bible (queer nowadays?)—just naturally sitting and reading it for pleasure, like. Maybe it was morning or afternoon, but mostly it was evenings, just by the sun's last rays. And you never felt that you had interrupted. She just leaned back in her chair and told you wonderful Bible stories, like real stories—not teaching you, nor "laying herself out" to improve you, but just taking you into her real heart. And the darkness crept on, shutting you two in together, to hold communion with that heaven-life for which she was preparing.

And when grandma did reprove you, it was never on the grounds of what the neighbors would think, or of how outsiders would regard it, but the actual right or wrong was the only thing considered. Grandma always went to rock-bottom realities, no fuss and frillings there. And we were open to conviction in dealing with realities. Grandma was all Realness and Goodness.

And, perhaps, since we Westerners have no spirituality (the East is very insistent on this point) perhaps, these dreams of our childhood and our childhood's Guiding Spirit, are as near to prayer as many of us often come.

And the pity of it is that our children should have no such Guiding Spirit. This has been our grief.

To be sure we sometimes read a little, and we read that times are advancing—that the old ladies play bridge, and that they flirt one joyous limb over the tango floor, while the other lingers over the grave. But pshaw! that isn't anyone we know. That is just people in New York.

But we must admit in addition, that old ladies from the East have whirled through our town. We have played auction with them and courteously permitted them to take our tricks. We have gazed ashamedly upon their hilarious evening gowns and their spectacular afternoon frocks. We have talked and walked with them. They have talked and walked well, but they have seemed not real, but butterflies. The influence of "the life which is to come" is writ neither upon their faces nor upon their lives. When they do pass out, as pass out they must some day, it will be no placid outward drifting, but a pitiful wrench from the things of this world.

And as we Westerners looked upon these old ladies, we would shake our heads and say: "Imagine them as grandmothers—not much like the real ones, eh?"

And so, what with a personal inward clamoring to see a mother, and an incessant outward clamoring on the part of two small boys to see a grandmother, I hied forth to the

old Ontario home. Any misgivings as to the modern grandmother were easily disposed of. If there could be a place on earth where grandmothering would remain intact, it ought to be in rural Ontario—not to say Bruce.

So with heart attuned to equipping two wee boys with a real, sure-enough old time grandma, I arrived in Toronto. What did I see? I saw before me (as mentioned at the beginning of the story) a bright young thing, pretty, erect, vital—the dearest, most satisfactory kind of mother. But a grandmother! Tut, tut!

I wonder if the wee boys had other dreams of grandma. Probably not. They accepted her at once as the real simon-pure article. Why, in our early days, she wouldn't have gotten away with her imitation for a minute. We'd have known her for just a dear delightful grown-up to be admired, but not wholly trusted. The lady before us simply had not gotten round to grandmothering yet—give her fifteen or twenty more years, when she would reach the twilight life. But not now, certainly not now. She is much too young.

Where—to start with externals—where is the white hair, severely parted, topped by the modest black silk bonnet? Where, indeed! In its place are naughty white curls peeping beneath a jaunty hat, jaunty hat! On grandma!

To wander a little lower, where is that all round curve, that portable table of yester year? Apparently gone, but doubtless not forgotten; for grandma is of a generous plumpness, otherwise. And that slimness of outline! Alas, alas for woman's vanity!

The skirt too—that skirt that in the good old days hid us literally and figuratively from the avenger's gaze—what about the modern grandma's skirt. As for concealing small boys at its most expansive point—it can not be done. Not only is it narrow, it is semi-transparent. It does not hide even grandma herself.

Fascinated by all this scandalous earthliness, I search for good old-fashioned shoes. Surely somewhere about the lady's person there must be a yielding, a concession to encroaching years. Never a yield in the shoe business! And the ghosts of those old elastic-sided, heelless shoes (in case grandma's uncertain feet should stumble) rise and mock me.

Truly a strange new creature, this! Talk about the flapper problem, the bachelor girl problem—let the world take heed to its grandmothers. There is a movement that is a movement.

And the change is not merely external. Her whole attitude of mind is different. No unobtrusive arm chair life is hers—she is triumphantly individual, an active personality. She is not half merged in heaven, but rather is she emphatically bound about by this earth, one eye on the new style skirts, the other on the latest reading club.

To be sure she meditates and talks intelligently and frequently on the future life. She is still very religious and packs bales and attends church societies with unprecedented energy. And, if a rush summons should call the modern grandma hence, she could assume the fitting attitude of mind with characteristic agility, and be, to appearances (and perhaps in reality) as dignified and gracious in her preparedness as the older generation.

But do not tell me that, age for age—sixty-seven for sixty-seven—she is as spiritual a person as her mother. Any woman who keeps such sleepless tab on the rise and fall of hats, the ebb and flow of skirts, holds a very well-cemented connection with things temporal.

And how can it be otherwise in the olden days of large families, there was mostly always a maiden daughter left to minister to her mother's declining years, to make her dainty collars and cuffs and to relieve her of all earthly cares. Failing the maiden lady, grandma slipped quietly into some married daughter's home.

Can you imagine grandma doing any quiet slipping these days? No, Grandma is at the helm in her own home. There she remains. She has a right to live her own life

as she wants to and she means to do it. She works too hard it is true, never relaxing—preserving fruit, cleaning house, re-decorating. But an afternoon's nap sets her up. Grandma still has the punch. And she is actively employed.

Remember the verses in the old second reader: "Grandma sits in her quaint arm-chair." If grandmamma had a quaint arm-chair nowadays, she would not use it for sitting in. If it were "deliciously quaint," she would give it a place of honor and expect her friends to admire it. If it were a little shabby, she would have it upholstered in delicate shades. Or if it were impossibly quaint, she would pack it in a Missionary bale. But sit in it! When would she have time to sit in it?

And all this briskness and up-to-date-ness has completely altered her for our old conception of grandmothering. She is too rushed and too grown up to be much more than a second mother to children—and two mothers are a plenty for any boy.

Do we see her sitting through the long hours with her grand-child at her knee? Very seldom, if ever. Hers is a perfectly good knee, withal a shapely. But it is much too active a knee to be used for purposes of sitting at.

Moreover she does not spoil boys in the least. She is strong for scientific feeding and for inflexible bed time hours. She would never be guilty of slipping them cups of tea or too many peppermints. She knows just what little boys should wear; her eagle eye despises the unwashed teeth. She divides boys definitely into the sheep class or goat class never realizing that the same small boy may run the gamut from the sheepiest sheep to the goatiest goat, all in one little day. She is an unsurpassable second mother, with not quite the savvy of a grandmother.

So what this new generation is going to miss, is a grown-up who has all the time there is for the bairns; a grown-up who has so nearly completed life's circle that her heart can reach out and know the every working of baby hearts about her; a grown-up to live in them, and love them a lot, and spoil them just a little. It would be the Golden Memory of Childhood.

But do we begrudge this modern lady her insurmountable youngness, her joy in life, her pluck? Would we have her, aged and wrinkled, placed in a sheltered corner far from the breezes of life, merely that she might supply the subtle grandmother influence for tempestuous boys? Certainly we would not. She is the marvel of the age and she has earned her right to every year that she may coax from the twilight of life.

THE THINGS THAT WOMAN DOES!

She says: "Let us drive into the city to shop. I will drive Prince." Now Prince is no slouch of a horse, else grandma would not drive him. And grandma is proposing to drive into town, over labyrinths of deadly level crossings, in front of kittenish street cars, beset by motor-cycles, autos, and all the kindred devilishness of the city. Shut your eyes and picture a woman of sixty-seven driving round a city. You picture a venerable old soul with the muscle of a hen, round shouldered, a little deaf, a little blind, a little slow in the uptake, a soul who would certainly be killed and mangled on the first crossing. Will you go driving with her? No, emphatically, no. You blanch and turn faint at the very thought. But open your eyes and see the real modern sixty-seven year old. See her erect, capable, strong. You say at once, "By jove! I will go driving with you." And you do and you enjoy her fine horsemanship.

When she returns after a long day's shopping, does she collapse in a useless heap, to be solaced back to life by tea and toast? On the contrary, she eats a meal of lamb-chops and potatoes and divers substantial delights, and feels frisky as a kitten. Some digestion and some teeth has grandma.

She rises early and seeks her bed late. In fact she is always the last to retire. What is she doing? It is her secret alone. We trust that she is reading her Bible, but we fear that she is massaging. Well, it is none of our business. *Continued on Page 112.*

The Impostors

Continued from Page 32.

name. For the time being they had forgotten they were trespassers; but, rounding the shrubbery corner, they came upon a gardener busy with rose cuttings. Priscilla stopped short with a little exclamation of dismay; but the Nice Man demonstrated the superiority of his sex by a cheerful serenity. He even stood watching the gardener nonchalantly for a few moments before he said in a matter-of-course tone:

"My man, there's a street door somewhere along here, isn't there? We'll go out that way to our cab and avoid the crowd."

The gardener rose, wiping his hands.

"Yes, sir. Just beyond the pear trees. I'll unlock it for you, sir."

He led the way, unlocked the door and stood respectfully aside. A coin changed hands.

"Thank you, sir. You'll be coming back. I'll leave the door unlocked, sir."

Priscilla drew a long, exultant breath. She had escaped. The worst was over—but was it? She looked dubiously at the Nice Man and her exultation ebbed. They would have to say good-by now. He was signaling for a hansom; but there was a puzzled expression on his face.

"Now, why was he so sure I'd be coming back that way?" he said reflectively. Priscilla's glance travelled up past his handsome honest face with its boyish eyes, to the mop of blond hair which the wind had ruffled untidily.

"Your hat," she suggested.

"Oh, I say!"

A cloud of distress swept over his face, accenting the boyishness.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Don't you want to go back?"

"Well, hardly—hardly. Stupid ass to forget that hat!"

"Why not go and get it?"

"It won't look well, you know—if anyone should see me—climbing in a side window."

"But even if some one should see you and stop you, you'd only have to tell who you are and send word to one of the family."

"That's just it," the man began—and stopped. "That's the last thing I could do."

Once more he checked himself and stood looking down miserably into the questioning eyes. At last he squared his shoulders resolutely.

"There's no use in dodging it. I may as well explain that I don't want to be dragged into the limelight. It wouldn't do me any good to send my name to the family. They wouldn't know it. They've never heard of me. I don't belong in there. I wasn't invited."

"What?"

Priscilla's exclamation was a subdued shriek, pregnant with feeling. The man read the feeling as horror.

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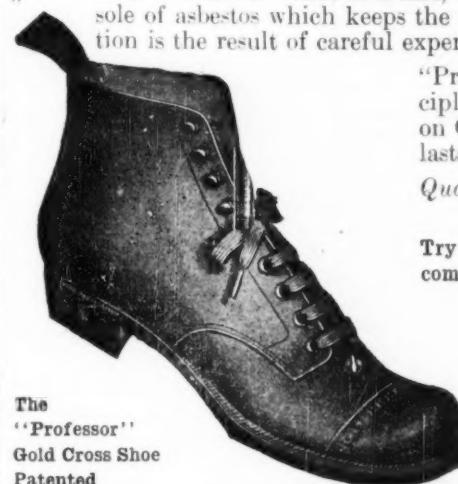
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"Yes, I know," he said wretchedly. "I ought to have told you. It's rather a dirty business, breaking into a man's home, but we can't always choose, and I never thought very much about it before. It was all off color to speak to you—caddish trick; but you looked so—you were so—you know one does things without stopping to think, sometimes."

"One does," admitted Priscilla with conviction. Her brain was in a whirl. What was the man? He talked like a burglar, and yet surely no burglar ever had eyes like the honest, unhappy pair looking into hers.

"And I hated to have it all come to an end."

There was no antecedent for the "it," but Priscilla seemed to understand.

"Why did you go?" she asked. "It wasn't your cabman?"

He looked surprised.

"Cabman! Oh, no. I walked. The Old Man sent me, you see."

"The Old Man?"

"Yes; our editor. He got word that Z— was coming over from Paris for the wedding and going back on the two o'clock train—incog. and all that sort of thing, you know. So he sent me up to see if I could squeeze a word out of the old chap on his latest Eastern entanglement. The Duke's down on newspaper men—froths at the mouth if he meets one; so there was no use asking for the interview. Had to break in as one of the guests and watch for my chance. Beastly business. Don't know why any decent fellow does it; but some way or other the thing seems different when it's for your paper. I managed to duck the receiving line and was looking around for Z— when I saw you, and— Oh, well, I fell down on the story, but I knew there was another man waiting at the train, and he'd get the interview some way or other. I meant to look up my man; but it didn't seem worth while. Nothing seemed worth while except— There weren't any strawberry ices, all apricot," he ended lamely.

"You're a newspaper man?" Priscilla asked, breathlessly.

"Yes."

"Not a lord or an earl or anything?"

He gloomily disowned the whole British Peerage.

The girl laughed—a hysterical little laugh, full of smiles and tears, and relief and nerves—a laugh so complex that the man altogether failed to analyze it.

"Oh, it's too absurd! It's too perfectly absurd," she said, as she turned and climbed into the waiting hansom. The Man stood staring after her, his eyes stormy, his jaw set in an ugly fashion.

She leaned forward, entreating in her eyes.

"You'll have to get in. I can't tell you, with the cabman watching us."

"Into the cab?" He was amazed, incredulous.

"Oh, yes; do, please. I'm like the Ancient Mariner. I simply have to tell my story—but if I don't do it very soon, I won't have the courage to do it at all. Do get in."

He sprang into the cab. An interested

eye peered through the aperture in the top and a beery voice asked, "Where to?"

The Man looked at Priscilla.

"Anywhere," she murmured recklessly. Here was kidnapping added to her earlier crimes. It had seemed easy to explain to the Nice Man, when she first heard that he, too, was a rank outsider; but now a realization that men have one set of proprieties for themselves and another for their women folk had come to her and once more she was afraid desperately afraid that the eternal masculine would be scandalized, uncharitable, when her story was told.

"Round Hyde Park," the Man said to the driver and, as he turned to the girl beside him, she took her courage in both hands and plunged into her confession.

"I was so ashamed. I couldn't tell you. It was mostly the cabman's fault. I'd never have thought of it, if he hadn't taken it for granted."

No prelude; no context. The Man was altogether befogged.

"B-buut—" he stammered. She snatched the words from his lips.

"But it was horrid. Of course it was. I don't see how I could do it. The moment I was in I would have given the world to be out. But I couldn't tell you. I knew you would be shocked, and I—you—well, I didn't want you to know. I kept feeling worse and worse." She turned to face her companion. It was over now. He knew the worst about her. She would be able to read his opinion of her in his face.

The face expressed nothing save hopeless bewilderment.

"The wedding," she explained, impatiently.

"Oh, the wedding!" His brain was laboring. "You weren't invited to it?"

She shook her head.

"I just happened to be in the church."

"And you don't know the Duchess or Lady Mary or any of that crowd?"

Another dismal shake of the head.

A singularly cheerful alertness had succeeded the Man's state of stupefaction. He was leaning forward now to look into her face; but she did not dare to meet his eyes.

"Perhaps you aren't an American heiress?" he hazarded with a certain subdued hopefulness.

She was done with masquerading and concealment.

"I'm nobody. I'm nothing. I'm traveling with a Cook's party and we are staying at a cheap boarding house, number nine, Bedford Square. Will you please tell the driver to take me there?"

She hurled out the damning details with reckless defiance; and, as defiantly, lifted her head and looked at him—only to drop the long lashes swiftly over her eyes again, after one glimpse of the face so near her own.

"It really was the cabman's fault," she quavered in a queer, uncertain little voice.

"God bless him! I wish I knew the name of that cabman. I'd like to mention it in my prayers," said the Nice Man, as his hand closed, gently, over hers.

How I Escaped From Germany

Continued from Page 27.

that I should have to wait another four hours before a train would leave for the Swiss border, so I sat down on one of the benches till dawn should break. Gradually, however, the waiting room became colder and colder. The effect of the long strenuous march died off and the blood in my veins became chilled from the wet garments. It was evident that four hours' wait would be impossible under these conditions. I therefore left the station and took the road leading to the town to which the station belonged.

After much trouble I was able to wake up the proprietor of the only inn in the place and enquired if he could give me a bed for the night. My appearance must have awakened suspicion, as he told me the hotel was full and that there was no room for more guests. I walked around to some of the other houses knocking at the doors and ringing bells in my endeavor to find a resting place but all in vain. That small village of Nendeln of some forty houses was in deep sleep and no amount of noise could wake the inmates.

For the first time the desolation of my situation dawned upon me. Here I was without as much as an overcoat wandering about a sleeping village in the frosty winter night, vainly endeavoring to find a shelter to rest for a few hours and dry my wet clothes. I decided to spend the remainder of the night marching towards Buchs, which I knew was the first small town in Switzerland after crossing the frontier from Lichtenstein. I woke the innkeeper up again to enquire the way to Buchs. The sleepy head once more emerged and good naturedly nodded in the direction, saying that two hours' walk would bring me to a small village and half an hour's walk further to Buchs.

THESE two hours were to bring me from one side of the Principality of Lichtenstein to the other. Although all sense of captivity and slavery which had weighed upon my mind for the last six months during the time I was practically a prisoner in Berlin, had disappeared, nevertheless I was not yet out of danger. It was not until afterwards that I heard from people who knew, that, had I remained in the small station at Lichtenstein, as I originally intended and taken the train going to Switzerland, the authorities in the morning would have handed me back to the Austrians at their special request, if it could have been proved that I crossed without proper passport. This small Principality, although nominally independent and neutral, still remains under Austrian influence and can hardly be called an independent state.

Part of the river Rhine forms the border between Switzerland and the Principality of Lichtenstein. There is a bridge, crossing from the Duchy into

Switzerland. It is an old bridge, built many years ago. The architecture is characteristic of the country. On nearing the bridge, my first impression was that I was entering a barn, but on coming closer I saw that it was a bridge built of wood and closed in. The current of the stream below caused it to creak and groan, and every step resounded through the hollow timber.

On arriving on the opposite bank a Swiss sentry came out of a small house and asked me to show my passport. When I told him I had no passport, he requested me to show him some paper of identification. I therefore produced the only remaining paper by which I was able to identify myself. This was the receipt I had received from the head of the military authorities at Feldkirch, certifying that they had in their possession my Canadian passport, my birth certificate, my certificate of residence in Berlin and 5,000 Kronen. This paper also stated that I was temporarily interned at the hotel in Feldkirch. It was still dark when I produced this paper. In order to read it the sentry turned on a small electric lamp which he took from his pocket. After a careful scrutiny of the official stamps and seal of the head authorities at Feldkirch he extinguished the light, looked up at me, smiled and motioned me to pass on into Switzerland.

"Pass along," he said.

To Be Continued.

New Methods of Locating and Removing Bullets

Some interesting methods of locating and extracting bullets have been brought to light in connection with the European war. One of the most ingenious of these is that of locating a bullet with the telephone. In applying this method one terminal is attached to a moistened electrode which is applied to the patient's skin, while the other terminal is attached to the probe or forceps. When the probe touches the bullet a voltaic cell is formed and a grating sound is heard in the telephone, revealing the exact depth at which the bullet is imbedded in the flesh. A method more commonly used is one in which X-ray photographs are taken. Two photographs are taken from different positions and the intersection of the axes of the two views is sufficient for giving the location of the bullet accurately. In the French field hospitals bullets are being extracted by means of electromagnets, the German bullets with their nickel-steel jackets lending themselves readily to this method of extraction.

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These concerns, and many others of like importance, buy Blaisdells because Blaisdells do the work to the best satisfaction at the least cost. Hard-headed purchasing agents don't chase butterflies. They buy Blaisdells because Blaisdells produce.

A pencil seems a small enough thing until you think of the number used and the number of people on the payroll who use them. Then they become important as an item capable of no small waste or economy. Blaisdells are built scientifically to cut waste and cost, save time, and yield the best results. The ease and rapidity with which they may be sharpened, the long-lasting quality of the leads, and their really remarkable economy (they save 1/3 to 1/2 of your wooden pencil cost) make them the ideal solution of your big-little problem of pencil buying. Write us to prove this.

For instance, Blaisdell 7200 (Hard or Soft) is an indelible copier so good that it will sell you the rest of the line. Order by number from your stationer.

Blaisdell is a complete line of pencils—every kind for every purpose, including Regular, Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's and Railroad pencils. All grades and all degrees of hardness. Sold by leading stationers everywhere.



The modern way to sharpen a pencil



Done in 5 seconds

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA U.S.A.

H.P.
SAUCE

Made in England every drop, and enjoyed all over the world.

**One Quality
One Size
One Price**

Grocers keep H.P. on their handiest shelf, it sells so freely.

**Sat
is
fac
tion**

**SEAL
BRAND
COFFEE**

Ask your Grocer
for
Seal Brand
to-day.

—Have this
delicious coffee
for breakfast to-
morrow.

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL 154

The Confessions of Sir Horace Lazenby

Continued from Page 38.

"the other mills are taking them away from us. We lost three of our best machine men last night—they had been offered higher wages to go and work in Doon."

"Doon has an Aiken factory?"

"Yes."

The Aiken garments, as we examined them there on the table, were by all odds the better of the two except in one particular. At first, in admiring the better finish and the improved design we had overlooked the actual quality of the material. Suddenly, Mrs. Bradburn, holding an Aiken sample to the light made an exclamation:

"It's a heavier cotton mixture," she declared. "It's heavier with cotton than last week!"

Bradburn examined the sample.

"By gad," he said, "he must be reducing the wool in his mixture week by week. The last of his samples I looked at two weeks ago was much better than this. This is scarcely fifty per cent wool."

My examination confirmed this.

AT the end of our conference it was decided that we must not only improve our product to a point in advance of Aiken but we must improve every garment we turned out—and we must advertise! Percival Bradburn's wife was the brains of that couple; or if not the brains, at least she was the real driving partner of the two and the one whose mind was alert. It was she who improved the design of our garments, making changes she had wanted to make years before but which we two men, always conservative, had thought unnecessary and experimental until Aiken showed us the way. Now all the latent ingenuity of Bradburn's wife came to the aid of our business. We allowed her woman's mind to have full play on the design of garments. She thought out every detail, observed the weaknesses of garments as shown by the experience of her own children.

It was she who made us turn out the first knitted gauntlets in Canada—the first we knew of anywhere—with long ribbed cuffs that fitted snugly up over the cuff of the coat and so kept air and snow from going up the sleeve. Visiting Montreal one winter day she went out to the toboggan slides and the ski-runs and studied the needs of these outdoor sports with the result that we turned out a "Ski sweater" and special Ski hosiery which, while made specially for Ski-ing, could be worn conveniently for almost any winter sport.

Mrs. Bradburn was then called in to help us write advertisements. Bradburn wanted to advertise that the Aiken goods were *not* all wool and that ours were. I didn't agree with that but on

the other hand my notion of good advertising was to declaim before all the world that we had the best knit goods in the world. Mrs. Bradburn laughed at both of us.

"Why," she said, "you men are too stupid for anything. If you attack Aiken it advertises him and more than rather likely he can come after you through the law for libel! And even if you don't mention his name—it puts us in a bad light. We become imitators and followers instead of leaders."

"Well then—what?" asked Bradburn just a little peevish at having his ideas rejected so flatly.

"And Mr. Lazenby's ideas are—if I may say so—just as bad."

"Go on," I said.

"If you make positive statements about your goods, and—boast about them—don't you know what the result is?"

"It forces people's attention."

"No it doesn't. It makes people contradict you in their own minds. For example, if I tell you 'Bradbury's pills are the one and only true cure for lumbago,'—or whatever ailment you like to name—I at once rouse a question in your mind. You say: 'That's a large statement. I wonder if it's true.' Then you begin to see that it can't possibly be true, or that, at least, no one is able to say such a thing positively. What then? The mere fact that I make such a positive statement when I obviously can't prove it reacts against your opinion of the goods."

"Well then—" I echoed Bradburn's tone of voice, "what?"

"Let me try to write ads."

HE did—and our advertising became famous among advertising people. It was always in excellent English. Its tone was modest, moderate and yet confident. We did not boast about our goods. We never hinted that our competitors did not make good goods. We were content with simple statements as to the advantages of our goods, their comfortable yet durable qualities and so on. There was that rare thing "personality" in our advertising. The first thousand dollars we spent in newspaper space and drawings put our business on the upward trend at once. Mrs. Bradburn was thereafter relieved of all other responsibility. She became the advertising manager and consulting expert of our organization.

III.

HORACE!" said my wife one April night as I came in for dinner, "your man Smedden was here this afternoon and asked to be allowed to wait for you in the library."

"Is he there now?"

"No. I sent him away."
"You sent him away?"

"I happened to be looking for my copy of *Feverel*. As I went into the library, Mr. Smedden was going through your papers. He was greatly embarrassed at my interruption."

"Smedden was?"

"I sent him away. I told him he had better communicate with you by letter."

We had dinner. Eric, the little fellow, came down with the nurse to say good-night. He was looking better than usual. He had more color and his figure seemed for once almost straight—or perhaps it was our accustomed eyes that did not see the unhappy deformity so plainly. He had brilliant eyes. He was quick and vivacious of mood and his vocabulary was already growing with childish words. I somehow felt as though in the press of other matters I had been losing too much of the company of this small son.

After dinner I found Smedden's report on the library table. It stated that Aiken was shortly to go to Europe on a buying trip for his mills and that he would have gone earlier except that he hesitated to leave the Guild. This was great news. This was the thing I had hoped for and had hired Smedden to watch for, for months. Aiken was going away!

THEN I recalled Smedden's conduct of earlier in the day, and I began to understand what was going on. Smedden was spying on both of us—and reporting each to the other! It was quite the trick of a degenerate. He was a spy for Aiken against me and a spy for me against Aiken. Yet, turning this discovery over in my mind, I saw great advantages to be had from the situation. Aiken would be forced to leave me, as vice-president, the control of the board while he was gone, but he would not go so long as he had any fear of me. This was an opportunity to use Smedden, our mutual spy, to give Aiken whatever information would be useful to my purpose.

Of the campaign that followed I suppose one should be ashamed. I invited Smedden to frequent conferences at the house and took pains to give him ample opportunity to rummage certain supposedly secret parts of my library. I was at some pains to leave accessible to him letters from fictitious persons and copies of my letters to still other fictitious persons in which it was made clear that my mills were soon to capitulate to Aiken's competition and that I would probably spend the summer months and the next winter abroad seeking expert advice for the treatment of my son.

Still Aiken did not go away as I had hoped he would.

In May I told Smedden, as a great secret, that I was leaving the city that week for a much-needed holiday. Mrs. Lazenby, Master Eric and I would sail by the Allan Liner *G—*, on the twenty-eighth. I even let him catch a glimpse of the reservations. When the twenty-sixth arrived the blinds on the Jarvis Street house were all drawn and the Lazenbys departed ostensibly for a long holiday. There was a paragraph to

Modern Cookery

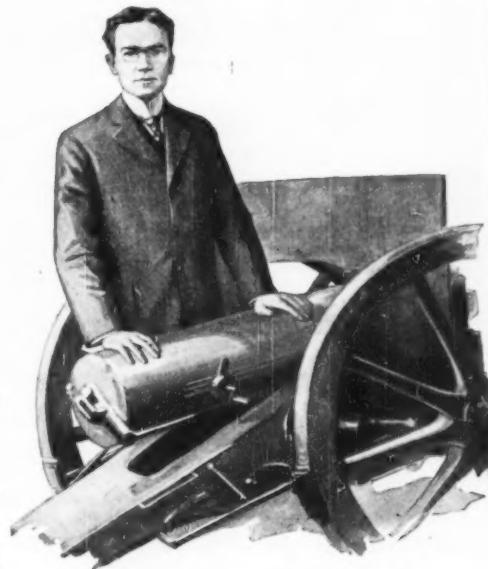
Creates Bubbles Out of Grain

In making Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, the chef was displaced by the scientist—

The laboratory supplanted the kitchen—

And steel guns succeeded the oven.

It seems queer. But the fact is that grain was never perfectly cooked before this heroic process.



Billions of Explosions

The scientist was Prof. A. P. Anderson.

He found in each grain a hundred million food cells. All had to be broken for easy digestion. He found in each cell a trifle of moisture. And he said, "I'll turn that moisture to steam and explode it."

And he did. He sealed up the grains in steel guns. He rolled those guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat. Then he shot the guns, and every food cell exploded.

The grains were puffed to eight times normal size. They came out airy bubbles, flaky, thin and crisp. And every food atom, as never before, was fitted for complete digestion.

That was the climax in cookery.

**Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c**

Except in Extreme West

These grains in other forms will partially digest. But never before were whole grains supplied with every food cell broken. Nor were whole grains ever made so enticing.

As morning cereals they taste like toasted nuts. In bowls of milk they float like bubbles. In candy making or as garnish for ice cream they take the place of nut meats. Eaten dry they become confections. And they never tax the stomach.

More and more, folks are serving their grain foods in this ideal form—as Puffed Grains

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont.

(100g)

Saskatoon, Sask.

The Pen with the Magic Button



Make It Your Companion

Twist—And It's Filled

It is as Easy as Winding Your Watch.

The unique self-filling device of the "A.A." Fountain Pen puts it in a class by itself. A simple twist of the button fills the pen. It can be filled from any ink stand or bottle. The "A.A." never smears or leaks. The exquisite flexibility of the gold pen point makes it suitable to any hand. It's the one pen which is

ALWAYS READY FOR SERVICE

Every Fountain Pen fully guaranteed.

\$2 and up

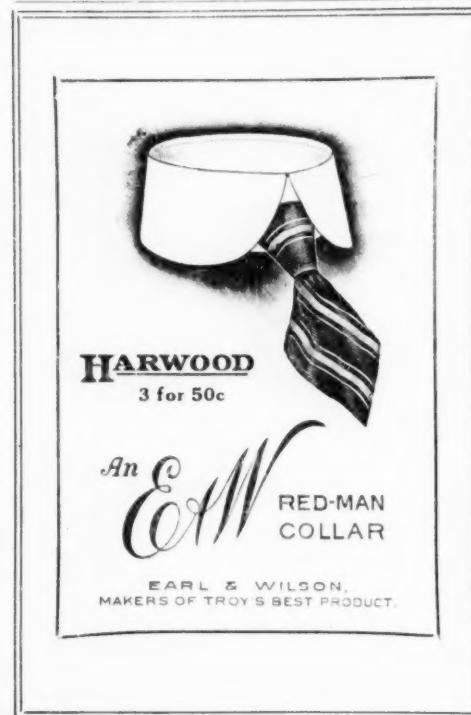
FREE—an "A.A." Clip on every "A.A." Pen.

If not at your dealer's, write for illustrated catalogue.

ARTHUR A. WATERMAN & CO.
22 Thames Street, New York City

Established 1895

NOT CONNECTED WITH THE L. E. WATERMAN CO.



this effect in the society columns of the *Globe* and the *Mail*.

We entrained for Montreal. We boarded the liner at the Allan wharf and the liner sailed. But—at Quebec I bade good-bye to my family, drove up to the Chateau Frontenac, passed through the rotunda without being seen by anyone who knew me, and ensconced myself in a suite overlooking the long lazy river and the Isle of Orleans below. From my room I communicated with Hanny, the C.T.R. man in Montreal, and had him arrange for the services of a Montreal detective to watch Aiken and to telephone me all possible information about his movements.

THAT night came word by long distance telephone that Aiken had left for Toronto. I at once wired Bradbury to meet the train and put himself in Aiken's way. If he was questioned he was to preserve an air of great secrecy, and then to follow Aiken, or have him followed.

By these means I learned that Aiken, after questioning Bradbury, went to the Queen's. From there he telephoned my empty house. Later he took a cab and called at my house, trying the outer door vigorously before being satisfied that the house was empty. Next morning Aiken reserved a promenade-deck state-room for

one T. Thomas on the C.P.R. liner, sailing from Quebec the following Friday. That night he returned to Montreal.

I wired to Hanny as follows:

"Aiken engaged passage as T. Thomas via C.P.R., sailing Friday. Have our man watch him Friday."

Thursday night, long after the last train for Quebec had left, my detective in Montreal wired that Aiken was still in Montreal. He had made an excuse and had talked to him on the telephone at Aiken's house.

"Are you sure it was the right voice?" I wired back.

He was quite sure. I wasn't.

At breakfast—I was foolish enough to go down to the dining-room—I walked into Aiken, or rather, into his back. He was having his last breakfast ashore.

An hour later, from my window I saw him drive away in time to catch the outgoing boat. In twenty-four hours he would be beyond Father Point. In thirty-six hours there would be a meeting of the board of the Wholesalers' Guild and I, as vice-president, would preside—to very great purpose. There would be an end to the governorship of Aiken, the price-cutter, in the affairs of the Guild. He would be wiped out!

To be continued.

Who, How and Why

Continued from Page 29.

farmer to-day than his son Arthur will ever be a statesman but he intends to stick to statesmanship just the same. He has no idea of going back to the farm to compete with the old man as an agriculturist. The Solicitor-Generalship is good enough for Arthur until something bigger happens along. Having been born and brought up on a farm he is satisfied to let the city-bred man monopolize the back-to-the-land habit. Enough is as good as a feast. He would rather be a good Solicitor-General than a second-rate farmer.

After paying his way through college Arthur Meighen taught school for a while but escaped by borrowing \$600 from his father and making Winnipeg in 1898. Finding the business interest in which he had invested his \$600 a frail support, he helped things out by more school teaching, studying law between whiles. He finished at the head of the law class in 1903 and hung out his shingle at Portage la Prairie. His practice grew at a remarkable rate and for several years he had one side or the other of the most of the Central Manitoba litigation. He dates his first big success from his defence of Eli Grobb, whom several lawyers, two trials and as many judges had failed to acquit of murder on a plea of insanity. Lawyer Meighen took a third chance at it and succeeded in landing his client in the Brandon, Manitoba, asylum, which was perhaps as much as a murderer had a right to expect.

Mr. Meighen describes his first venture

into politics as follows: "I was nominated in 1907 to beat John Crawford, who had 400 of a majority. I accepted, thinking I might be strong enough to have a chance four years later. Five weeks' campaigning ended in a big surprise—280 majority for Arthur Meighen. In 1911 it was 675."

The Twins and a Wedding

Continued from Page 24.

Johnny and I were hungry enough by this time and we enjoyed that repast to the full.

We went home on the evening train. Ted and Una came to the station with us, and Una said she would write me when she got to Japan, and Ted said he would be obliged to us forever and ever.

When we got home we found Hannah Jane and father and mother—who had arrived there an hour before us—simply distracted. They were so glad to see us safe and sound that they didn't even scold us, and when father heard our story he laughed until the tears came into his eyes.

"Some are born to luck, some achieve luck, and some have luck thrust upon them," he said.

The Last Ally

Continued from Page 44.

take it without difficulty. I shall spread a line of my men around on all sides. Then a quick rush and—Her Highness is safe once more."

Crane who had been regarding the dim outlines of the hunting lodge with interest suddenly let drop a hasty ejaculation and grasped Fenton's arm. With every evidence of excitement, he pointed toward the building.

"Look at that!" he commanded. At the rear of the lodge the tops of several high trees elevated themselves in restive silhouette against the darkening sky. Above the level of the highest tree was a single mast that a casual observer would probably have mistaken for a flag pole.

"Wireless!" said Crane. "There's no mistaking that apparatus. I served as operator on an Atlantic steamship for a year and I ought to know a wireless plant when I see one. Saturnine Sisyphus, we're certainly in luck on this trip, Fenton! Here we've probably stumbled on the station by means of which Miridoff has kept in close touch with the Austrians across the border. If we keep our heads now we can find out his whole plan of campaign."

Crane's discovery necessitated new arrangements for the capture of the lodge. A rush from all sides as Larescu had planned would not now serve as it would give the defender an opportunity to send a message across space giving warning of the attack. As Crane pointed out, it was necessary to capture or incapacitate the operator before any attempt was made to rush the place.

Accordingly it was settled that nothing would be done, with the exception of establishing a cordon around the lodge, until Crane had had an opportunity to reconnoitre. The Englishman cautiously skirted the clearing until he had reached a point in the rear of the building. He investigated the clump of trees, from the midst of which the wireless mast protruded, and found that his surmise had been quite correct. A thoroughly up-to-date wireless plant had been installed.

As he moved quietly about, a light showed in a second storey rear window. One of the trees grew close to the building and Crane judged that by climbing it he would obtain a view of the lighted room. Accordingly he removed his boots and slowly worked his way up the tree to a position where he could see within.

A man in uniform sat at a desk with an oil lamp beside him. He was industriously working his key, his gaze fixed the while on a sheet of paper that lay spread out on the table. As far as Crane could make out the room was quite bare of other furniture.

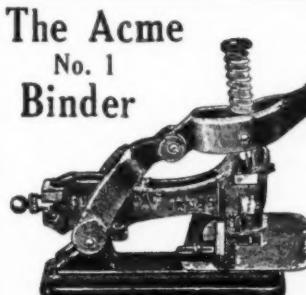
For several minutes the operator stuck to his key, while not more than twelve feet away, crouching over a branch that bent with his weight, Crane watched every move he made with the utmost eagerness. Finally the man in uniform

Kitchen Economy

If you consider its body-building powers Bovril is probably the most economical food you can buy. No other food, no matter how high its price, has been proved to possess Bovril's wonderful body-building powers. Bovril saves butchers' bills and is a great economizer in the kitchen.

S.H.B.

The Acme No. 1 Binder



Ernest J. Scott & Co.
59 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can.

The Acme Staple Co., Limited
Camden, N.J., U.S.A.

Saves Time and Money In Office, Factory or Store

The Acme No. 1 Binder fills a need for heavy office work and for fastening samples of carpets, hosiery, underwear, silk, lace, etc. Holds 100 staples. Won't clog or buckle. Acme No. 1 does the work more quickly and easily. Cuts down expenses, saves time and money. Very Simple and Durable.

There's an Acme Stapling Machine for every requirement. Write for our booklet "A" and see the many uses the "Acme" can be put to. Special machine—made for peculiar needs.

Process Typewriter Supply Co., Ltd
London, England

CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS
SOC. GOLD EDGES

For Social Play

"Air-Cushion" Finish defies sea air, lake air and all moist atmospheres. No sticky cards, no misdeals with Congress. Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes

ISSUED YEARLY

BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS
CLUB INDEXES 25c

For General Play

"Bicycle" are long lasting cards at a popular price. Outwear many times cards costing more. Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Air is Cheap—Use Plenty of It

Nothing is as essential to the long life of your tires as air. Give your tires all the air they need.

The only way to KNOW whether or not your tires have enough air is to measure it with a

Price \$1.35 SCHRADER UNIVERSAL TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE

If you have been riding on haphazard pressure, you have been spending a great deal more money for tires than you need have spent.

Manufactured by

A. Schrader's Son, Inc. 785 Atlantic Avenue
Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

For Sale by

Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto. Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Ltd., Toronto. Independent Tire Co., Ltd., Toronto. Gutta Percha & Rubber, Ltd., Toronto. Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co., Ltd., Montreal.



Schrader



To Make House Cleaning Easy

Use a BISSELL

A BISSELL'S VACUUM SWEeper or CLEANER for general cleaning—the CYCO BALL-BEARING BISSELL'S CARPET SWEeper for everyday sweeping. Such a combination is the ideal way to manage household cleaning—the scientific method which accomplishes the most with least effort.

BISSELL'S VACUUM MACHINES have power enough to really clean, plus conveniences no others afford; light and smooth running and easily handled; embody exclusive features which the ingenuity born of nearly 40 years' experience making nothing but carpet sweepers has produced.

Prices are \$10 for the Vacuum "Cleaner" (without brush) and \$11.50 for the Vacuum "Sweeper" (with brush); 50¢ higher in the Western Provinces. Carpet sweepers \$3.00 to \$4.75.

Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEeper CO.

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Carpet Sweeping Devices in the World.

Dept. 57, Grand Rapids, Mich. Made in Canada, too.

(215)

THIS TRADE-MARK ON YOUR CABINET means you have as good a cabinet as anyone in the world. The KNECHTEL is high-grade throughout and fitted with every known convenience. Write for free booklet A.

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Ltd., Hanover, Ont.



stood up and, holding the sheet to the lamp flame, carefully burned it to the last scrap. Then he left the room, closing the door after him.

Crane saw his opportunity. By edging along the limb he could bring himself within arm's length of the window ledge. Inch by inch he worked his way out on the swaying branch, fearing each second that it would give way under his weight. It held, however, and at last he had the satisfaction of grasping the firm ledge of the window and swinging himself across to it. The window lifted easily enough and Crane climbed quietly into the room.

He had scarcely reached the floor when the sound of returning footsteps caused him to dash on tiptoe across the room to a commanding position behind the door. It opened and the operator stepped briskly into the room. The latter had almost reached his seat before he became aware of another presence in the room. His eyes opened wide and his jaw sagged with amazement when he saw Crane. The latter with a grim frown had stepped between him and the door and was covering him with a revolver.

"Make a sound and you're a dead man!" said Crane, in a shrill whisper. He conveyed his ultimatum first in Ironian and then in German. The operator, after the first effects of his surprise had passed, recovered his wits sufficiently to seat himself facing Crane. This placed him in such a position that he covered the instrument on the table. Divining his purpose Crane brought his revolver up to a business-like level and covered his man.

"Stand up," he ordered. The operator hesitated a moment and then got to his feet. "Hands in front of you!" In a trice Crane had replaced the revolver in his belt, pinioned one of the operator's hands over the other and bound them with a handkerchief. It was done so neatly and expeditiously that, within a minute from the time the first move was made, the man had been unceremoniously shoved back into his chair with his hands bound in front of him. He appeared thoroughly dazed.

Then came an unexpected development. A light step sounded outside the door. Crane, who was proceeding to gag the pinioned operator, looked up and saw a girl standing in the doorway—a pretty girl, who viewed his proceedings with every evidence of astonishment. Crane was thorough in his methods. He promptly left the task of trussing up the operator and dragged the girl into the room with more force than ceremony, taking the precaution to close the door and sternly admonishing her the while to keep silent.

"Not a sound out of you or I'll treat you the same way as I've done Marconi here," he said, seating her in the only other chair that the room boasted and speaking in the native tongue.

The girl showed no evidence of fear despite the rough handling she had received and the grim appearance of the aggressive Crane. She sat back quietly

enough and watched his movements, with keenest interest. Keeping a wary eye on his two prisoners the while, Crane took up the lamp and signalled with it through the window, moving it backward and forward in front of him several times. He kept this up until convinced that his signal had been noted. Then he placed the lamp back on the table and detached two revolvers from his belt.

"There's likely to be no end of a shindy downstairs," he said to the girl. "You mustn't get frightened, you know. You won't get hurt. Just stay where you are and close your jaw and no harm will come to you."

There was a sudden shout, a sound of rushing feet, a shot or two. Crane ran from the room and down a flight of stairs that opened before him, shouting at the top of his voice. He found Fenton and several of the hill men standing in the doorway. The lodge had been captured without a blow.

It was found that there were three men in the place, beside the operator. The defenders had made no attempt at resistance, prudently deciding, when the numbers of the attacking party became manifest that resistance would be useless in any case. They were bound securely and placed in one of the unused rooms in the lodge under guard. The two maids were confined in another room and also guarded. All this happened in the course of ten minutes.

"The operator's upstairs, safely trussed," said Crane to Fenton. "There's a girl there too, but I don't think it can be the Princess. Hello! here she is herself."

Anna Petrowa, holding the lamp above her head, had appeared on the stairs. She gave a cry of delight when she discerned the fair head of Fenton towering above the group of men in the dark hall.

"My brave Canadian, no time you lost in getting here," she said, coming down the stairs.

"How is it that you are here?" demanded Fenton, in amazement.

"The Grand Duke's orders," replied Anna in low tones. "It was thought best that the Princess should not be left without companionship. And then I was to keep a close watch on her. But this plan has not been the success. The Princess has shut herself up and I have seen her but little."

"Where is she now?" asked Fenton, with all of a lover's eagerness.

Anna indicated a door leading off from the right of the hall. "You will find her there," she said. Then she placed a delaying hand on the arm. "Who is the extraordinary person of the very red hair? He made me a prisoner. He is the most rough, the most brutal—but—"

"Crane!" shouted Fenton. "I am going to leave Mlle Petrowa in your charge. You apparently have amends to make to Mademoiselle who, by the way, has done a great deal for the Cause—More than any of us know. Could you manage to be polite for a while?"

CHAPTER XVII.

The Renunciation

AT times when emotion runs high, considerations practical, artificial or conventional are often lost sight of; everything, in fact, recedes from the mind but the truly essential things. At such times one forgets caste, rejects pride and brushes aside the petty objections and restrictions that custom has hedged around us, and remembers only to the deeper instincts that in reality shape one's course in life.

Olga was disturbed from the sad reverie into which she had fallen on the departure of Miridoff by hoarse shouts and the sound of running men without. When, brought to her feet by a knock at her door, she had thrown it open to find Fenton there, Olga forgot that she was a princess of the royal line, forgot that she had pledged herself to marry the Grand Duke that very night, forgot that life was sad, cruel, inexorable; forgot everything—but that HE was there; that she was suddenly glad.

And when Fenton saw her standing in the semi-darkness, a slender drooping figure with infinite pathos in her soft violet eyes, he forgot that he had seen her but three times altogether, forgot that on their past meeting they had parted with pronounced coolness, forgot that she was born to the purple of royalty; forgot everything—but that he loved her and that she was meant to be his.

And so both lost sight of all considerations, practical, artificial or conventional, and remembered the only truly essential thing in life to them. Fenton gathered her up in his arms. Olga yielded willingly, gladly.

Such moments, however, are brief. On second thoughts those same considerations of a practical, artificial or conventional nature come trooping back into the mind, stern judges who mercilessly point out the folly of one's course in temporarily forgetting them. Fenton, exalted beyond all compare by her unexpected surrender, rained kisses on her hair, her brow, her eyes, her nose, the dimple in her cheek. When he reached her lips, the meaning of it all came back to Olga. She began to remember again, her position, her promise—and Miridoff. Breaking from his embrace with sudden strength, she ran to the couch and threw herself upon it, burying her head in her arms while passionate sobs shook her.

From the lofty heights of exultation, Fenton descended to the barren plain of uncertainty and bewilderment. Man-like he could not understand her sudden change of attitude; and man-like he stood over the couch and looked down at her ruefully and awkwardly. When he essayed to touch her she shrank away from him and her sobs increased in violence.

But Olga had been trained in a stern school and it did not take her long to conquer her emotion. The spell passed as suddenly as it had come. She sat up and dried her eyes and even (for a girl can remember such things at moments of

deepest stress) patted her hair into shape again.

"Come, sit down beside me," she said, quietly and compassionately. "There are many things we must say—and our time, alas, is so short."

Fenton sat down. He longed to clasp her in his arms again, she looked so pretty and fragile; but something warned him not to. Olga understood and rewarded him by placing one little hand in his.

"It was wrong," she said, looking him frankly in the eyes for the first time. "There can be nothing between us—Presently I shall tell you why. But first, there are things we must tell each other frankly."

Fenton sat as if turned to stone. The loving *abandon* of her welcome had set his heart beating wildly with new hopes and aspirations. Now he realized dully that for some reason all hope would be taken from him.

"Do you love me?" she asked.

"I love you."

There was a pause. For a moment, an ecstatic, all-too-brief moment, her head rested lightly against his shoulder.

"I shall always have that to remember, to help me," she said, almost in a reflective tone.

"And you—you love me?" asked Fenton. His throat seemed suddenly parched, and words came haltingly.

"Yes," whispered Olga, permitting for a moment the pressure of his arm which had stolen about her—but for a moment only. "I love you. And I am glad of it, proud of it, even if it is wrong that I should."

"I loved you the first time I saw you," he said.

"I am not sure when it really started with me, but it must have been the very first time," said Olga musingly, almost forgetting the tragic realities of her position in the consideration of a problem so thrillingly important. "I knew when I thought you were making love to that other woman. Tell me that you were not."

"Mlle. Petrowa!" exclaimed Fenton, with a mirthless laugh. "Of course not. She's a Russian secret service agent and has been working for us. She's wonderful and brave and I admire her a great deal. But—"

It is sometimes possible to convey a clearer meaning by what we don't say than by what we might have said. Fenton's omission was eloquent and convincing.

"I am glad," said Olga, smiling her satisfaction quaintly. "She told me a story to-day that I wanted to believe. And now I do."

By mutual consent explanations on that point ceased. None further were needed. Olga and her lover each knew where the other stood, knew and were happy in the knowledge of the other's love. By mutual consent also they left off for as long as possible any reference to the catastrophe that threatened to wreck their happiness.

Finally, however, it had to be told. Olga, her resolution suddenly breaking, crept into the shelter of his arms when



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telling of Miridoff's cruel and cunning device. The story finished, she threw her arms around her lover's neck and with a paroxysm of weeping, implored him to protect her, to save her from the hideous fate that loomed ahead. Fenton consoled her with brave words of consolation; while black thoughts filled his mind. A primitive desire to kill the cunning Grand Duke, to crush him as he would a reptile, took possession of him.

"Don't cry little girl," he said. "Of course there's a way out. You'll not have to marry that black-hearted scoundrel. To-night Take Lareseu will have three thousand men hammering at the gates of Kirkalisse. And I personally guarantee that Miridoff will not get away alive."

But his face belied his words. Fenton realized to the fullest how cunningly Miridoff had laid his plans.

Slowly Olga extricated herself from his arms and dried her eyes. Her courage was coming back. She smiled at him bravely.

"I know you would willingly die to save me," she said. "But how would killing this man help me? Would it carry the pledge to the assassin who waits at an unknown point to take my father's life? No, dear heart, there is nothing that can be done. The spider has spun his web too cleverly. I—I am entangled."

"There will be a way, out," said Fenton, through set teeth. "I will find it. I can't give you up."

He seized her roughly in his arms and looked long and earnestly into her eyes. Then slowly his hold relaxed. He groaned, miserable and rebellious at his impotence. Gently she drew herself away. "We have loved but to lose," she whispered. "Courage, my dear. Go please, go now. It makes it so hard—"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Two Fight: One Falls

FENTON left the room with a heavy heart and a mind full of surging, angry emotions. For some time he paced up and down in front of the lodge, thinking over what the princess had told him and vainly cudgeling his brain for a plan to circumvent the Grand Duke. He could not yet accept defeat; and so escaped the feeling of utter despair that would have settled upon him had he been convinced that Olga was really lost. Instead, he felt confident that there was some way out, that he could save her. The more he struggled with the problem and realized the cunning with which Miridoff had spread his net, the greater became his determination.

He finally sought out Crane and frankly put the facts before him. Although he had known the volatile and irascible young Englishman for little more than a day, Fenton had already come to place the most absolute reliance in Crane. On the tramp that afternoon from Lareseu's headquarters they had discussed the political situation in Ionia and Fenton had unreservedly stated the

incidents leading up to the abduction of the Princess.

Crane heard of the latest development with every manifestation of deep anger. But his resentment, after all, had to spend itself in futile threats and mighty sounding oaths; he had no practical suggestions to offer.

"The part of it that I can't understand," said Fenton, finally, "is with reference to the gypsy band who are to perform this infamous ceremony. I thought Lareseu controlled all the people in the hills."

"You'll run into wandering tribes of gypsies in all parts of the Balkan countries," replied Crane, shaking his head. "They have no nationality. They come and go as they please and they know no law but tradition and the word of their chief. One of the hill men told me to-night that some of the Pesth band were camped over there to the west of us. They'll do anything, these gypsies, if the reward is sufficient or the pressure brought to bear strong enough."

"It's my opinion that Miridoff is bluffing," declared Fenton, clutching at a straw. "He is trying to frighten the princess into marrying him. For all we know, Prince Peter is now safe at home in Serajoz."

But again Crane shook his head. "I don't think so," he said. "When you know Ionia as well as I do, you'll realize that this is exactly what might be expected to happen. Prince Peter stands in Miridoff's path—he must be removed. The Princess refuses to marry him—she must be forced. There is no way of warning the Prince. If the pledge is not sent in the way prescribed—Peter will surely die."

Hastily, desperately they debated many plans but discarded them all as either too dangerous or not feasible. It was with a feeling closely akin to despair that Fenton finally realized the time had come for Olga to keep her assignation—and that he had found no way to save her. And then all of a sudden, determination came to him. He sprang to his feet with an energy born of desperation and grimly examined his revolvers to see if they were properly loaded.

"It may be necessary for the Princess to go through with this marriage in order to save her father's life," he declared, with implacable purpose burning in his eyes. "But Miridoff shall never return to Kirkalisse this night. That I swear."

After arranging with Crane to see that Olga was escorted to the Hawk's Rest, Fenton set out with a guide for the same place. Arriving in that vicinity, he sent his guide back and carefully reconnoitered the ground. The Hawk's Rest was a clearing on the crest of one of the highest hills. It was approached by two paths; one from the hunting lodge, the other from Kirkalisse. The latter road ran for a considerable distance along the precipitous side of the mountain. Up to a certain point it was wide and level enough. Not many yards from the junction, the road narrowed till it became little more than a cramped path.

The gypsies were camped in the clearing. A large fire blazed in the centre, the flames rising at times almost to the tops of the surrounding trees.

Fenton decided to station himself as near the clearing as he could without being observed. The surrounding thicket presented ample means for concealment. He finally placed himself close by the path from Kirkalis. No clearly defined purpose had yet formed in his mind. He was prepared to let Fate map out his course of action now, and it was probably with an instinctive idea of protecting Olga that he placed himself on the path by which Miridoff would come.

It was very still, save for the low hum of voices in the clearing behind. Fenton peered anxiously into the darkness. Three or four yards in front of him a bend occurred in the narrow path and the brush on his left hid the slender ribbon of roadway. To his right was the precipice, a sheer drop of many hundred feet.

As he listened, the sound of footsteps came from beyond the bend in the path. They drew closer, and around the bend appeared the figure of a man. The newcomer was muffled in a military cloak, beneath which dangled a sabre. He wore a military cap. Fenton recognized Miridoff, and instantly the spell of indecision passed. An idea flashed through his mind, determining his course of action. Stepping forward, the Canadian barred the path.

"Stop!" he commanded, in German. Miridoff recognized the voice. "You!" he exclaimed, instinctively drawing back a pace and freeing his sword arm from the folds of the cloak. For a moment the two men regarded each other in tense silence.

"We are well met," declared Miridoff then. "You have crossed my path once too often. This time I shall finish you!"

"Well met indeed," said Fenton, with a grim laugh, that had something of triumph in it—for he now saw a way to save the Princess. "You come just in time, your Grace, to enable me to carry out a certain plan. I need your—"

Miridoff flung back his cloak and drew a pistol from his belt. Realizing that a fraction of a second's delay would cost him his life, Fenton hurled himself bodily forward and pinned the Grand Duke's arms to his sides. The impact carried them back close to the edge of the precipice. The revolver Miridoff had drawn fell from his grasp and clattered on the rocky path.

"Presumptuous, meddling fool!" exclaimed the Grand Duke, straining to loosen the hold of his young adversary. "It is fitter that you die this way than that I should soil my sword."

"Trickster, traitor, assassin!" answered Fenton, exerting the utmost of his strength to maintain his hold on his powerful adversary. "You'll never live to complete your theft of a bride! Before you die—I want you to know—that we took the lodge an hour ago. The wireless is in our hands. Before I throw you over the cliff, think of this—your plans will miscarry, you will be remembered in Ironia as—the man who tried to sell his country!"



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They struggled back and forth. Both were powerful men; Miridoff had the advantage in weight and strength but Fenton was the more lithe and active. They were well matched. Almost on the edge of the precipice they fought it out, a grim struggle to the death. Once Fenton's foot slipped over the edge, but he regained his firm footing on the ledge again almost instantly. Miridoff, hampered by his cloak, managed to free himself from its folds. It fell under their feet and nearly ended the fight by precipitating them both over the edge.

Fenton fought with calculating coolness, but his mind was in a turmoil. If he could master this man, the happiness of the Princess would be assured; for it would give him an opportunity to carry out the plan that had flashed through his mind a few minutes before. If he failed to conquer the Grand Duke, then Olga was lost.

The thought spurred him to redoubled efforts. He struggled fiercely, animated with a determination to kill his adversary. He became the physical embodiment of that one idea. Miridoff must be put out of the way.

The darkness closed down more dense than ever over the tightly clenched figures. They swayed this way and that, careless of the death that faced them both if they went a foot too far. At intervals Fenton caught fleeting glimpses of the red glow which he knew to be Hawk's Rest, where perhaps Olga was now waiting—unconsciously waiting the outcome of the struggle.

Then it became apparent that the equality of the struggle had ceased. One of the antagonists had secured a hold on the other's throat. The beaten man struggled backward to escape from the strangling grip of his opponent. His effort was successful. He broke away free.

But his foot was over the edge. His effort to free himself had carried him back too far. An instant he swayed uncertainly on the edge, then fell backward.

The victor stood a moment silently glancing into the darkness through which the black, shapeless form had hurtled down.

Then he turned and picked up the cloak.

CHAPTER XIX.

Married Over the Tongs

FROM the blackness of night that had settled down over the mountains, Olga emerged into the clear space that was known as Hawk's Rest, in the centre of which was a blazing fire and about which sat in curious groups the gypsies of the Pesth band. The setting was weird enough and fantastic enough to have been transplanted from a past century, when the nomad was legion, and the *comprachicos* thrived under the wing of royalty. The uncertain play of the flames against the background of tangled firs wrought awesome figures out of the gloom; and, throwing a reddish tinge on the swarthy gypsy faces, rendered them unreal, grotesque, and villainous-appear-

ing. The band were dressed in the picturesque garb of the eastern nomad that has survived the changing influence of several centuries. Bedecked in the most brilliant colors, the women decorated by rouge and rings, in extraordinary degree, the men with pistols and daggers, they presented in the flickering light a spectacle that one would never forget.

Muffled in a dark cloak and masked, the Princess stepped into the lighted space near the fire. Of the timidity that might have been expected to manifest itself, not a trace was to be found. Her step was slow but resolute, and in her whole attitude a calm fearlessness was reflected. Truth to tell, Olga was as unconscious of external impressions as though she were treading the polished floor of a ball-room. Her mind was obsessed with a double fear that weighed upon her consciousness with deadening persistence—fear for her father's life, and fear for herself—afterward. She had no thought of turning back, no sense of self-pity, no idea of the magnitude of her sacrifice. Her duty was quite clear, but equally clear was the realization of what it meant. As Olga stepped close to the centre of the gypsy ring, she mentally bade farewell to youth, hope, love, happiness, everything.

The gypsy chief stood beside the fire—tall, withered, white-haired, a wraith of a man in fantastic garb that bespoke his rank. A gypsy chief is more absolute than any king, his word is the law of the band, his will the guiding factor. The attitude of the old gypsy was unmistakably regal.

Out of the shadows on the opposite side came the figure of Miridoff. A mask covered his whole face. He was cloaked, and hatted for a journey, and his gait showed haste, even a degree of nervousness.

Olga went through the ceremony that followed in a daze. Standing in front of the hissing, spitting flames, her hand, clasped in that of the Grand Duke, extended over the tongs, she heard the old chief's cracked voice proclaim the unknown words that tied her forever to the man she had so much reason to fear and hate. As the ritual proceeded, the gypsies seated, far away it seemed to her from the monotonous sound of their voices, though occasionally through the intermittent flash of the flames their faces appeared to glower directly at her through panes of magic flame, started up a chant. It was a mournful strain, gathering volume as it proceeded and finally culminating in an outburst of sound that expressed triumph and passion.

Was ever the sacred rite performed under circumstances more repugnant—gypsy tongs for an altar, a sinister gypsy chief for a priest, the wild chant of the band for a choir, the shrouding darkness of the mountain side for a cathedral, and the much-feared, and much-hated Miridoff for a bridegroom! Some thought of the incongruity of it all penetrated to Olga's mind through the deep obsession of fear and regret that had formerly held her oblivious to her surroundings. As the concluding bars of the gypsy ritual rose from around her, she snatched her hand from the grasp of Miridoff and tightly clasped her ears to shut out the sound; while a broken sob testified to the intensity of her emotion.

The weakness was but momentary, however. Quickly marshalling her forces of resolution, the Princess dropped into the withered hand of the chief the ring which would ensure her father's safety and for which she had sold herself into life-long bondage. The chief transferred it to a husky young gypsy, and spoke a few words of instruction.

"Tell him to hasten," pleaded Olga. "He must not fail to carry the pledge to its destination within the specified time! Tell him that riches shall be his, untold riches, if he carries out his mission. I promise it."

Turning to Miridoff, who was standing by silently, and, truth to tell a little awkwardly, she urged upon him the necessity for haste on the part of the messenger. "I have paid your price," she reminded him.

Miridoff bowed, but did not speak. Taking her by the arm, he led her from the Hawk's Rest, and out along the narrow path, by which she had come from the hunting lodge. Where the path narrowed so that single file became necessary, he dropped to the rear and they walked on in silence for a spell of perhaps ten minutes.

Olga felt unutterably weary. Mental anguish had drawn heavily on her strength and the excitement of the day had brought her to the verge of a collapse. As they reached the turn of the broad trail that led up to the lodge, the small remnant of her strength that was left deserted her. She stopped, stretched out one hand for support, and then fell back in a faint.

Olga came back to life with a strange sense of security and comfort. Her head rested on a broad, comfortable shoulder. Two arms encompassed her. She was being carried up the steep, winding trail with an ease that bespoke unusual strength in her bearer. Too weak to move, too faint even for curiosity, she lay inertly in his arms. She realized dimly when they reached the lodge and it was with a faint regret that she felt herself lowered carefully—so carefully and tenderly—to a couch. Deft hands placed and adjusted cushions; there was a sound of much hurrying to and fro, and several voices close at hand. Out of the jumble of sounds that registered partially on her slowly reviving senses, came a new voice, sharp and incisive, which said: "Hands up!" Followed a pause and then a laugh, hearty and spontaneous but restrained, out of deference, she dimly realized, for her condition. Then a voice came out of the mists that was very familiar—and also very dear. There was more talk, more laughing, and then—full consciousness came back to her with a shock! Words had distinctly reached her out of the indistinct babel of sounds, three words that electrified her, sending her heart beating wildly. "Miridoff is dead," someone had said.

Olga would have spoken, but found that weakness and excitement had combined to render her powerless either to move or speak. She heard the familiar and dear voice and now she realized why it was dear, and just how dear it was—this time speaking from very close at hand. "Hand me the brandy, Crane," it said. Then an arm was slipped under her shoulders, and she was raised slightly from her recum-



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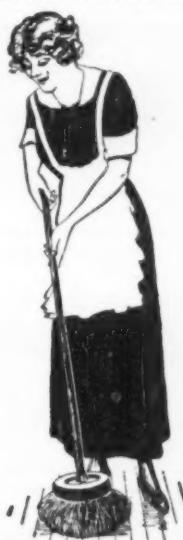
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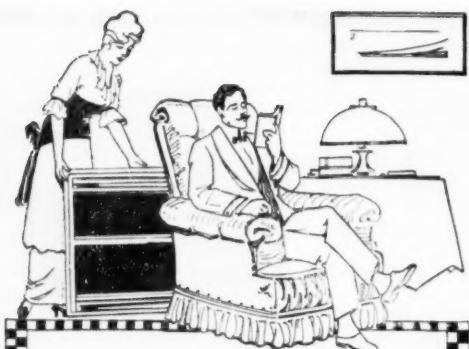


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bent position while a spoon was inserted between her lips. The brandy revived her wonderfully, but she did not open her eyes. Perhaps it was because she found the pressure of that strong arm so comforting.

"Hold on, Fenton," said the sharp and incisive voice. "Aren't you kind of making that business of supporting the invalid a bit too realistic? You act more like a lover than a nurse!"

And then came the astounding reply: "Hang it Crane, can't I hug my own wife?"

CHAPTER XX.

The Plot Discovered

OLGA slowly sat up. The room, she realised, was now empty save for the man who knelt beside her couch; a man in a long military cloak, that she knew belonged, or had belonged to her arch-enemy, now her husband. But the man wearing the cloak was not old, dark, and heavily whiskered. On the contrary, he was young, fair, and without a hair on his face. Donald Fenton sat on the floor beside her, in Miridoff's cloak; and he it had been who had said—

Olga gazed at him in bewilderment.

"The Duke, where is he?" she questioned, faintly.

"He is not here", said Fenton. There was something new, something strangely thrilling about this handsome young alien kneeling before her. It was perhaps the rapt way in which he was regarding her; almost as though he thought she belonged to him. His eyes were full of some secret that he wanted to share with her, a secret that already she intuitively seemed almost to understand.

"Have I been dreaming?" she asked. "Did I really go to-night to that place where all those dreadful people were; or was it just a dream?"

"You were really there", replied Fenton. His tone was quite calm, but that secret was burning in his eyes.

"Then where is the Grand Duke? And my father—will he—"

"His Highness will be quite safe", Fenton assured her. "But as for Miridoff, he is dead!"

His hand reached out and took possession of hers. It was quite respectfully done, as though he sought to convey sympathy, assurance. She made no effort to withdraw her hand.

In a few words he told her of the meeting with Miridoff, of the struggle on the cliff side, and of the ending, when the Grand Duke, losing his balance on the edge, fell backward and down into the abyss.

"By a direct dispensation of Providence, his hat and cloak were left", he went on. "I realized that if his Highness, your father, were to be saved, it was necessary for the wedding to go on. So I donned the cloak, hat, and mask, and took Miridoff's place".

There was a tense silence. The girl covered her face, scarlet with confusion and a strange new emotion, in her hands. Fenton struggled to his feet and gazed

down at her for a moment with the most wonderful tenderness in his eyes and a sad smile of renunciation on his lips. Then he started to pace the room, back and forth, a stern mental struggle showing in his face. Finally he stopped in front of her and said, slowly and quietly.

"A wedding over the tongs is considered binding. We are married in the eyes of the law, perhaps even in the eyes of the church. But it can quite easily be set aside. I knew that, of course. I was quite prepared to step aside—so you must not let this worry you!"

The girl raised her head and gazed at him intently for a moment. Then she stood up and faced him.

"Do you want the marriage set aside?" she asked.

A dull flush spread over Fenton's face. He made as though to clasp her in his arms, then checked himself with an effort of repression, only to yield again to the impulse. She felt herself drawn towards him.

"Olga, I dare not answer you!" he cried. "I meant to be firm, but I can only remember that for a time at least, you are my wife!" He rained kisses on her face and hair and neck. It was a full minute before she succeeded in drawing herself away—and then it was only to arm's length.

Fenton had expected a storm of indignation protest. He saw instead a tremulous smile, a radiant flush, and eyes that were filled to overflowing with happiness. And he heard her say:

"If there is any question as to the legality of the marriage, had you not better find a priest?"

* * *

Fenton's arrival at the lodge, with the princess in his arms, had created a sensation, to say the least. It was not until he had removed his mask at Crane's strident command, that his real identity was discovered. When it developed that the Canadian and Olga were actually married, Crane retired to the operator's room above, in a state of thorough mental mystification. He tramped in heavily and sat himself down in his chair, quite ignoring Mlle. Petrowa who was seated at the other side of the table; which was Crane's usual way with women.

The dancer and Crane had been thrown together continuously since the arrival of the rescuing party at the lodge. Anna had made certain tentative advances of a mildly flirtatious character and Crane had responded by bullying her most ferociously; which, after all, is not so far removed from love making. Strangely enough, Anna had not really understood his attitude. She was puzzled by this stormy, red-haired individual, who ordered her about as though she were a stage hand, and swore such strange and long drawn-out oaths. She had acknowledged to herself that he was an interesting type of man, a compelling type. When he had smiled—he had a most engaging smile—she had felt strangely attracted.

He coolly removed his coat and collar and rolled his shirt sleeves up to his elbows. Then he produced a pipe that he had found somewhere in the lodge, a

most vile one, too, and settled down for a comfortable smoke. Through the haze that soon surrounded him he nodded frowningly at his companion.

"Pretty business, downstairs", he said, in an aggrieved tone. "Here's this fellow, Fenton, who knows the work we've got ahead of us and yet goes and wastes time getting married."

"Married!" cried Anna, in genuine amazement.

"Married", responded Crane with confirmatory disgust. "It seems he chucked Miridoff off the cliff and then took his place at the ceremony. The happy couple are downstairs now."

There was a period of silence. Anna had been well aware of the state of affairs between Fenton and Olga but its sudden *dénouement* almost took her breath away. Crane studied her shrewdly out of the corner of his eye.

"Just the same I admire the beggar's nerve!" he said, finally. "He'll be putting ideas in other heads. Now if an ordinary fellow like Fenton can pick up with a princess, perhaps even a down-at-heels engineer could aspire to—er—"

Anna laughed, a rippling laugh that expressed enlightenment and much satisfaction. She had seen beneath the armor of bluster; and knew that, in reality, Crane would be as wax in her facile hands. From that moment dated the ascendancy of Anna.

Crane frowned with offended dignity but Anna continued to laugh and to regard him in a way that said, plainer than words, "At last I have found you out." Crane's frown was like a threat from the commandant of the citadel after he has hauled down his flag and surrendered the keys. Perceiving something of this, Crane turned hastily to the wireless, glad of an interruption provided by a faint click that gave notice of an arriving message.

For a moment he regarded the keys with casual interest; then the expression of his face changed to one of surprise, concern and finally to almost incredulous delight. For ten minutes he alternately received and sent replies, feverish interest showing in every line of him.

To Be Continued.

Best Selling Book of the Month

"Jaffery," W. J. Locke's Great New Story

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

AMONG the season's outstanding successes in fiction is William J. Locke's novel "Jaffery" as its presence in second place in the list of best selling books in Canada amply indicates. This author has so strong a hold upon the reading public of the English-speaking world that each successive novel coming from him almost immediately takes its place among the leaders if not being accorded the first position in point of popular demand.

"Jaffery" is even better than "The Fortunate Youth" and "Stella Maris" equaling, or at least very nearly approaching in its spontaneity, "The Beloved Vagabond" which is saying a great deal for this new tale. The hero, Jaffery Chayne, is a war-correspondent who at the opening of this story has just come back from Albania after the close of the war in the Balkans.

Other principals in the story are Adrian Boldero and Hilary Freeth. These three with Tom Castleton, since dead, had been at Cambridge together, forming a somewhat incongruous brotherhood.

The story is told, ostensibly, by Hilary, who after dealing with the personalities of the other three says:

"For myself—well—I am a happy non-entity. I have a mild scholarly taste which sufficient means, accruing to me through my late father's acumen in buying a few founder's shares in a now colossal universal providing emporium, enables me to gratify. I am a harmless person of no account. But the other three mattered. They were definite—Jaffery, blatantly definite; Adrian Boldero, in his queer, silky way, incisively definite, and

poor Tom was dead. Dear, impossible, feckless fellow."

Adrian, who while at college had shown no indication of any great degree of ability sprung a great surprise on his friends when a novel appeared entitled "The Diamond Gate," by Adrian Boldero, which took the country by storm. It was the literary event of the year and brought Adrian riches.

Two of the characters whom the reader naturally comes to love are Hilary and his wife Barbara, who are ever loyal to friendship, thus exemplifying the moral teaching of this book. These two are more than delighted to hear of Adrian's big success which was so unexpected. The news came to them at first by reading one of the early reviews of the book, but it took some time before Hilary could be convinced that it was their particular Adrian Boldero who had written it. At last, fully convinced, he exclaimed: "Splendid, to think of old Adrian making good at last! I'm more than glad. Telephone at once for a copy of the book."

Adrian himself was brought, along with his book, by means of a despotic way Barbara had with their men friends.

When he came he answered Hilary's questions as to why he had sprung this surprise, by saying it was on Doria's account. Doria was his fiancée.

"How does Doria take it?" asked Barbara.

"She's as pleased as Punch. Gave it to old man Jornicroft and insisted on his reading it. He's impressed. Never thought I had it in me. Can't see, however, where the commercial value of it came in."

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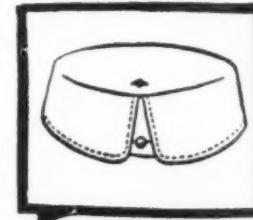
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compliment is shared by Jaffery when he arrives at about this time.

The following description of Jaffery's arrival effectively conveys to the reader the boisterous sort of man Jaffery is:

"A fair-bearded, red-faced, blue-eyed, grinning giant got out of the train and, catching sight of us, ran up and laid a couple of great sun-glazed hands on my shoulders.

"Hullo! hullo! hullo!" he shouted, and gripping Adrian in turn shouted it again. He made such an uproar that people stuck wondering heads out of carriage windows. Then he thrust himself between us, linked our arms in his and made us charge with him down the quiet country platform.

"He boomed till we reached the station yard, where his eyes fell on a familiar object."

"What?" cried he, "have you still got the Chinese Puffhard?"

Then Hilary goes into an explanation of this ancient car, which, sentiment (together with an impossibility to find a purchaser) would not allow him to sell.

A happy little gathering at Hilary's home is surprised and somewhat nonplussed by the sudden arrival of Liosha enquiring for Jaffery. Thus comes into the story one of its chief characters, one typifying the elemental woman. Liosha is an Albanian, the widow of a war-correspondent friend of Jaffery's who had died in the Balkans. Jaffery became her guardian and bringing her to England, gave her over to the care of his sister Euphemia. But Liosha couldn't stand her and sought out Jaffery among his intimate friends. From that point Liosha occupies a chief place throughout the tale, becoming a glorious heroine.

Adrian fails to repeat his literary success despite the insistent demands of his publishers, and it is not until after his death that Jaffery and Hilary, as the executors of his estate, make the discovery that he had not written "The Diamond Gate" at all, but that this had been the work of Tom Castleton, who before his death had given the manuscript into Adrian's hands to have it published. Adrian palms it off as his own, but that deception proves to be his undoing and finally he dies an utter failure.

Jaffery then has another ward in Adrian's widow, Doria, and in his devotion to Adrian's memory, and to save the feelings of Doria, he himself writes another book, attributing it to Adrian as the one which the latter had professed to be writing.

Jaffery falls in love with Doria, who spurns him, but finally as the story works out, Jaffery comes to realize that in his association with Liosha, what he had considered merely comradeship was love all the while.

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The Business Outlook

Value of Canada's Field Products Will this Year be \$800,000,000

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This year's produce of Canadian fields will, in the opinion of Mr. Appleton, exceed in value that of last year by approximately \$200,000,000, half of which increase will go to the Western provinces of the Dominion. At the present time there is no crop, of the many produced in the Dominion, that can be said to be a failure—the result of which cannot but be improved business conditions from now on.

AT the beginning of August there was a decided improvement in the industrial outlook and also in the crop outlook. Of course the former to a certain extent depends upon the latter but this year in the public mind at any rate the prospect of getting war orders is regarded as a greater factor in the industrial situation than orders that may result from an abundant harvest. Genuine improvement can only arise from the latter, and at the moment of writing, in the early days of August, it would appear that the crop promise is much better than normal. Although all eyes seem to be centred on the West, and with some justification, nevertheless Ontario is the greatest producer. With the exception of loss through laying of standing grain by heavy rain storms we do not know of any specific crop that will, this year, be a failure. From some districts it is reported that the hay crop is light but taken all round the crop will be normal. It will be remembered that in 1914 the value of the field crops of Ontario amounted to \$196,220,000. At this moment, the eve of another harvest, it may be interesting to recall the value of field crops in Canada for the past two years:

	1913.	1914.
P. E. Island	9,535,500	11,544,000
Nova Scotia	17,132,900	21,969,700
New Brunswick	17,905,100	20,045,100
Quebec	88,589,000	99,279,000
Ontario	167,835,000	196,220,000
Manitoba	64,557,000	65,528,400
Saskatchewan	129,376,000	152,751,500
Alberta	46,712,000	59,779,600
British Columbia	11,069,000	11,463,000

A normal crop at present crisis would bring to Ontario very much more cash than in any previous year. What is true of this province is quite true of others, old and new, in the Dominion. To our knowledge there is no district where it can be said there is a crop failure and there is little prospect of any serious decline in prices of field products.

As to business probabilities in the West, the yearly output of wheat is regarded as being the only true index. Mr. J. G. Bury,

Mr. M. H. McLeod and *The Wheat Yield of the West.* other eminent railway managers have prophesied a crop of something like 240,000,000 bushels of wheat. From our own inquiries amongst business men, who have very large interests in the West, and are looking to that field for an increase in their business, we have formed the opinion that the maximum yield of wheat this year will be approximately 200,000,000 bushels. This is, of course, contingent upon the weather being normal from the time of writing. It would not be prudent in view of the pres-

ent state of the crop for business men to figure on a crop larger than the figures we quote indicate. Making allowance for very considerable damage and for abnormal weather of an unfavorable character we think that the minimum product would not be less than 175,000,000 bushels. Between the two figures that is 175,000,000 as a minimum and 200,000,000 as a maximum the correct figure will be found when threshers' returns are all in. Generally speaking the coarser grains will yield heavier than last year and, it should not be overlooked, the price available for this class of field produce will be higher than usual. While the price will be the same the quantities produced will be very much larger. In 1914 the West produced 141,000,000 bushels of wheat and in the previous year 209,262,000 bushels. In the years 1911 and 1912 also, the total product exceeded 200,000,000. Given a normal product, say 200,000,000 bushels, this year at prices at present prevailing the farmer will receive in cash a vastly greater sum than for the 1914 crop. As indicating how relatively small the 1914 crop in the West was in comparison with that of previous years, we give below the Dominion figures showing the bushels produced in the North-West provinces in the years 1912, 1913 and 1914 of wheat, oats and barley.

Cereals in West.			
	1912.	1913.	1914.
Provinces—	Bushels	Bushels	Bushels
Wheat	201,280,000	209,262,000	140,958,000
Oats	242,321,000	242,413,000	150,843,000
Barley	31,600,000	31,000,000	19,535,000
Manitoba—			
Wheat	63,017,000	53,331,000	38,605,000
Oats	57,154,000	56,750,000	31,951,000
Barley	15,826,000	14,305,000	9,828,000
Saskatchewan—			
Wheat	106,960,000	121,559,000	73,494,000
Oats	117,537,000	114,112,000	61,816,000
Barley	9,505,000	10,421,000	4,901,000
Alberta—			
Wheat	34,303,000	34,372,000	28,859,000
Oats	67,630,000	71,542,000	57,076,000
Barley	6,179,000	6,334,000	4,806,000

Assuming that the increase in oats and barley and other field products in the West is on the same scale as the anticipated increase in the wheat products, the gain over last year will be approximately thirty per cent. The value of the field crops there in 1914, was approximately \$270,000,000 and if present prices hold, the value in 1915 will approximate \$360,000,000. It may be assumed with safety that the farmers of that territory will obtain for the produce of their fields an extra \$100,000,000, enabling them to pay off a large proportion of their debts as well as to make purchases necessitated by ordinary wear and tear. With the proceeds of this year's crop in his hands, the farmer generally will deviate from the



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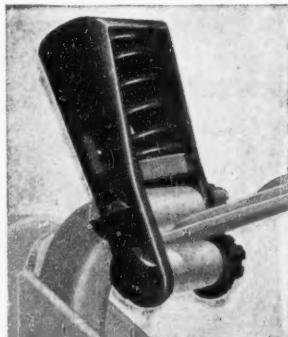
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course of very severe economy he has followed for a very long period.

In arriving at the value of Western field produce we have had regard to the price paid during the whole of last year and no allowance has been made for an advance in price which is not probable in view of the large exportable surplus of grains the United States will have. Moreover, there is an accumulation of stocks in other food exporting countries. It would not be wise therefore to build on any increase in the prices of foodstuffs but there is warranty for the opinion that present prices will hold in view of so much of the productive machinery of Europe being at present stagnant.

To illustrate what the producers of Saskatchewan and Ontario obtained for their chief products in the period 1910 to

1914, inclusive, we quote

What Producers Obtained For utilized in determining the Produce. value of this class of Canadian products by the census authorities. It will be noted that the price paid for wheat in Saskatchewan in 1914 was \$1.48 per bushel and in Ontario, \$1.07. In the review of wholesale prices just issued by the Department of Labor the average price of Western wheat for the year was approximately \$1 per bushel. The latter figure, in the opinion of the writer, is the most accurate and that is higher by 56 per cent. than the average for the year previous.

Saskatchewan.

	Wheat	Oats	Barley	Potatoes
1910	0.69	0.29	0.30	0.59
1911	0.58	0.29	0.47	0.51
1912	0.56	0.23	0.33	0.40
1913	0.64	0.25	0.30	0.47
1914	1.48	0.45	0.50	1.05

Ontario.

	Wheat	Oats	Barley	Potatoes
1910	0.58	0.36	0.53	0.46
1911	0.87	0.45	0.70	0.80
1912	0.91	0.41	0.61	0.59
1913	0.85	0.38	0.56	0.65
1914	1.07	0.49	0.64	0.47

When war was declared the writer urged that so long as the volume of field produce was maintained the position of the Dominion, economically After a speaking, would not materially suffer. Depressed War.

to the existence of war. The latter influence in sending up prices of farm products to a certain extent alleviated the distress that would have been felt in Canada in any case as a result of the inflation during the period 1911, to the close of 1913. It was hoped, however, when the Imperial Government found it necessary to declare war on Germany Canada's crop would be much greater than it turned out to be. If our farmers had been as fortunate as in the year 1913 when over 200,000,000 bushels of wheat was produced in Western Canada, business would not have receded steadily from the later months of 1913 down to the present time.

While many of our manufacturers obtained substantial orders for war munitions, there still remains a very large proportion of Canada's industrial plants not working at sufficient capacity to pay interest charges. A change, however, in this respect will come as the crop is being moved to market. Meanwhile, an increasing volume of orders for war munitions is

being placed. In regard to this it may be as well to point out that during June there was a falling off in shipments. Manufactured articles exported during that month were valued at \$9,757,000, as compared with \$16,121,000 in May. These figures should expand considerably if general reports are to be relied upon as to orders placed. We, of course, do not place credence in the estimates circulated to the effect that orders to the extent of \$400,000,000 have been placed for war munitions. This exaggerated report appeared for the first time some two or three months ago and has created a very false impression. There is evidence that the public have been led to believe that the orders placed are much larger than they actually are. Our exports by no means consist of war munitions only and as yet official figures do not indicate deliveries at all commensurate with the value of orders said to have been placed. Ordinary commodities such as Canada produces are always in request but are in greater request under such conditions in Europe as now exist. It will be disappointing therefore if our exports of manufactured goods do not steadily increase. For six months of the present calendar year they have more than doubled. At the end of June up to which date official figures are available the value of manufactured goods exported was \$71,462,528 as compared with \$31,786,495 for the corresponding period during 1914, a clearer grasp of the improvements so far made can be gathered from the table adjoined.

Exports of Manufactures.

	1913.	1914.	1915.
Jan.	\$ 3,589,894	\$ 5,050,999	\$ 7,769,146
Feb.	3,950,830	4,674,709	8,982,639
Mar.	4,993,695	6,230,290	15,000,790
April	3,478,598	4,295,199	13,221,658
May	4,202,439	5,997,277	16,121,149
June	3,863,536	5,529,021	9,757,000
	\$24,078,902	\$31,786,495	\$71,462,528

It may be of interest at the present time to observe that the manufactured goods exported up to the end of June, that is for six months, represented a value greater than the value of the total exports of a similar class for the whole of 1914.

The appended figures give the total exports of each class for the year 1913 and 1914 and for the first six months of the calendar year 1915.

Classes of Exports.

	1913.	1914.	1915.*
The mine	\$ 59,073,167	\$ 53,781,132	\$ 25,281,596
Fisheries	20,237,348	18,059,961	8,275,046
Forest	42,532,673	41,871,383	17,915,275
Animals	51,612,567	68,216,972	30,562,706
Field	208,642,660	127,122,783	61,512,045
Factory	54,010,873	69,151,924	71,452,528
Other	108,777	491,099	914,820
	\$136,218,067	\$379,295,854	\$215,914,016

*6 months to June 30th.

There has been a very marked increase in the volume of domestic produce exported as compared with the corresponding months of 1914 and also with the corresponding months of 1913. This movement is important inasmuch as it indicates that we are paying our debts abroad by exporting commodities and for this reason we again tabulate the monthly exports of domestic and foreign merchandise which happily shows so substantial a gain over previous years. At the close of June the total export of produce ex-

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ceeded by \$73,965,060 the volume of 1914. This for six months of the year when the exports are lightest is an excellent indication. If the output continues on the same scale for the balance of the year it would not be hazardous to assume that Canada will have at the end of the year a favorable trade balance of approximately \$200,000,000.

Exports of Domestic Province.

	1913.	1914.	1915.
Jan.	\$ 19,370,524	\$ 25,218,737	\$ 28,505,508
Feb.	22,857,169	20,553,387	28,881,277
Mar.	34,874,752	26,700,991	45,118,922
April	22,016,880	17,753,071	28,691,889
May	27,883,971	30,005,635	42,080,486
June	160,622,721	148,231,721	216,174,018
	\$160,622,721	\$148,231,721	\$216,174,018
For. Mer.	7,151,576	7,937,784	13,960,547
	\$167,774,297	\$156,169,505	\$230,134,565

While our exports are continuously expanding, imports are declining. Those for June were 25 per cent., practically speaking, below the total for the corresponding month a year ago. For the six months to date the gross imports amount to \$204,071,638 as compared with \$260,337,834 in 1914. We again resort to illustrating the improved trade position by tabulation. A comparison of the imports in the first six months, respectively, of 1913, 1914 and 1915 is as follows:

	Imports of Merchandise.	1913.	1914.	1915.
Jan.	\$ 52,751,901	\$ 40,921,240	\$ 30,300,157	
Feb.	52,951,200	38,540,045	35,912,919	
Mar.	67,603,976	53,111,104	40,411,384	
April	48,488,280	36,937,713	28,391,640	
May	60,514,284	45,076,939	34,380,508	
June	57,957,006	45,750,793	35,324,739	
	\$340,267,256	\$260,337,834	\$204,071,638	

A decline as the above figures indicate of 136,000,000 from 1913 and of 56,000,000 as compared with 1914, is notable. Evidently Canada is buying less and selling more, a condition that will materially enhance her credit in the financial markets of the world and which will materially strengthen her foundations for bigger and better business.

Some criterion of the condition of our industries is found from stock market quotations. Those favorably affected by war orders, of course, enjoy some advance, but others not reached by war orders are severely depressed and no doubt the price would descend very rapidly if the minimum were removed. In the United States, however, an average of 32 active industrial stocks, only one of which, the General Electric, may be classed as a war stock, closed on July 30, 1914, at 80½ and, on July 30, 1915, at 90¼, an advance of over 10 per cent. All those industrials favorably affected by the war have advanced very much more. Ten of the war stocks averaged 27 and at the present time is 95½, an advance of 350 per cent.

What are known in Canada as war stocks have, of course, advanced to some extent but not in proportion to those of the United States. In the Dominion it is evident that we are following the United States in the matter of war stock speculations as we do in many other things, not excepting trade. In the latter when the United States enjoys prosperity, Canada shares in it sooner or later. Business men in the Dominion therefore can view

with some satisfaction the happier position which exists over the line. One of the United States banking houses writing on July 30 says that "anyone prophesying at that time, that is on July 30, 1914, that a year later our markets would be buoyant, our financial skies clear, our stock of gold great beyond requirements and our position of a debtor changed to that of a creditor nation, would have been scoffed at. This is the case. We have successfully mounted our various financial difficulties; our trade balance has broken all records, our stock markets have recovered splendidly."

It seems hardly necessary to add that Canada's trade balance is likely to be more favorable than it has been for a long period of years and that her financial difficulties will be very much lighter than we anticipated they would be a year ago. With normally good crops we can face the cost of our share in the war cheerfully.

Of course the fact of Canada having borrowed money and paid for it at the rate of five per cent. cannot be ignored

from a business standpoint.

Price of Money and Business. It means that the rates at present being paid by business men will remain firm.

When times were normal a rate of approximately 5½ per cent. was obtainable by the best known borrowers but there is not likely to be any commercial loans made at that rate for some time.

There is not likely to be any shortage of money for crop moving purposes as far

as it is possible to foresee at the present time. In past years Canadian banks have been able to draw on London and get what money they required but this simple operation this year will not be practicable unless something happens very soon to bring the value of the pound sterling at New York back to normal. At present the United States dollar has a more stable value than has the British pound. What financing, beyond the resources of the banks, will have to be done, New York will probably do it.

Given a normal crop in all parts of the Dominion which at present seems probable, the emergency currency of our banks and their cash resources will not suffice to buy a crop that will have a value of approximately \$800,000,000. Last year it exceeded slightly \$600,000,000. A year of war on an unprecedented scale has not improved our credit position as the price paid by the Dominion Government for its loan would indicate. There is also another aspect of the crop moving situation which business men cannot afford to despise and it is the dislocation of the usual methods of carriage to market. Financing may be a longer and more hazardous undertaking than usual and returns from the ultimate buyer may be longer in coming in. There is therefore under the circumstances every warranty for the conservation of credit and cash resources of the Dominion as an assurance against untoward developments which in the circumstances are not improbable.

Is the End of the War in Sight?

Continued from Page 10.

TAKE a look at the labor situation. Strikes in the munition plants of America! Strikes in the munition plants of Germany!

It is folly to ascribe all this to the German spy. It is the Socialist, whose yeasty doctrines are at work. The Socialist sees that labor will have to carry the burden after the war; and the Socialist is for spiking the wheels of war's chariot.

IT was about last January that German funds were used to finance some American peace organizations. I do not say German "official" funds, but the funds of rich German-Americans.

Dismiss from your mind the Bryan fiasco, likewise, the Fowler-Bartholdi and Company publicity campaign at Washington to stop munition shipments! These movements are both so much political hot air for 1916; but the peace societies are deeply sincere. Taft, Schiff, Strauss, Kuhn Loeb, Jane Addams are some of the names behind the peace societies. These people shun the cheap-jack politicians now capering for votes in the platform limelight.

Let me relate a personal episode! It is purely unofficial but very significant. I had been invited to meet some German officials who know the inside of the bank-

ing situation. I wanted to know that banking situation; for it struck me as portentous with danger to America. They refused to talk "bank." The subject was too dangerous. Any "leak" in banking is punished by prompt "financial crucifixion" in this land of the free; but a man high in the confidence of the Emperor turned suddenly and asked me: "But why don't you writers advocate the United States demanding a truce so that peace could be arbitrated on fair terms to all?"

I was so amazed that, in good Canadian vernacular, I nearly fell off my chair.

My first thought was: "There is a jack in the box; and I'll wait for the jack to jump out."

My second was: "Yes, a truce to stop munitions going to the Allies while you take them at a disadvantage; but this man is a diplomat and no fool. He knows Wilson cannot stop shipment of munitions without the authority of Congress, and in the present inflamed state of public feeling, the President could not ask Congress for such authority."

My next thought was: "Germany must be weaker than we think." But the campaign in the East shows Germany isn't.

So I came back to the banking explanation, "automatic financial exhaustion."

The war has resolved itself into—
Which side has the most men to be killed.

Which side has the most shells to do the killing.

Which side has the most money to buy the shells.

And on all three factors "automatic financial exhaustion" is at work. In that, lies Uncle Sam's chance to force peace.

The Lot of the Schoolmaster

Continued from Page 13.

stand the expense of it till it got started. I mean, of course, a *real* fairy like Carnegie or Rockefeller, not the imitation one of the picture books. I would undertake to show to the world what a real school could be and, more surprising still, what a harvest of profit could be made from it. For the buildings and apparatus I would care not a straw. I wouldn't mind if the gymnasium contained a patent vaulting horse and a pneumatic chest exerciser or whether it just had wooden sides like a horse stable. These things don't matter at all. But I would engage, regardless of cost, the services of a set of men that would make every other school look like—well, look like what it is. I would select the senior masters with some care and at the same salaries as if I were choosing presidents of railway companies and managers of banks. Let me try to give the reader an idea of what the staff of a first-rate school would look like. The list would read something after this fashion:

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Treasurer and Bursar.....

.....Pierpont Morgan, Esq.
Instructor in French.....Mons. Poincaré
Russian Teacher.....Nich. Romanoff
Military Instructor.....T. Roosevelt
English.....Sir James Barrie

Mr. R. Kipling
Piano.....Ig. Paderewski
Other Music.....Al Jolson
Deportment.....Sir Wilfrid Laurier
Miss Jane Addams
Matron.....W. Jennings Bryan
Chaplain.....The Rev. W. Sunday

There! That looks pretty complete. I have not filled in the customary office of janitor and messenger. I admit that I might fill that myself.

READERS who are unacquainted with the subject may think that the above list contains an element of exaggeration. If so it is very slight. If the profession were what it ought to be these are the very men who would have been drawn into it. If the list sounds at all odd, it is only because we have reached a stage where it seems quite comic to make out a

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list of eminent and distinguished men and imagine them schoolmasters. The reader, if he did not appreciate it before, can easily estimate by his attitude towards this list, what he thinks of the status and importance of the school teacher.

But behind this list are facts. Each of the instructors above, or people of their class, could be engaged at salaries ranging from thirty to fifty thousand dollars a year. I am not quite sure of the Czar and Al Jolson. But we may let them pass. A school with a staff like this would easily draw a thousand pupils at a yearly fee of two thousand dollars a head. There is not the slightest doubt of it. That would give an income of two million dollars a year. The salaries of the junior teachers would cut but little figure. They would serve, and be glad to, on the same terms as young lawyers or doctors enter on their professional life. With such a staff the simplest of buildings would serve the purpose as well as marble colonnades and Greek porticos. School buildings, as things are, are chiefly used to cover up the schoolmaster. They are like the white waistcoat and three-inch collar of the feeble-minded man.

man, according to his profession, is brought into contact with his fellow beings in their different aspects. A car conductor sees men as "fares"; a gas company sees them as "consumers"; actors see them as "orchestra chairs"; barbers regard them as "shaves" and clergymen view them as "souls." The schoolmaster learns to know people as "parents" and in this aspect I say it without hesitation they are all more or less insane.

The parent's absorbing interest in his lop-eared boy (exactly like all other lop-eared boys), his conception of the importance of that slab-sided child and the place he occupies in the solar system, can only spring from an unbalanced mind. It is a useful delusion, I admit. Without it the world couldn't very well go on. The parent who could see his boy as he really is, would shake his head and say: "Willie is no good; I'll sell him."

But they don't see it and they can't. How often have I sat with parents in my schoolmaster days, listening to their comments and instructions about their boys and nodding with the gravity of a Chinese mandarin while assenting to their suggestions about the boy's training.

My words, or at least my thoughts on such occasions, would have run something as follows: "To be bathed twice and *twice only* each week: Excellent, very good. A third bath only if an exceptional rise in the temperature seems to permit it: Admirable. I'll rise early and look at the thermometer—Never to be exposed to the morning dew: Ah, no, most certainly not. I shall be careful to brush it off the grass before he wakes. And his brain, a quite exceptional brain—I was sure it was—on no account to be overstimulated or excited: Oh assuredly not. And his clothes—true, true, a most important point—and so these are only his second best pants that I see before me—most interesting—and I am to see that on Sunday morning he puts on his best—precisely, otherwise the impression he makes on the congregation at church might be seriously diminished. And as to discipline—quite so, an important point—a boy that can be led but not driven—precisely—I'll lead him—with a hook!"

Now, do you think that people in that frame of mind care what they spend? Not a particle.

THREE! I think the theme has been sufficiently developed. There is no need to wear it threadbare. The extension of the argument is plain enough. If the big private schools are remodelled, the others—the government collegiates and so on—follow suit, or follow as far as they can. The tax payer can never, of course, pay enough to make the free high school the equivalent of the two thousand dollar academy. But he will (for his own sake, since the tax payer is also a parent) be led on to pay more than he does, or at least to pay it to the men who deserve it. But I repeat I have no wish to wear the argument too thin. No doubt, as many of my friends will assure me, many of the statements above are at best only half truths. But the half truth is to me a kind of mellow moonlight in which I love to dwell. One sees better in it.

There is no doubt whatever as to how parents would act towards a two-thousand-dollar school.

Here I am able to speak with real authority. I learned all about "parents" in my school teaching days. Every

Year of Naval War

How the British Fleet Has Shown Its Might.

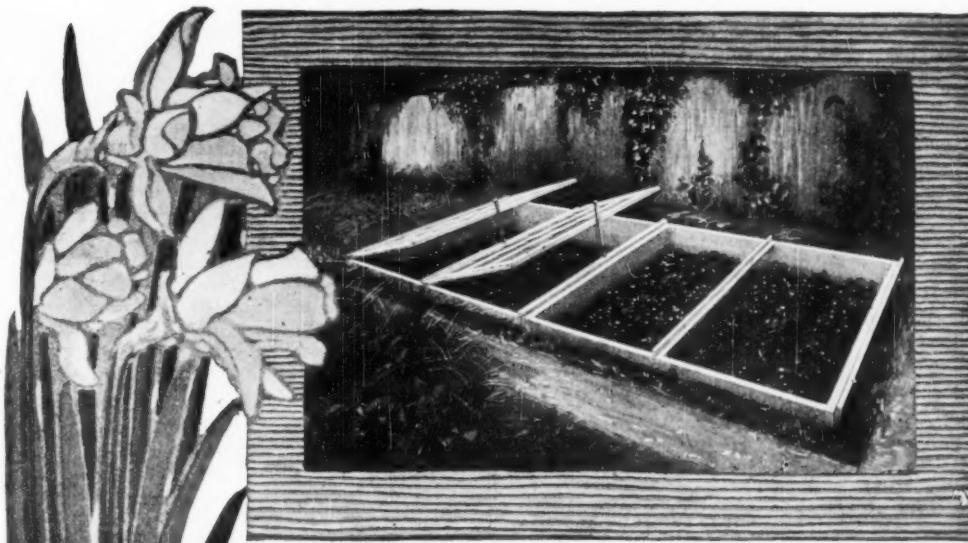
HAS the British fleet performed the task that was expected of it? An emphatic answer in the affirmative is supplied by J. Bernard Walker in the course of an article in *Scientific American*, in which he reviews the naval operations for the first year of the war. He says:

At the outset of the war, the *Scientific American* in reviewing the probable strategy and tactics, drew attention to the fact that no less upon the sea than upon the land was Germany favored by the strategical situation. The allied fleets of England and France possessed, it was true, a superiority, based on total tonnage, of over three to one over those of Germany and Austria, and a superiority in the first fighting line of dreadnaughts of two to one. Although to France was delegated the task of destroying the Austrian fleet in the Adriatic, the English fleet in the North Sea possessed twice as many dreadnaughts as that of Germany, or 31 to 16; of destroyers she had 167 to 130; and of submarines 76 to 21 (the latter total being that estimated on the latest information at that time obtainable by our Navy Department). Under these conditions we stated that it would be hopeless for Germany to accept battle in the open, since ship for ship the English dreadnaughts were more powerfully armed and in seamanship and gunnery they were at least the equal of their opponents. For the reason that the forecast has proved to be so remarkably correct, we quote in full from our issue of September 5th, 1914:

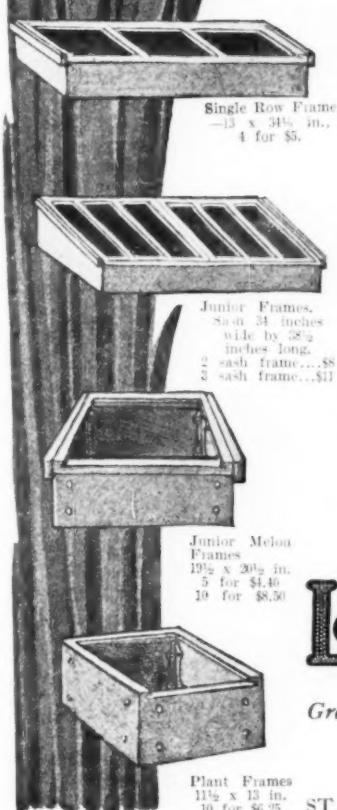
"Hence the Germans have either retired behind the heavy coast fortifications of the North Sea ports and harbors, or, as is more likely, they have taken shelter in the Baltic Sea. The British admiral has orders to seek and destroy the German fleet. But how shall this be done? Wilhelmshaven and the mouth of the Elbe are thoroughly protected by coast fortifications and mines. These consist of heavy, long-range guns and mortars, whose shells would fall with great accuracy over the course which would have to be covered by a fleet which steamed in to a range at which the fire would be effective. The Japanese attack on the inferior Port Arthur defences proved the futility of a naval attack upon such fortifications as those at Wilhelmshaven, Heligoland and Cuxhaven.

"Equally disastrous would it be for the English fleet to venture through the narrow entrances to the Baltic; for these are sure to be heavily mined, and in their confined waters the fleet would lose heavily through mines, destroyers and submarines.

"Another, and most important strategical advantage in the German situation is the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, which affords quick passage for the largest battleships from the Baltic to the North Sea. This canal practically cuts the British fighting line in half. It was built for this very purpose. For, if the British should



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force their way into the Baltic, the Germans would pass to the North Sea through the canal and the Elbe, steam into the English Channel, sink the transports that are carrying men and supplies to the English army in France and Belgium, and harry the whole English and French coasts.

"Hence, in seeking to bring the German fleet to action, it would be necessary for England to leave half of her fleet at the mouth of the Elbe, and send the other half around Denmark into the Baltic. This would mean, that so far as her dreadnought strength is concerned, Germany could elect to fight either fleet under equal conditions."

For several years before the opening of the war, Germany, recognizing the overwhelming strength of the British battle line, had paid particular attention to her torpedo service, which, it was believed, had been brought up to a state of efficiency superior to that of the torpedo service in any other navy. In the event of war, it was the plan of the German Admiralty to make a surprise attack, similar to that by the Japanese at Port Arthur, and so weaken the British first line as to enable the German fleet to engage the English under somewhat equal conditions as to numbers and strength. This attack never materialized, probably for the reason that, most fortunately (or perhaps, because of the threatening European situation), the English fleet had been completely mobilized for a grand review. Before demobilization was ordered, the war broke out, and the British fleet, in its full strength, left immediately for the North Sea. The German main fleet bowed to the inevitable and retired to its North Sea and Baltic ports, protecting itself by extensive mine fields, heavy wire netting and other obstructions. And there, except for a few raiding operations against the east coast of England by its fastest ships, it has remained absolutely shut in by the superior strength of the enemy.

For reasons which are still obscure, Germany failed to call home from the Mediterranean two valuable ships, the battle-cruiser *Goeben*, and the light cruiser *Breslau*, which, after harrying some of the coast towns on the Mediterranean, fled to Constantinople, where they hoisted the Turkish flag and became largely instrumental in bringing Turkey into the war.

And so it came about that in the very first days of the war there was exemplified, on a grand and very dramatic scale, the truth, so long taught by our own Mahan, of the enormous importance of the command of the sea. Not alone was the great German fleet, built up with such high hopes as to its future usefulness on the high seas and costing over one and one-half billion dollars, driven from the high seas and shut up within its own restricted waters, but Great Britain was rendered absolutely secure against invasion, and the British seas were so completely freed of the enemy that her transports began to run (and have continued to run for a whole year) to and fro between English shores and the Continent, conveying hundreds of thousands of men and their supplies for service against the land armies of Germany. Furthermore,

both Great Britain and France have transported troops to the European battlefields from every quarter of the habitable globe.

The same controlling influence of sea power has been witnessed during the year within the Baltic, where the predominance of German naval strength has enabled the dual alliance to maintain an ever-growing traffic between the neutral states of Norway and Sweden, and her own Baltic powers. The Russian navy, greatly inferior in strength, has done what it could and has done it well, the honors of the naval warfare, so far as ships lost is concerned, being fairly well divided between the two navies; unless indeed it be true that the German battleship *Pommern* was lately torpedoed, a fact which the German Admiralty has denied.

Equally dramatic and scarcely less formidable in its effect upon the ultimate issue of the great war was the manner in which, within a few months, the British and French sea power had swept the German merchant marine from the high seas. At the opening of the war, Germany possessed over 5,000,000 tons of shipping, and her far-extended foreign trade was one of the most notable among her many industrial and commercial successes. Such was the predominance of the allied fleet on the high seas, however, that, once war was declared, not a merchant ship left either German or foreign ports, and those that were on the high seas made haste to intern themselves in the nearest harbor of refuge.

And just here is the fitting place to pay tribute to the great skill and daring with which the German cruisers and armed liners carried on their depredations against allied commerce during the first few months of the war—an enterprise in which they were greatly aided by that elaborate system of secret service with which the Germans for many years past have completely networked the world. It is necessary here only to refer to such exploits as those of the *Emden*, *Karlsruhe*, *Dresden*, and others to show what a few fast ships in the hands of able seamen and officers can do in working havoc among the enemy's shipping on the high seas.

It is impossible within the limits of this review to enter into any detailed analysis of such engagements as have occurred during the twelve months of the war. The first of these took place on August 28th, 1914, in the Bight of Heligoland, when British destroyer flotillas, headed by two light cruisers, were sent in to endeavor to draw the Germans out to an engagement. The challenge was answered, and for several hours there was a very spirited fight, during which, including both sides, between fifty and sixty high-speed vessels were engaged. The expedition was under the command of Admiral Beatty, in the battle-cruiser *Lion*, and when the British contingent failed to reappear, the *Lion* dashed in and saved the situation by sinking three of the German light cruisers and a couple of destroyers with her salvos. The British fleet drew off with its light cruisers rather badly mauled, but without the loss of any ships.

A most significant fact in this engagement was the difficulty of securing hits

with the torpedoes. It is estimated that fully fifty ships were using the torpedo freely; yet, so far as is known, not a single hit was scored through several hours of engagement. The high speed and quick manoeuvring power of the ships attacked, and the difficulty of estimating the speed of the enemy vessels, seem to have contributed to render torpedo fire so extremely uncertain at the distant ranges, as to make it almost negligible.

Thus far, the most important naval fight of the war was that between the British and German battle-cruisers, which occurred in the North Sea, when the British intercepted the Germans on their second attempted raid on the seacoast towns of England. It was a running fight, in which three German 29-knot battle-cruisers and the 26-knot armored cruiser *Blücher* were engaged by three 29-knot British battle-cruisers and two of 26 knots. Each side was assisted by some light cruisers and several flotillas of destroyers. The *Blücher* was abandoned by her consorts and fell a victim to the gunfire of the 26-knot battle-cruisers. The *Seydlitz*, *Doerflinger* and *Moltke* were pursued by the *Lion*, *Princess Royal* and *Tiger* in a running fight, during which the British flagship was put out of action by a shell in the engine room, and the German battle-cruisers were heavily punished by gun-fire, fires breaking out on two of the ships. They escaped by leading the pursuing British ships into a group of submarines, when they turned and abandoned the pursuit.

A striking feature of this engagement was the great range at which the British landed, namely, 17,000 yards, or ten miles. Spotting from the fire-control platform was impossible at this range, but the work was done by the British destroyers, which steamed abreast of the Germans and reported the fall of the shots, by wireless, to their own ships. How heavily the Germans were punished is not known, but in the intervening months since that fight they have attempted no more raids against the English coast.

In the Pacific Ocean and South Atlantic two notable engagements served to emphasize the fearfully destructive character of modern naval warfare. The first of these occurred off the coast of Chile, between a squadron under von Spee, composed of the armored cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* and the light cruisers *Nürnberg*, *Leipzig* and *Bremen*, and a squadron under Admiral Cradock, consisting of the armored cruisers *Good Hope* and *Monmouth*, and the light cruiser *Glasgow*. The German armored cruisers were the crack gunnery ships in the German fleet, and both were manned by long-service men. The fight resulted in a crushing defeat for the British, the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* being early set on fire by the accurate salvos of the German armored cruisers, which are reported to have opened at a range of 12,000 yards. The *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* were sunk; but the *Glasgow* escaped to do good service a few weeks later in the battle off the Falkland Islands.

The British Admiralty, resolving to take no chances with these formidable German ships, dispatched the battle-cruisers *Invincible* and *Inflexible* and the

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armored and light cruisers, *Glasgow*, *Kent*, *Carnarvon*, *Cornwall*, and *Bristol* to round up and sink von Spee's fleet. The British were coaling up at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, when the German fleet, consisting of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, and the light cruisers *Dresden*, *Leipzig* and *Nurnberg* were sighted. It was a running fight. The *Invincible*, *Invincible* and armored cruiser *Carnarvon*, pursuing the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, the rest of the British fleet making after the German light cruisers. After a running fight lasting several hours, all of the German ships except the *Dresden* were sunk by gunfire. In this fight it was again demonstrated that effective work with modern heavy guns can be done at ranges of from fifteen to twenty thousand yards, at which distances both the German and English ships landed heavily upon each other. The result with British 12-inch guns pitted against German 8.2-inch guns was a foregone conclusion, although according to the British officers the Germans did some "magnificent shooting."

In the several duels which have occurred between individual ships, the protected cruiser *Highflyer* sank the armed liner *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* off the west coast of Africa; the armed liner *Carmania* sank the armed liner *Cap Trafalgar* in the West Indies, and the Australian light cruiser *Sydney*, after a running fight, demolished the light cruiser *Emden* and drove her ashore.

Now in all these sea fights, whether between fleets or individual ships, it has been demonstrated very forcefully that a combination of heavy gunfire with high speed is likely to prove the controlling factor in determining victory or defeat. The ship with the heavy guns, as in the case of the Falkland Islands fight, and of that between the *Sydney* and the *Emden* is able to choose the distance most favorable to her own batteries and least favorable to the enemy, and the result in every case has proved fatal to the slower and less heavily gunned ship.

Germany, realizing that her naval ships were shut up securely in her own ports, and that her merchant fleet being swept from the high seas, she was cut off from the greater part of her supplies by sea, had but one form of warfare left open for herself, namely, the secret warfare by mine and submarine. With a free hand she not only strewed her own waters with mines, but scattered them liberally along the highways of commerce. Because of this, and no doubt largely because the danger from submarines rendered it impossible to maintain a close blockade of German ports, Great Britain declared the North Sea closed, and established her lines of blockade from Calais to Dover and between Scotland and Norway. The losses due to German mines were heavy in the early months of the war, both to belligerent and neutral nations, though of late the casualties from this cause have been relatively few.

It is with the submarine that Germany has scored her greatest success, and in this class of warfare she has certainly done remarkably well. Her earliest success was the sinking by submarine of the *Aboukir*, *Cressy* and *Hogue*, a disaster which is to be blamed as much to British carelessness as to German skill; for the

ships were steaming at only 7 knots speed, and were unattended by destroyers. Later, the Germans scored against the battleship *Formidable*, sinking her as she was on her way to Plymouth down the English Channel, and, by mine and submarine, against the *Audacious*. If we except a small cruiser, the *Niger*, sunk at Dover, and two destroyers, this constitutes the principal German successes against naval ships; for it is a fact that for several months, at least around the British Isles, submarines have scored no successes against naval vessels.

There is little doubt that it was the menace of the submarine that forced the British main fleet to seek a distant base, remote from the North Sea. Touch is kept with the German coastline, probably by a blockade of submarines, and it may be the presence of these off the German ports which is largely responsible for the absolute German immobility so far as its battleship and battle-cruiser fleet is concerned.

In the Mediterranean this same comparatively new weapon of warfare has demonstrated its efficiency in dramatic fashion. The Austrians have sunk one of the finest of the French armored cruisers and an Italian cruiser, and lately in the Dardanelles the German submarines have accounted for two of the older British battleships, the *Triumph* and *Majestic*. The British submarines have sunk two Turkish cruisers and a German cruiser, *Hela*, in the North Sea, and the French and Italians have scored frequently in the Mediterranean.

Just here, with regard to the Dardanelles operation as a whole, it should be said that the attempt to force the Straits by a naval demonstration unaided by land forces was one of the worst blunders of the whole war. The first reports of this adventure were optimistic and aroused an expectation of success which was altogether unwarranted by the facts. It has been rumored that the Allies expected Greece to furnish the land army for co-operation; but this has never been substantiated. The present operations promise success after slow and arduous fighting. That the Gallipoli peninsula is being won by the Allies is another tribute to sea power; for every man, every gun and every pound of provisions for the large army there had to be transported by sea and the army itself provisioned and munitioned from the sea. Furthermore, the ships are lending most valuable aid by the flanking fire in assisting the army to conduct its sweeping operations up the peninsula. The submarine scare in this theatre of war seems to have subsided. Probably the nets and the destroyer patrol employed around the British Isles are being used to good effect in defense against submarines at the Dardanelles.

Following the failure of the Germans, after their first few successes, to make any impression upon the British naval forces with their submarine fleet, von Tirpitz turned savagely upon the defenceless merchant ships, not merely of the enemy, but of even neutral nations themselves. Under the positively ridiculous pretence (as the results have shown) that they were blockading the British Isles, they commenced, in contravention of all the

rules of warfare and every humanitarian consideration, to sink defenseless ships, and send men, women and children ruthlessly to the bottom—this orgy of crime culminating in the sinking, without warning, of the *Lusitania* with the loss of over 1,000 souls, including over 100 Americans.

But the German submarines are not by any means having things their own way, even in this attack on defenseless ships. So far as stopping food and other importations into Great Britain is concerned, they have not sunk over 2½ per cent. of the total tonnage of over 20,000,000 of the British merchant marine. Moreover, although the fact is not publicly known, there has been a terrible loss of German submarines, due to methods of capture and destruction which have been inaugurated since the war began. And instead of the seven or eight reported by the British Admiralty, which represents only those sunk by gunfire, ramming, or other surface attack, there is reason to believe that between thirty-five and forty of the German submarines have been destroyed or netted by the huge series of seining operations around the British Isles. The German submarine is blind below water, and it runs into a heavy steel net as helplessly as a school of fish into a seine net. True it is that Germany is building submarines at a great rate. But it is questionable if she is building them much faster than she is losing them.

Workshops of War

How Britain Is Preparing For The Real Struggle Ahead.

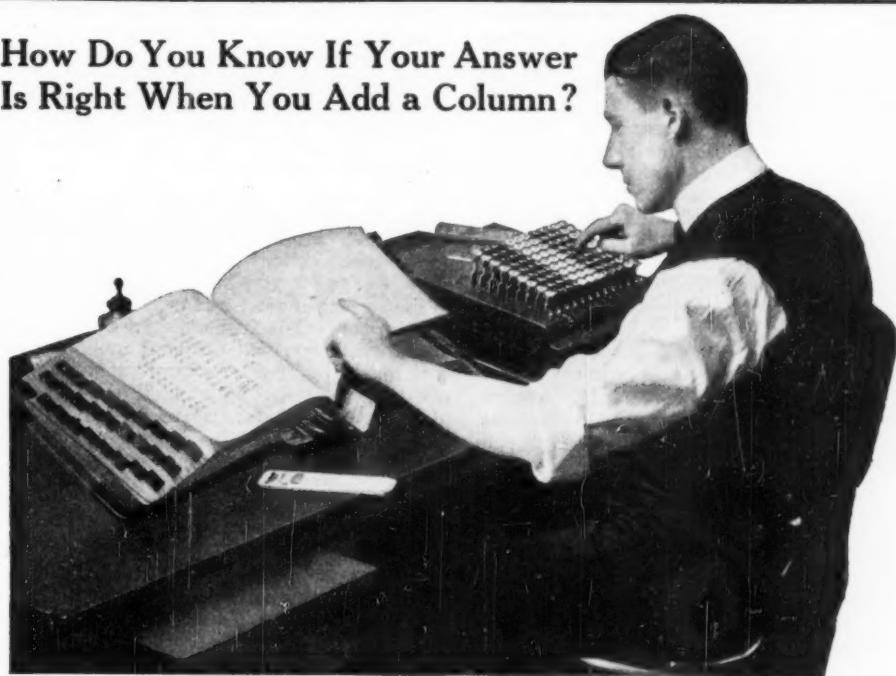
IN a powerful article in the *Windsor Magazine*, W. G. Fitzgerald gives a picture of the war efforts that Great Britain is making from the industrial standpoint. It is worth reproducing if only for the inspiration that it gives:

"Sir," said the Prime Minister, in one of his grave and telling periods, "the situation is without a parallel in our national history." "We are living," declared Mr. Bonar Law, "in the midst of the greatest convulsion which has ever been wrought upon the earth by the hand of man." These are clear statements, calculated to keep before the Empire the vast scale and ruthless nature of a conflict which cannot be measured by any precedent.

The Premier sees it as "a gigantic struggle of endurance," calling for the willing and organized help of every class in the community. "This is democracy's fight," was Lord Haldane's message to America. "The militarist hurled his system against Europe, and it must be broken. Freedom for all nations is the ideal." But at what a cost! Who shall set out in symbols the fabulous sum representing the wreck of a civilized world? Britain alone is spending £100,000,000 a month.

As to the slaughter, a French economist reckons that every fighting-man who is slain represents a loss of £1,000, and, if maimed, the loss to his country is heavier still. Then every pound spent in war entails ten shillings' worth of destruction.

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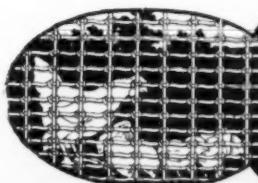
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Add to all this the cessation of productive industry, and a vague idea of universal ruin is conceived.

Even the digging of trenches adds to the havoc. Whole districts are seamed with chasms. This process throws worthless subsoil on top of the rich earth, and to remedy this minor mischief will take years of patient labor. Meanwhile all available treasure is being spent in munitions of war. In giant ships and armor-plates; in 15-inch rifles, so costly and so short-lived—each weighs close on 100 tons, and its highest explosive charge eats up a bale of the finest cotton weighing 400 lbs.! The super-Dreadnought costs over £2,000,000 and carries a crew of over 1,000 highly-trained men, yet this mighty fabric can be destroyed by a delicate mobile missile like a torpedo, which can be made for £1,000!

By land and sea it is a war of wits and weapons, with mere valor counting for little before electrified wires and machine-guns, siege artillery, trench-mortars, grenades and bombs, with merciless eyes in the clouds and new chemical arms like the poison-gas, the phosphorus shell that makes incurable wounds, and sprays of vitriol, blazing pitch, and burning oil.

"Our chemists will win the war," the Germans exulted, knowing their spectacle professors trying experiments upon dogs in the Hasselt trenches. "We must win!" is their new and desperate note. "We'll spring surprises on the foe as we sprang the needle-gun on the Austrians in '66, and 'Dicke Bertha,' the giant howitzer, on those Belgian forts."

The element of surprise has certainly been one-sided. "Our energies," an officer complains, "seem to be directed towards checkmating their new dodges." This phase has passed, and with real reluctance the free democracies have called in maleficent science. The French Academy is now linked with the Ministry of War by generals of *liaison*, who will put the Army's needs before the chemists. The Germans have frequently used chloride of methyl, which is a violent irritant to the eyes.

"We wished," says Professor Appel, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, "neither to burn, asphyxiate, nor poison our enemy, but his methods force us to renounce all such magnanimity. To-day we shall reply with an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." So the Great War goes, constantly widening in bitter scope. "It is a war of people against people," said Herr Del-Brück, in the Prussian Diet. "A war in which everybody—whether in the field or at home, without distinction of age or sex—is bound to give his or her whole life to the service of the State."

In a word, it is German's *grosse Zeit*, or imperial era, and behind her armies roar the forges of war—Krupps alone employ 115,000 men, who work in day and night shifts with fanatic zeal. For this is a workshop war. Munitions are almost more than men in the mechanical epic of super-mangling. The artisan ranks with the soldier. Dockers and navvies have military status, and the shell-borer may claim a medal at the close of the war. "It is not your privilege," Earl Kitchener wrote to the Vickers employees in Barrow, "to be able to exhibit acts of valor in the field, but your efforts in the workshop are as necessary to a speedy and successful end of the war as the bravery of your comrades in the fighting-line."

Mr. Asquith sees fit place and fit work in the conflict for every man and woman in the land. "And when there is once more peace upon earth, may it be recorded as the proudest page in the annals of this nation that there was not a home nor a workshop in the whole United Kingdom which did not take its part in the common struggle, and earn its share in the common triumph."

It is this universality which makes the conflict so uniquely dreadful. The mother of a family in Leeds may leave her baby in a crèche, and go out to Greenwood and Batley's to make cartridges. She ranks as a soldier, that deft-handed woman, sitting at the machine she's decked with ribbons and bows, because she and her neighbors helped to raise the output to two million cartridges a week.

And as a soldier she may die in this savage day of war upon civilians. Mother and babe may be slain in their bed by flaming death dropped from the summer night skies, *ad majorem Allemanniae gloriam!* "New technique," says Professor Oskar Bie, in his defence of inhumanity, "gives new power to the army using it. And that army is mad which relinquishes any advantage." This is Germany's code, superheated into a national cultus—the moral *Weltanschauung*, which is to lift her to universal domination.

Britain's reply is to transform her Empire into an arsenal and divert every available lathe and wheel, every brain and hand of her peoples, into purposes of war. "We want rifles," says our Minister of Munitions. "We want guns and shells, fuses, chemicals and explosives." "We were not ready," he owned frankly, in another speech, and was not altogether sorry for it. "That fact will be our apology and defence in history when this war comes to be judged."

But now the machine moves to its mighty end. Mr. Pearce, Defence Minister in far-off Australia, has taken a census of operatives and plant. Mr. Holman, the New South Wales Prime Minister, has called together State and private experts for the manufacture of munitions on a great scale. Each workshop specializes in shell parts, which are put together in a central depot. Even high explosive—most delicate and unstable stuff—will be made in Australia.

Mining and smelting companies, like the Broken Hill and Mount Lyell, are offering technical aid; so are the zinc and sulphide corporations. South African artisans have volunteered; and as for Canada, she has 400 factories making cartridges and shell to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars. Canadian nickel steel will replace zinc sockets in the shells—a concession of real value as well as local sentiment.

Major-General Bertram, Supervisor of Works, and Colonel Hughes, Minister of Militia, recently inspected a new Canadian plant for high-explosive shell. Sir

The Price of Freedom

In the anguished arms of a nurse there lay
One broken beyond repair;
Not knowing his life was ebbing away,
Nor sensing her pitying prayer.

His sword arm shattered in bloodied sleeve,
Was eloquent of pain.
But he smiled: "I've got indefinite leave
To make me new again.

"So I'm going home; write Mother please.
Twill fill her heart with joy.
(O God! this pain, a moment's ease!")
Pleaded the wounded boy.

A hot tear splashed on his paling cheek.
He looked at the nurse in surprise.
And there he read, while his soul grew weak,
His fate, in her brimming eyes.

So the moments passed till the end drew near.
And his time had come to die.
"I'm going Home, write Mother dear!
Will you kiss me, nurse, good-bye?"

Long, strangling sobs shook the sorrowing nurse.
"Another hideous wrong!"
And her brave soul sickened beneath the curse.
"How long, O God, how long?"

—Ida Randolph Sprague.

Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, came over to confer with the War Office. "Canada is prepared," says the great engineer, "to make every effort and sacrifice in her power to go through with the task which the Empire has taken in hand." Railway shops, steel and iron mills, agricultural implement and machinery works—all are adapting their men and methods to the common cause.

And what do we see at home? Britain as a clanging *Kriegschauplatz*—a theatre of industrial war, from the secret ways of Portsmouth to the waters of Rosyth, where the keenest and ablest of our young naval officers conduct experiments fraught with surprise for Von Tirpitz and his men. Long ago the curtain rang down upon our naval activities, but it may not be indiscreet to say that prodigies have been performed in our dockyards, and when "The Day" dawns at last upon the sea, the trident will remain in Britannia's fist, where it has been for a thousand years.

Meanwhile our great naval arsenals thunder and blaze with work, and every riveter ranks himself with soldier or sailor. What a stupendous business the big ship is, from its Whitehall design—the synthesis of sea-power in lines and curves—to the titan keel-plates and towering ribs, upon which a host of hammers clang and clash with ceaseless din! Eight thousand men may work upon a Dreadnought.

Thousands more are at work upon her "clothing"—those wonderful armor-plates, more precious than gold to the country—and also on her guns. For over sixty years gun and armor have vied with and tricked each other. John Brown, of Sheffield, hurried home from Toulon in the 'forties and found the Admiralty a little nervous about their "wooden walls." The ironmaster described the French three-decker *La Gloire*—she was clothed in hammered plate 4½ inches thick.

"We can do better," Brown urged. "Only let us roll our plates, and they'll be more reliable, more tenacious and uniform." By 1863 quite three-fourths of our Navy was mailed, and as guns grew in power, plates grew thicker, till the *Inflexible* carried 22 inches of armor! Then the face was hardened and thickness decreased. In like manner guns swelled to monstrous size, then grew smaller as propellants grew in power and steel revealed new wonders in laboratory and forge.

To-day Sheffield speaks of "our" warships because she arms and protects them in forges of appalling energy. In the melting-shop are furnaces with a temperature of 2,500 degrees. The door opens upon intolerable splendor of flame from molten steel that pours in curving streams of ineffable radiance with great sparkle and flash of golden sparks. Each furnace deals with a charge of fifty tons, and all flow into one huge central casting-pit. The whole is soon a rough ingot, and, having been heated again, it is seized and squeezed into a slab by a press with a pressure of 6,000 tons.

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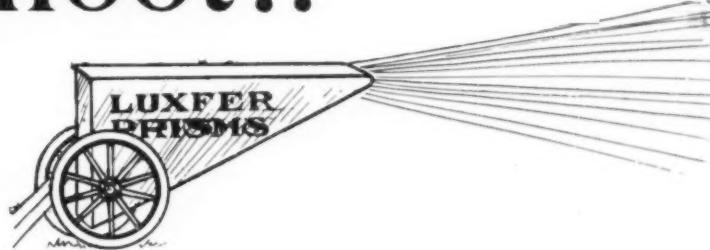
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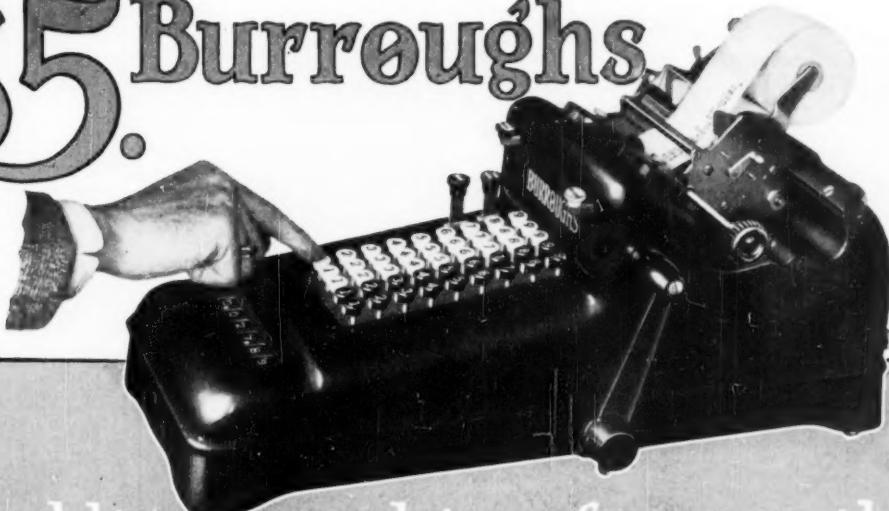
Alas, the costly giant's life is limited to so many shots by reason of the erosive action of gas in the inner rifled tube. Each discharge breeds an energy capable of lifting 82,000 tons! The 2,000-lb. shell soars mountains high, and by miracles of optical skill and calculation it descends upon a target relatively no bigger than a penny-piece. "We began to hit at 17,000 yards," said Sir David Beatty, in his preliminary dispatch. And his target was tearing through a heavy sea at half a mile a minute—so was his own gun-platform!

At the Armstrong works at Elswick each gun undergoes elaborate tests. Five or six graduated charges are fired in the proof-ground, and of these the first and last are those usually employed under service conditions. The second, third, and fourth charges give a still greater chamber pressure, and records are kept with crusher-gauge and electric chronograph. Compare these tremendous weapons with Nelson's 32-pounder, and note the sinister "progress" which destructive science has made. Or compare the Mauser or Lee-Enfield rifle, so deadly at a mile, with Wellington's "Brown Bess," which could hardly be relied upon above the hundred-yard range.

Or, again, set Napoleon's artillery—his man-handled six and nine-pounders—beside the gaunt Skoda howitzers which Austria brought to bear in Galicia. The shell weighs 2,800 lbs., and sinks 20 feet in soft soil before explosion. Then its action is that of a land mine of truly volcanic violence. Not a fragment remains of men who stood close by. Concussion and gas-pressure smash the roofs and partitions of bomb-proof shelters. The air is filled with murderous fragments of stone and showers of earth.

Scores of men who escape these are killed, blinded, or lacerated by the pressure of the gas, which tears a way into the body, stripping flesh from bone and melting rifle-barrels as lightning might. Such is the effect of "high explosive," the supreme need of the new underground warfare. Common shrapnel will not do at all, being a mere man-killer intended for infantry in the open, and charging cavalry of the kind now only seen in pictures.

\$165. Burroughs.



A new adding machine for retailers!

This new "regular" Burroughs Adding and Listing Machine is now being offered at our branch offices. Never before could the adding machine needs of the smaller retailer be filled by a Burroughs of such wonderful value at a price so low. It is now possible only because of an immense factory equipped to economize through large production. And at that we believe the demand will for many months exceed the supply.

Let It Stop Your Figure-Mistake Losses

Suppose you're a grocer

and fill about 150 orders a day. These orders average about five items — a total of 750 items a day or 225,000 a year. You or your clerks have to add all these items. You are human and all men make mistakes. Here are

45,000 chances for mistakes

If it's a charge slip you can go over the addition after hours—when you're too tired to add straight. But if it's a cash sale the customer has gone and taken the record with him. You do find mistakes in charge slip additions. If you could know you would surely find the

Most mistakes in cash sales

Your wholesaler employs an expert in figures, uses a double entry system and an adding machine to prevent mistakes.

Your clerks are experts at making sales, not at adding up figures. They must rush to serve waiting customers. They are right out in the hustle and confusion of the store.

Machine can't make mistakes

Put a Burroughs on the counter where you wrap up the goods. The machine will print and add the figures quicker than your clerk can set them down by pencil. The total can be printed by a pull of the handle, and that

Total is always correct

Hand the printed slip to the cash customer as a proof. It shows each amount and the correct sum. It inspires confidence. You and the customer both know it is right.

One mistake prevented each day will pay you a handsome return on

your investment. You are now making more than one mistake a day. We stand ready to prove from your own records that you are now paying for a Burroughs in mistakes that can easily be prevented. Whether you're a grocer or

Any other kind of retailer

the same thing is true. Your brain and your time are needed to make sales, serve customers, arrange stock and do many other things that make for profits.

You can't afford *not* to leave the figure work to the machine. You can't afford the mistakes the Burroughs can and does prevent.

Since you are now paying in mistakes the price of this Burroughs, you ought to own it.

Write to any Burroughs Branch Office, or to the factory at Detroit, Michigan, for full information (and easy terms) and for the free Burroughs book for retailers.

CANADIAN ADDRESSES:—Toronto Branch: 146 Bay St.; Montreal Branch: 392 St. James St.; Ottawa Branch: 139½ Sparks St.; Windsor Branch: 10 Chatham St. E.; Winnipeg Branch: 318 Cumberland St.; Calgary Branch: 12-13 Cadogan Block; Vancouver Branch: 347 Pender St.; Victoria Branch: 617 Trounce Alley; St. John, N.B. Branch: 171-173 Prince William St.



Burroughs



THE INTERLOCKING FOOT DOES THE TRICK

With other cases you have to have two feet at every junction of two stacks, but the "Macey" interlocking and interchangeable feet not only do away with one foot, thus giving a much neater appearance, but also lock the two stacks firmly together. This is an exclusive "Macey" feature and can be used on no other cases.



YOU WILL LIKE "MACEY" CASES

Because while having all the advantages of the sectional idea, they have not the sectional appearances of other makes, but look like a solid piece of furniture, and can be had in different styles, woods, and finishes to match the furniture in your home, and will solve for all time the problem of properly caring for your books. Sold by all leading furniture dealers.

WRITE US TO-DAY

and we will mail you our "Macey Style Book" illustrating and describing these popular cases with their exclusive features, and also giving much other interesting and useful information.

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS
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MARSH HYGIENIC RUBBER FINGER PADS. Do away with the smudge or soiled mark of the mounted finger. These pads are a valuable asset to any office, practical and inexpensive. Correspond to *size* the paper. Preferred to other materials. Use them only. A sample and size card sent on receipt of 10 cents, stamps or coin.

Canadian
Distributors: The Brown Bros., Limited
Cor. Simcoe, Pearl and Adelaide Streets, Toronto
David Rubber Co., Sole Manuf., Providence, R.I., U.S.A.



Puzzle: Find Grandma

Continued from Page 78.

As you look into the garden, you see grandma coqueting with a callow youth of twenty. She is pinning flowers upon him and, by my troth, it is a pretty sight. How wonderful to see this youngness in all its phases. And what a fragrance of girlhood she retains, when she may coquette becomingly in a garden.

She tells you of a person of her acquaintance who attended so many parties and meetings that she was smitten with nervous prostration.

"Aha!" you think, "these present-day girls wasting their energies, hitting the pace."

But grandma adds, "She always seemed a young woman to me, so well-preserved, but I find she is over seventy."

Over seventy and getting nervous prostration from too many parties!

Grandma thinks that seventy is just getting on for middle age. And so it is to-day.

And may all these dear "middle-aged" ladies enjoy to the uttermost the spice and fullness of life, these many years. They have worked this wonder themselves, never swerving from the prescribed duties of womanhood, never faltering in any of the appointed tasks. In this their "middle-age" they still bear burdens much too heavy, but always with spirit aflame and step elastic.

May their lamps burn brightly on into a ripe great-grandmotherhood.

That indeed, may bring about the readjustment of affairs.

But ere she pass entirely from the world's recollection, let us drink a toast to that Radiant Influence of our childhood, The Old Time Grandmother.





For Clean, Clear Glassware

It is important that you use this
Hygienic Cleanser
On your table glassware and fruit jars

MADE IN CANADA

Williams' Shaving Soap



Begin with Williams' Shaving Soap and you will use it all your life.

Its purity and mildness perfectly adapt it to the tender skin of youth. Its rich, moist, abundant lather effectually softens the wiry beard of old age.

It isn't alone the comfort it affords while shaving that makes Williams' the soap of a lifetime. It is also the refreshing after-effects; the peculiar freedom from roughness, smarting or irritation of any kind.

Williams' Shaving Soap is put up in five forms. The new Holder-Top Stick (illustrated here), the Stick in nickel, hinged-top box, the Powder, the Cream and the new Liquid (in bottles). A sample of any form sent for 4 cents in stamps.

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